THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

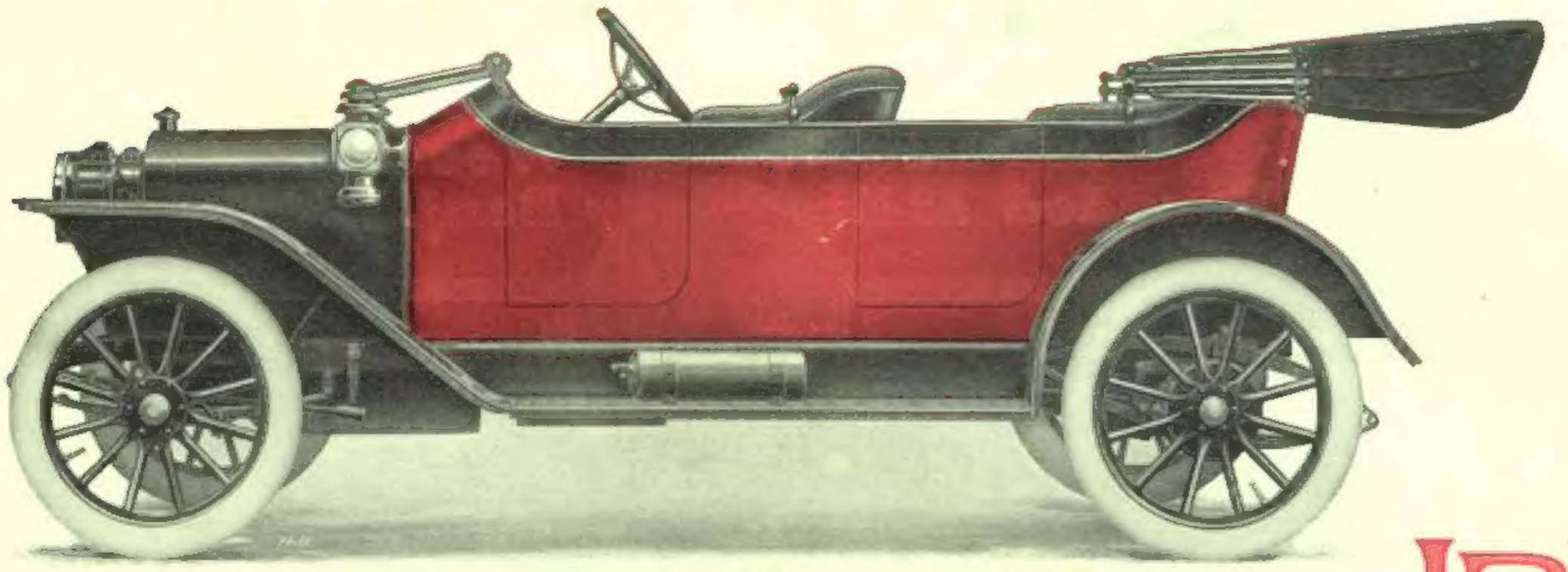
An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A° D° by Benj. Franklin

JAN. 27, 1912 5cts. THE COPY

MORE THAN A MILLION AND THREE-QUARTERS CIRCULATION WEEKLY

The First Touring Car Under $1000

With Self-Starter



Model S S

R-C-H "Twenty-Five" 5-Passenger Touring Car

110-inch Wheel Base

$950
F. O. B. Detroit

Equipped with self-starter, 32 x 3½ tires, dual ignition, demountable and quick-detachable rims, gas tank, extra rim, top, windshield, 5 lamps, horn, tools, and tire repair kit, long stroke motor, 3 speeds, enclosed valves, magneto.

ANY manufacturer can claim that his car is the best on the market for the money—most manufacturers do. In considering the R-C-H, let's put the judgment up to you for a change. You read motor-car announcements day after day—have you ever seen a value approaching this?

If we took every price-mark from this page, leaving merely the equipment details and specifications; if you had to fix the price of the R-C-H by comparison with any previous standard of car value—you'd say $2000—or more. And when we tell you that no $5000 car could be better built—that $2000 will not buy you as great value anywhere else, ***we want you to challenge those statements.***

For we can't tell you about the R-C-H in a magazine page—you've got to see and test the car for yourself in order to realize its extraordinary value.

Some Construction Features of the R-C-H

Just a few are all we've space for. We use 123 drop forgings—more than in any other car in the world, irrespective of price. This means much greater strength and durability as compared with castings. It means, too, a much more perfect interchangeability of parts, because drop forgings permit an absolute accuracy of machining impossible with castings. And we think that every part of the R-C-H is more readily accessible than in any other car at any price.

The motor is the first adaptation in this country of the long stroke idea so successful abroad. And the motor is really long stroke (3¼ x 5) with just the proper relation of stroke to bore that the best engineering practice has demonstrated to be most economical and efficient. It should be borne in mind that merely making the stroke of a motor long and widening the bore correspondingly does not achieve the much-desired long-stroke effect.

The drive is left side, the only sensible drive for American road rules, and the control is center lever, out of the way, yet most convenient to the operator, and at his right hand. Come and see the car and judge it for yourself—that's all we ask.

STANDARD MODELS

Regular equipment of top, windshield, lamps, generator, horn, tools and kit, without self-starter and other special equipment quoted above.

5-passenger Touring Car	$850
Touring Roadster	800
Roadster	700
(Equipped for 4 Passengers)	750
Colonial Coupé	1050

CANADIAN PRICES

These are as follows, f. o. b. Windsor, duty paid: ***S S Models***—Touring Car, $1175; Touring Roadster, $1125; Roadster, $975; Roadster, 4-passenger, $1050; Coupé, $1425. ***Standard Models***—Touring Car, $1050; Touring Roadster, $1000; Roadster, $850; Roadster, 4-passenger, $925; Coupé, $1300.

SPECIFICATIONS

Motor—4 cylinders, cast en bloc—3½ inch bore, 5 inch stroke. Two-bearing crank shaft. Timing gears and valves enclosed. Three-point suspension. **Drive—left side.** Irreversible worm gear. 16 inch wheel. **Control—Center lever** operated through H plate, integral with universal joint housing just below. **Springs**—Front, semi-elliptic; rear, full elliptic and mounted on swivel seats. **Frame**—Pressed steel channel. **Axles**—Front, I-Beam, drop-forged; rear, semi-floating type. **Body**—English type, extra wide front seats. **Wheel Base**—110 inches. Full equipment quoted above.

WRITE FOR BOOKLET. Descriptive folder sent free on request. But see the car itself—that's the only way to judge it.

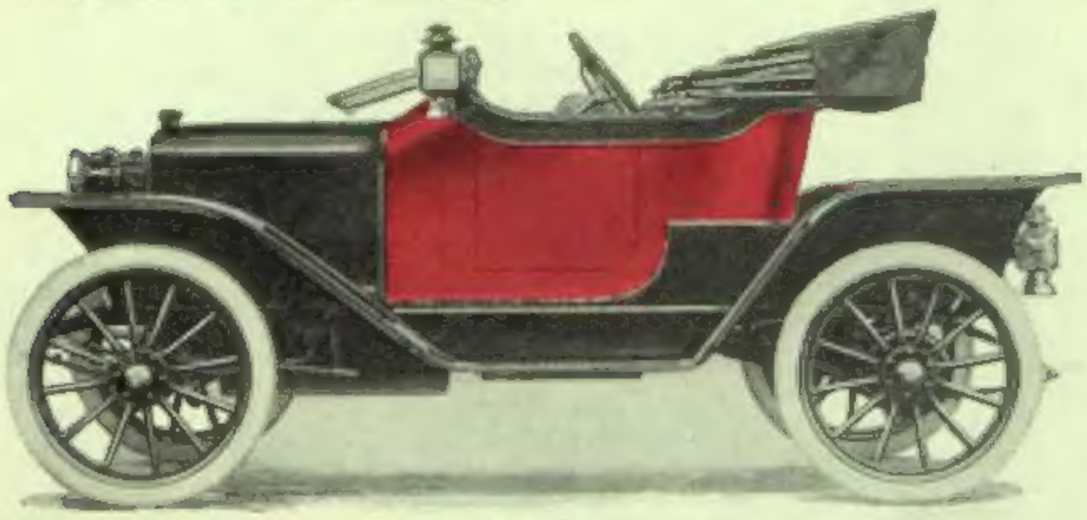
R. C. HUPP, *Manufacturer*, 111 Lycaste St., Detroit, Mich.

Distinct from and having no connection with the Hupp Motor Car Company

Branches: Boston, 563 Boylston St.; Buffalo, 1225 Main St.; Cleveland, 2122 Euclid Ave.; Chicago, 2021 Michigan Ave.; Denver, 1620 Broadway; Detroit, Woodward and Warren Aves.; Kansas City, 3501 Main St.; Los Angeles, 1242 Flower St.; Minneapolis, 1334 Nicollet Ave.; New York, 1989 Broadway; Philadelphia, 330 N. Broad St.; Atlanta, 548 Peachtree St.

DEALERS: We have already under way an advertising campaign on the R-C-H which will reach every nook and corner of the country. Color pages and spreads in such national mediums as *The Saturday Evening Post*, Collier's, Life, Leslie's, Literary Digest, Scientific American and others are being used. The same thing is being done in trade papers. And large display space in local newspapers everywhere completes the campaign. We have hundreds of dealers now—we have room for many more. The public response to the R-C-H announcements is tremendous and country-wide.

We need *you*—if you're the right man in the right place—to help fill this demand.
Write, wire, phone or call—but do it quickly.



Model S S

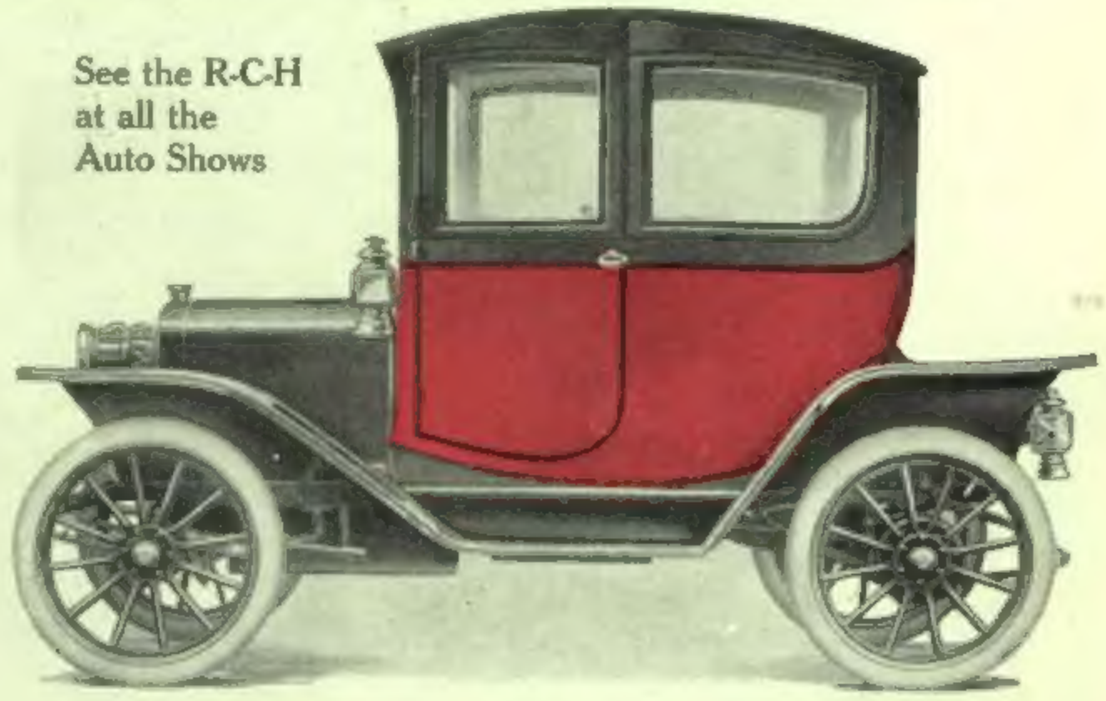
$800
F. O. B. Detroit

R-C-H "Twenty-Five" English Body Roadster

Equipped with self-starter, 32 x 3½ tires, dual ignition, demountable and quick-detachable rims, gas tank, extra rim, top, windshield, 5 lamps, horn, tools and tire repair kit—long stroke motor—3 speeds—enclosed valves—magneto.

Touring Roadster, same equipment, $900. Extra large gasoline and oil capacity. Wheel-base of roadsters, 36 inches—other specifications same as touring car.

See the R-C-H at all the Auto Shows



Model S S

$1150
F. O. B. Detroit

R-C-H "Twenty-Five" Colonial Coupé

SPECIFICATIONS:—Enclosed body; drop seat for third person; 100 ampere hour lighting battery. Full equipment includes 2 electric lamps, combination electric and oil side and tail lamps. Other specifications and complete equipment same as roadster. In no closed car at any price will you get greater comfort, service and beauty than this.

Big Ben

For that Furnace-firing Hour and that 7:30 time-clock Punch

JANUARY 27, 1912 **$2.50 THE COPY**

For 1912, resolve it men,
You're Johnny-on-the spot—Big Ben.

AND if it didn't take January first, try it again February first.—He who rises every time he falls, will some time rise for good and all.

So instead of squeezing through in the very nick of time, make it a point to punch the clock five minutes before the crowd.

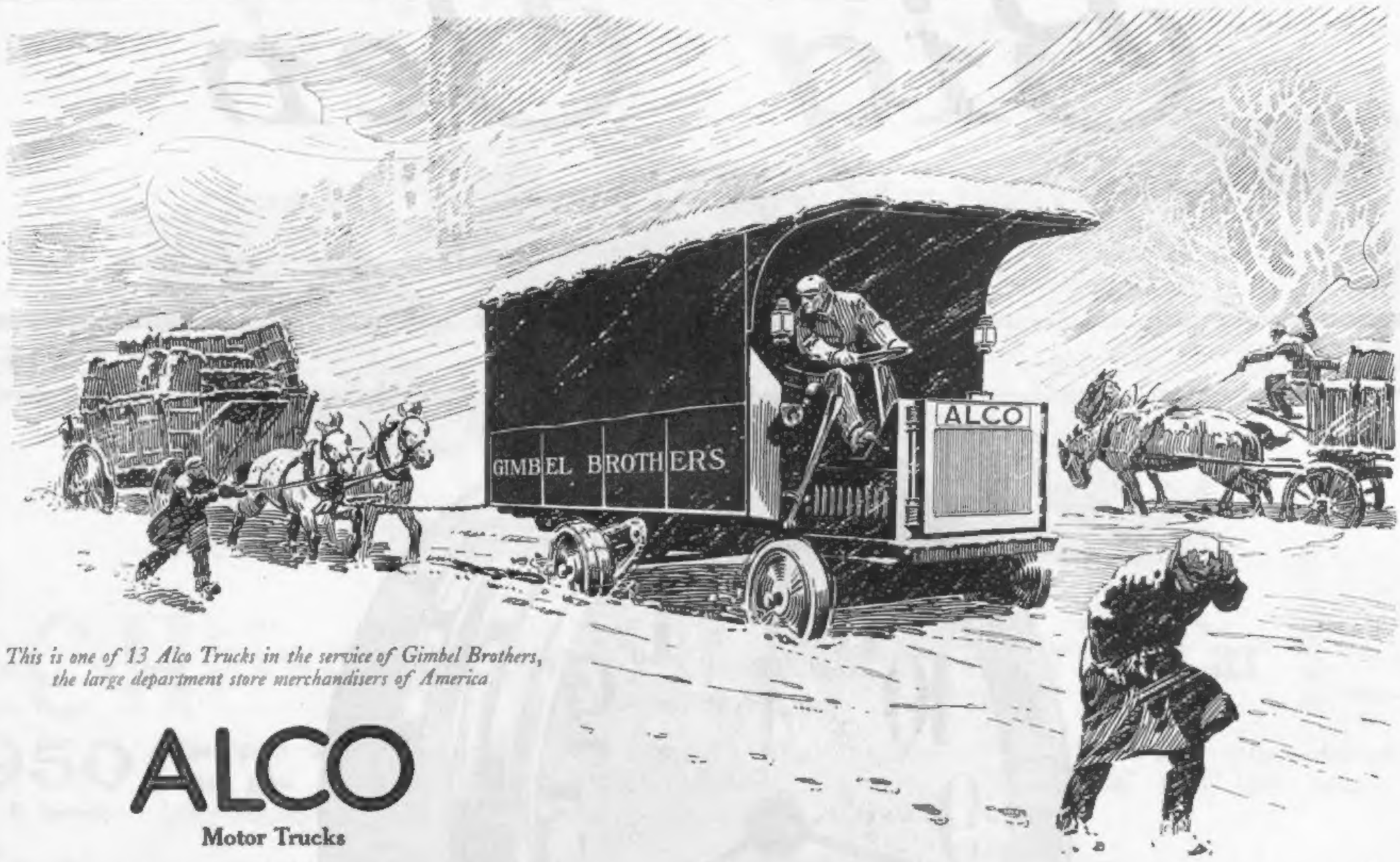
Be at your desk when the bunch files in—begin your day with a flying start. It's sure to get around to the old man's ears.—"Five minutes early, sometimes ten, it raises salaries" says Big Ben.

Big Ben is a punctual, handsome and long-lived sleepmeter. He tells you just how late it's safe for you to sleep. He tells you just when you ought to start down town.

He stands 7 inches tall, massive, well poised, triple plated. He is easy to read, easy to wind and pleasing to hear.—Big Ben is sold by 16,000 watchmakers. A community of clockmakers stands back of him, *Westclox, La Salle, Illinois.* If you cannot find him at your jeweler, a money order addressed to them will bring him to you express charges prepaid.

$2.50

Sold by Jewelers. Three Dollars in Canada.



This is one of 13 Alco Trucks in the service of Gimbel Brothers, the large department store merchandisers of America

ALCO
Motor Trucks

What Do Your Horses Cost?

A Scientific Cost Analysis May Save You Annually From 15 to 40 Per Cent

THERE are 30,000,000 horses in use in the United States, representing in money value something like $3,000,000,000.

Few owners know what their horses are costing them—probably less than one per cent of horse owners know.

In other departments of a company's business costs are known to a penny—manufacturing costs, selling costs, and so on.

Should not *horse* costs be known?

The possible saving may run all the way from 15 to 40 per cent.

The way to find out is to put expert transportation cost accountants to work.

The best of them, as every one in the business knows, is Wm. P. Kennedy.

Mr. Kennedy is head of the new Transportation Cost Bureau of the American Locomotive Company, motor truck department. He has a corps of assistants—cost accountants, transportation engineers, expert horse men.

This bureau will *blue print* your horse transportation system—*without cost to you.* It will supply you with facts and figures. It will tell you how much your horses are actually costing you.

It will diagram your routes, time schedule the movements of your wagons, record how much time each day your horses are standing still, figure out the average life of them, and so on.

On your desk it will place a *picture* of your whole horse system. At a glance you will see your horse situation. The figures will tell their own unvarnished story.

The Bureau will go further. It will determine if you can use motor trucks profitably. It will operate motor trucks in your service, reroute your hauls, eliminate waste of time loading and unloading. It will improve your method of handling merchandise or freight.

It will *chart* your transportation system with motor equipment.

In one composite picture, this bureau will display before you the saving of motor over horses—in dollars and cents—in figures and facts.

If you are interested in an analysis of your transportation system—no matter how large or small it may be—write today for information.

The service rendered by this bureau is without charge to you.

AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVE COMPANY, 1880 Broadway, NEW YORK

Builders also of Alco 6-Cylinder and 4-Cylinder Motor Cars and Alco Taxicabs

Chicago Branch: 2501 Michigan Avenue
Boston Branch: 567 Boylston Street

Canadian Headquarters:
596 St. Catherine Street, West, Montreal

Movers of the World's Goods since 1835

Capital, $50,000,000

Dealers in Leading Cities

New 64-page Catalog sent on request

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company
Independence Square
Philadelphia

London: Hastings House
10 Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A° D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1912
by The Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department Ottawa, Canada

Volume 184 PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 27, 1912 Number 31

How Pittsburgh Got Half a Loaf

By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

PITTSBURGH'S greatest and latest graft exposure occurred in March, 1910, and the Steel City immediately became the most ridiculed town in the world. Newspapers the country over were pointing fingers of derision at it. Of course Pittsburgh had experienced graft exposures before that and had been condemned for them. Nearly every considerable town in the United States had had its graft exposure, or several of them, and suffered general reprobation until the next graft exposure somewhere else distracted the attention of press and public. For years exposure of municipal graft under the Stars and Stripes had been a virtually continuous performance, with rapidly shifting scenes. Usually exposure was followed by a spasm of reform that sometimes lasted through a whole administration.

However, when Pittsburgh's turn came in March, 1910, a remedy had been discovered in the commission form of city government. Her business men undertook to apply this remedy, with the important result that on November seventh last a city council of nine men, in whose integrity every one has complete confidence, was elected without opposition. Other cities have fought graft and adopted the commission form of government, but the Pittsburgh situation was and is rather unique. Nowhere else have good citizens, being firmly resolved to dig their town out of a political mire, encountered more discouraging obstacles.

"I Was Like a Fly in a Can of Milk"

In theory the government was beautifully democratic. After consolidation with Allegheny, Greater Pittsburgh was ruled by a legislative body comprising the common council, with one hundred members, and the select council, with fifty-nine members—one for each ward—all of whom were elected by the people. There you had "representative government" in its full flower.

Moreover, there were forty-six subordinate school districts in old Pittsburgh and fifteen in Allegheny, each subordinate school district being a virtually autonomous and sovereign body with its own educational board of six members, who were also elected by the people. Thus, in addition to one hundred and fifty-nine councilmen—reduced to sixty-seven after the greater city was redistricted—the people were privileged to elect three hundred and sixty-six school directors and an alderman for each ward, the aldermen being petty magistrates corresponding to justices of the peace elsewhere. They elected also a mayor and city controller, and helped to elect a long list of county officers—not to mention eleven state senators and a baker's dozen of representatives in the lower house of the state legislature.

Altogether there were something like six hundred elected officers, and it must have been a rare city block that did not contain at least one resident who was being voted for sometime during the year for some office or other.

The result of this multitudinous voting and representing was, of course, that Pittsburgh had no representative government at all. Actually the government represented anything and everything except the people. If the government did occasionally represent the people—as in the central school-board of Allegheny and in the City Hall under Mayor Guthrie—it was only by a happy accident.

The sort of character and ability which ruled the town under this system was painfully illustrated in the graft exposure, when ninety-eight persons either confessed that, as councilmen, they had taken bribes or were indicted for that offense on the testimony of others.

Of course "business" gave the bribes. It usually takes business to bribe because the operation requires the command of considerable money. In this particular instance it was a combination of banks rather than a public-utility corporation. These banks wanted to handle the city's funds and got the council to pass an ordinance making them city depositories. A loquacious person is said to have exhibited his share of the boodle to an honest councilman. Detectives were hired, an investigation started and the distributer of the bribe money was presently caught and convicted.

Some three or four years before this a councilmanic distributer of bribe money in connection with a street-railway ordinance was caught and convicted, whereupon his employers and pals are said to have made up a purse of thirty thousand dollars, in consideration of which he served his sentence in dignified silence. In this later case the employers and pals of the hooked distributer are said to have declined his proposal for a cash indemnity; whereupon he turned state's evidence. When it was known he had confessed there was a stampede among the bribe-takers. By the dozen they flocked to the district attorney's office with their confessions.

A noteworthy feature of these confessions was the extraordinary cheapness of the grafters. One councilman—a merchant in comparatively prosperous circumstances—confessed that he sold his vote for eighty dollars. Others got as low as fifty dollars. A few got several hundred, and one or two had sufficient self-respect to demand adequate pay for their rascality. The general impression produced by the confessions, however, was that councilmanic votes in Pittsburgh were sold about like potatoes.

Pittsburghers Simply Threw Up Their Hands and Accepted What They Could Get

Another feature of the situation deserves notice. Business did the bribing; but business did the prosecuting and subsequent reforming too. Times have changed in the United States. Fifteen years ago—unless I am much mistaken—if half a dozen prominent banks had been accused of bribing a city council the leading business interests of the city would, at least, have sympathized with the banks. Other business men would have said: "Our city council contains a lot of rascals; and the only way you can do any business with them is by bribing. The blame rests with the people who elect these rascals to the council and not with the banks."

Times have changed, however. It is no longer true that business—or even all of "big business"—is either engaged in or indifferent to political corruption. In Pittsburgh, from the beginning, leading business interests, embracing thousands of business men, lined up solidly against the rascals. Thus it was the Voters' League—an organization backed by business men, of which A. Leo Weil, a corporation lawyer, is president—that got the first evidence against the grafters and stood behind the prosecution. One bribe-giving banker who was sentenced to the penitentiary largely through the efforts of the league and its president is said to have been, at a former time, a valued client of Mr. Weil.

When the mess of corruption was uncovered it was the Civic Federation, another organization backed by and largely composed of business men, that called a mass-meeting to consider the situation.

The situation, of course, was an old and painfully familiar one. Here was

a city of more than five hundred thousand people, with an assessed valuation of three-quarters of a billion dollars, preëminent industrially, which had produced and contained a great many notably able men, but was governed in part by a crew of grafters so shameless that they sold their votes almost openly, and so stupid that they weakly accepted any poor little rag of a bribe. And this, broadly speaking, was the typical experience of an American city. Only a few years before Pittsburgh herself had had an experience quite similar and then had triumphantly elected a reform mayor in the person of George W. Guthrie, a man of high character and of ability, who did, to the utmost of his power, give the city an honest, efficient administration; but Mayor Guthrie's power had been limited. Ordinances procured through bribery had been passed over his veto by the council. Obviously, to elect an honest and able mayor did little good. Moreover, Guthrie's term had expired and the mayor's office was now held by William A. Magee—a familiar type of Pennsylvania machine politician. In short, the spasm of reform had run its brief course and passed away.

However, Des Moines—borrowing and improving Galveston's great invention in American municipal policies—had adopted the commission form of city government. The idea had spread with remarkable rapidity, hundreds of municipalities in a score of states having adopted it. So, when the best men of Pittsburgh proposed to redeem their city from its scandalous state they turned inevitably to the Des Moines plan. They knew the utter uselessness—proved by years of experience in hundreds of towns—of calling upon the people to choose sixty or seventy honest, able, broadgauge men—all elected by wards—to rule the city. They knew the only way to keep cheap, inefficient and even dishonest men out of the council was to cut down its membership to a very small number, all of whom should be chosen by the whole city to act for the whole city instead of for some petty subdivision of it. The first mass meeting, therefore, adopted resolutions, prepared beforehand, in favor of the Des Moines idea.

The Chamber of Commerce, the Board of Trade, the Pittsburgh Credit Men's Association, the Bar Association and a dozen or more other commercial bodies, with an aggregate membership of many thousand, promptly joined the movement and appointed delegates to a new charter committee. This was in April, 1910.

The new charter movement was inspired by the Des Moines idea; but it did not adopt the Des Moines plan. The scheme which the committee evolved was entitled The Pittsburgh Plan. The difference is highly significant. Under the Des Moines plan, which is now the standard commission form, the people elect five men at large and all the powers of city government are vested in them. They manage the city as completely as a board of directors manages a bank. By a majority vote they appoint all other city officers, including magistrates. Virtually they are the city government—legislative, executive and judicial; but they are always subject to the people through initiative, referendum and recall.

The Fight for Commission Government

NOW Des Moines, Topeka, San Diego, Colorado Springs, Birmingham, Moline, Gloucester, Bismarck, Austin—in short, scores of cities situated in many commonwealths might go to their state legislatures and say:

"An overwhelming majority of the people of our town are sick of the old style of municipal government, with multitudinous elected officers, bedquilt partisan ballots, inefficiency and graft. We want to clean all that out and organize on a new, intelligent basis. It's really our own affair, you know, and we expect you to pass an act that will enable us to govern ourselves as we deem best."

These other cities, in many states, might say that to the legislature with much assurance; but not Pittsburgh, in Pennsylvania, where real popular government enjoys no popularity at all among the powers that rule the state. The Pittsburgh men, backed though they were by popular sentiment, knew it would be useless to go to Harrisburg and ask the form of local government they wanted.

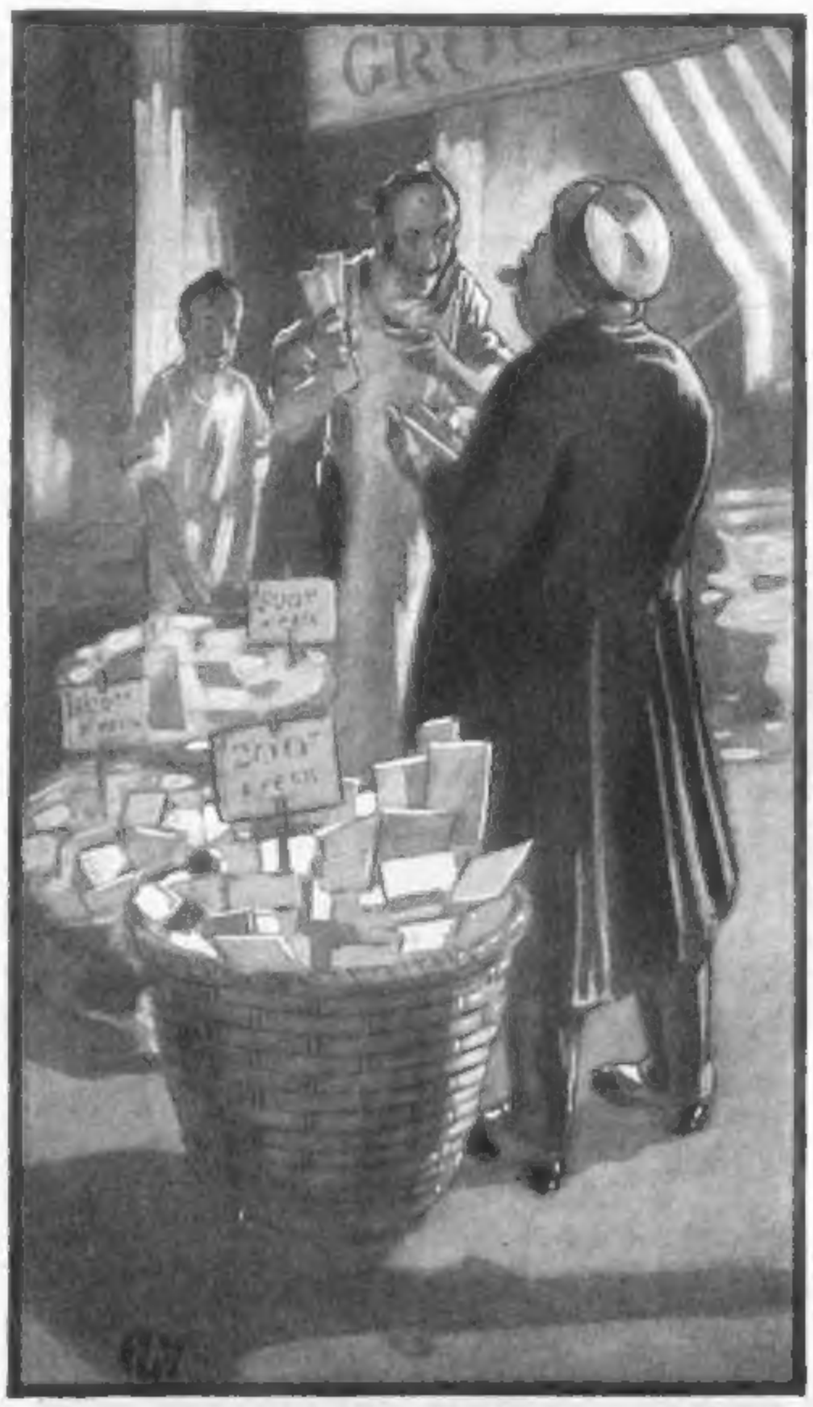
In the first place, there was Mayor Magee, with an unexpired term to serve and most decidedly not sympathetic with this newfangled notion from the West—or any other notion that threatened to shake his hold upon the local political machine. The mayor was and is a powerful factor in the state machine. So the Pittsburgh plan provided that the office of mayor be continued with the same powers as theretofore. It proposed, also, that the elective office of city controller be continued.

The progressive features of the plan were that the city council be reduced to nine members, to be elected at large, to serve four years; that they be paid a salary of sixty-five hundred dollars a year each; that any ordinance, upon petition of ten per cent of the voters, be submitted to a referendum; that fifteen per cent of the voters, by petition, could initiate legislation; that all elected officers be subject to a recall election on petition of twenty-five per cent of the voters; that the city ballot be non-partisan, names of candidates being arranged on it by lot, without party designation.

To organize, settle upon the plan and draw up a bill embodying it required some time; but when the legislature convened at Harrisburg last winter the charter committee was ready for the campaign. Meanwhile it had elected Colonel Thomas J. Keenan chairman of the general committee and of the executive committee. Colonel Keenan used to be a newspaper man. For some time he was owner or majority stockholder of the Pittsburgh Press. He believes in publicity; also he believes in a fight if that seems necessary. At present he owns a seventeen-story office building on Liberty Avenue and various other parcels of real estate. Some of his business associates thought that looking after his own private affairs would require as much time and energy as could reasonably be expected from one man. This was true; so he let the private affairs look after themselves.

During the fall and winter the committee issued a series of bulletins to the people of Pittsburgh. The first bulletin bore the heading, "It hurts!" and the subtitle: "What America's leading newspapers said about Pittsburgh during the recent councilmanic graft exposure." The body of the bulletin comprises three pages of pithy excerpts from well-known journals in all parts of the country. "Shame, scandal, rottenness, rank corruption, stench, disgusting!" are terms that recur in these editorial extracts.

Bulletin number two, with the heading, "It's up to you!" runs as follows: "It's up to you as a member of the state legislature whether Pittsburgh gets decent government or not.



Votes in Pittsburgh Were Sold About Like Potatoes

"The citizens of Pittsburgh have done what they could by exposing the graft in their city government.

"Altogether, one hundred and eleven individuals were involved. Of this number, fifty-four confessed, ten were convicted and forty are yet to be tried.

"Out of a total membership of one hundred and fifty-five in councils, ninety-eight were indicted. There are in Pittsburgh's councils today sixteen men under indictment.

"This means one of two things: Either a majority of Pittsburgh's voters who elect these councilmen are corrupt, or there is something wrong with Pittsburgh's system of city government. We believe the system is at fault. Only the legislature can change the system. Pittsburgh wants a chance to redeem herself. Is she going to get it? It's up to you."

Bulletin number three recites the confession of a grafting council member: "I was like a fly in a can of milk."

The bulletin says: "Pittsburgh wants a single councilmanic body of nine men, to be paid a salary of sixty-five hundred dollars each. It has had enough big bodies of little men—flies in a can of milk."

Blocked by the Bosses

BULLETIN number four recites the confession of another grafter: "I voted for my first crooked ordinance not for money but to stand in with the gang and get improvements for my ward. The next time I took money." Councilmen, it says, should be elected for the whole city and not for wards.

Number five says: "In Pittsburgh, franchises to street railways have been given in perpetuity without compensation to the city; the city's wharves have been taken; a boulevard costing millions was voted away by councils. City money is being deposited today in banks which were elected depositories by bribery. Would this have been possible under the referendum?

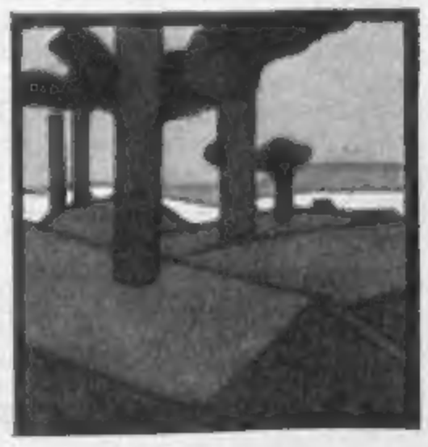
"Pittsburgh is paying fifty thousand dollars a year for collection of delinquent taxes. Manufacturing concerns have been driven out of the city because councils demanded graft for switching privileges. A manufacturer who wanted to pay the city for a street vacation was forced to use the money to bribe councilmen. How long would such conditions be possible with the initiative?"

Another bulletin begins: "Is there any reason why a Pittsburgh councilman should be elected under the name of a national party?" And concludes: "The one way for the national parties to rid themselves of the taint of corrupt city politics is to give the cities a non-partisan ballot."

Meanwhile the legislature had met at Harrisburg and the bills prepared by the charter committee to give Pittsburgh a start toward decent government had been introduced in both branches and referred to committees of the Senate and the House. It is hardly necessary to say that the chairmen of both committees belonged to the machine, for a legislator who didn't belong to the machine would stand an exceedingly poor show of being chairman of any committee. Both chairmen pigeonholed the bills.

Week after week passed. The charter committee issued its bulletins. The people of Pittsburgh held massmeetings, passed resolutions, deluged the legislature with petitions, sent delegations to the capital. Local sentiment was so overwhelmingly in favor of the bills that all the newspapers of Pittsburgh supported them. Here was almost the entire decent citizenship of a big town begging for the privilege to reform the local government. Moreover, the Pittsburgh men who were leading the fight at the capital canvassed the members of both the Senate and the House committees to which the bills had been referred and found that a majority of those members personally favored the bills; but until the word went out from a boss to the committee chairmen the bills, it seemed, couldn't budge.

In April the charter committee issued another bulletin, saying in part: "We have demonstrated that the passage of these bills is demanded by an overwhelming majority of the people of Pittsburgh—by the indorsement of every important civic, business and professional organization of the city; by securing a general popular indorsement at more than two hundred public meetings, ranging from gatherings in clubs, labor unions,



fraternal societies, mills, railroad shops and churches to the monster demonstration held one week ago in Exposition Music Hall, which was attended by ten thousand persons and is said to be the greatest ever held in the state; by thousands of letters and postcards mailed to senators and representatives from Allegheny County.

"Are political leaders so blind that they will seek to build round Pittsburgh a Chinese Wall to keep out the great wave of municipal reform which is sweeping the United States?

"And will they go before the people of the state with such an issue at the next election?"

Undoubtedly successive demonstrations of the state of public feeling in Pittsburgh respecting the charter bills made an impression upon the persons in control of the machine, and those persons were by no means in accord among themselves. Mayor Magee, of Pittsburgh, aspired to the political overlordship of Allegheny County and Western Pennsylvania, while United States Senator Oliver, also of Pittsburgh, cherished similar aspirations. No love whatever was lost between the Magee faction and the Oliver wing. The passage of the Pittsburgh bills would weaken Mayor Magee's hold upon the city. At the same time, by furthering the measures, Senator Oliver might reasonably hope to enhance his own popularity. So the Senator lent the bills his countenance and support—to a certain extent.

Naturally the charter committee, which contained a number of men who were by no means without experience and skill in politics, played upon this Magee-Oliver quarrel for all it might be worth to them. Mayor Magee, it appears, was strong in the graces of the Philadelphia end of the machine, and it looked as though the chairman of the House committee was hermetically sealed against any influence from Pittsburgh that was inimical to the mayor; but Speaker Cox of the House was an Allegheny County man and a follower of Oliver rather than of Magee. He finally agreed that if the Pittsburghers would get a majority of the committee to sign a favorable statement on the charter bill he would accept that as the report of the committee—thereby ignoring the chairman and shattering a great many parliamentary precedents. They did get a majority of the committee to sign a statement, which the Speaker accepted as the report of the committee.

In this novel fashion the charter bill was brought into the House over the head of the committee chairman. Once the bill was out on the floor of the House, where proceedings were in the open and votes recorded, the popular sentiment in its favor told heavily. Without much fight, and partly through the considerate action of Speaker Cox in calling it up at an unexpected time, it passed by a handsome majority; but not as the Pittsburghers drafted it. The House cut out the recall feature and the non-partisan ballot. It was said that Senator Penrose, the big boss of the machine, couldn't stand those features—however much the people of Pittsburgh might wish to stand them in their own local government!

The fence was now down to an extent. The bill went to the Senate and was referred to another machine committee, which at once cut out the initiative and referendum. It seemed that Senator Boies Penrose couldn't stand them either.

The session was now nearing its close and Pittsburgh was throwing every ounce of muscle into the fight, which waxed red-hot. It seems that only by the utmost vigilance were the machine leaders able to prevent a stampede of their agitated followers; and when the bill came up in the Senate on second reading the initiative and referendum were put back. This is said to be the first time since the Civil War that the machine was ever beaten in a fight in the Pennsylvania legislature.

The vote in favor of restoring the initiative and referendum was twenty-four, and twenty-six votes were necessary to pass the bill on third reading. By unfortunate circumstances—which, however, did not reflect upon their good faith—two senators who were pledged to the Pittsburgh plan had been called away from Harrisburg. They were summoned by telegraph and arrived next day.

The Pittsburghers then had twenty-six pledged votes in hand, and nothing, it seemed, could prevent them from passing the bill as it stood—but something did. The measure had been amended by restoring the initiative and referendum. Before it could come up for third reading the public printer must strike off a fresh copy containing the amendments—and the public printer, it appeared, simply couldn't get round to striking off that fresh copy. It was only a matter of setting up a few lines of type; but his shop must have been overwhelmed with vastly important work, for he was quite unable to get out a new copy of the Pittsburgh bill.

A day passed—two days—three days—and still no fresh copy of the bill was forthcoming. The state of mind and nerves among the Pittsburghers during this delay, as they saw the session about to close and knew the machine was exerting all its power to win over enough votes to beat them, may easily be imagined.

It was another week before the public printer was able to turn out a copy of the bill; and by that time the machine had won over two of the Pittsburghers' pledged senators, as the first vote showed, and these two desertions were soon followed by a third. It was evident that

(Concluded on Page 34)

THE SIGN OF THE WINDMILL

By Joseph C. Lincoln

ILLUSTRATED BY CHASE EMERSON

I'D HEARD the news twice already that mornin'. Fust I heard it at the Poquit House breakfast table, where 'twas served along with the chopped-hay cereal and warmed over and picked to pieces, as you might say, all through the biled eggs and spider-head, plumb down to the doughnuts and imitation coffee. Then I'd no sooner got outdoors than Solon Saunders sighted me, and he 'bout ship and beat across the road like a porgy-boat bearin' down on a school of fish. He was so excited he couldn't wait to get alongside, but commenced heavin' overboard his cargo of information in mid-channel.

"Did you hear about the Higgins Place bein' rented, Cap'n Snow?" he sung out. "It's been took for the summer, and ——"

"Yes, yes; I heard it," says I. "Fine seasonable spring weather we've been havin' these days. Don't see any signs of rain, do you?"

If he'd been skipper of a pleasure boat with a picnic party aboard he couldn't have paid less attention to my weather signals.

"It's been hired for an eatin' house," he says, puffin' and out of breath. "A man by the name of Fred, from Buffalo, has hired it; and ——"

"Fred, hey?" I interrupted. "Humph! 'Cordin' to the proclamations I heard, he cruises under the name of George—Eben George—and he hails from Bangor."

"No, no!" he says emphatic. "His name's Edgar Fred and it's Buffalo he comes from. Henry Williams told me, and he got it from his wife's aunt, Mrs. Debby Baker; and her cousin by marriage told her. She's a Knowles, the cousin is—married one of the Denboro Knowleses—and she got it from Peleg Kendrick's nephew, whose stepmother is a relation to the woman who used to do old Judge Higgins' cookin' when he was alive. So it come straight, you see."

"Yes," I says—"about as straight as the eel went through the snarled fishnet. All right; I don't care. How's your rheumatiz gettin' on, Solon?"

I thought that would fetch him, but it didn't. Gen'rally speakin', he'd talk for an hour about his rheumatiz and never skip a pang; but now he was too much interested in the Higgins Place.

"It's some better," he says, "since I tried the electric ointment out of the newspaper; but, Cap'n Zeb, did you know that this Fred man was goin' to start a swell dinin' room for automobile folks? He is. He's had all kinds of experience in them lines. He's goin', to have furrin help and a chief Frenchman to do the cookin'; and—and I don't know what all."

"I guess that's right," says I. "Well, I don't know what all, either, and I ain't goin' to worry. We'll see what we shall see, as the blind feller said. Hello! there's the minister over there, and I'll bet he ain't heard a word about it."

The Madder He Got the Less English He Talked

That done the trick. Away he put, all sail set, to give the minister the earache; and I went on down to the Ostable Grocery, Drygoods, Boots and Shoes and Fancy Goods Store and Post-Office, where I was part owner and postmaster. And there was my partner, Jim Henry Jacobs, talkin' to a man I'd never seen afore and both of 'em so interested they scurcely noticed me when I came in.

He was a kind of ordinary-lookin' feller at fust sight, the stranger was—sort of a cross between a parson and a circus agent, judgin' by his getup—pretty thin, with black hair and a black beard, and dressed all in black except his vest, which was thunderstorm plaid.

I'd have cal'lated he was in mournin' if it hadn't been for that vest. As 'twas, he looked like a hearse with a brass band aboard. Both him and Jacobs was smokin' cigars, the best ten-centers we carried in stock.

"Mornin'!" says I, passin' by 'em. Jim Henry looked up and saw me.

"Ah, Skipper," says he, "glad to see you. Come here. I want to make you acquainted with Mr. Edwin Frank, who is intendin', to locate here in Ostable. Mr. Frank, shake hands with my partner, Cap'n Zebulon Snow."

We shook—the band-wagon hearse and me—and I felt as if I was back aboard the old schooner, handlin' cold fish. Jim Henry went right along explainin' matters.

"Mr. Frank," he says, "has had a long experience in the restaurant and hotel line and he believes there is an openin' for a first-class roadhouse in this town. He has leased the ——"

Then I understood. "Why, yes, yes!" I interrupted. "I know now. You're Mr. Eben Edgar Fred George, from Buffalo and Bangor, ain't you?"

Then they didn't understand. When I explained about the boardin'-house talk and Solon Saunders' "straight" news Jacobs laughed fit to kill, and even Mr. Fred George Frank pumped up a smile; but his pumps was out of gear or somethin', for the smile looked more like a crack in an ice-chest than anything human. However, he said he was glad to see me and I strained the truth enough to say I was glad to meet him.

"So you've hired the Higgins Place, Mr. Frank?" I went on. "Well, well! And you're goin' to make a hotel of it? If old Judge Higgins don't turn over in his grave at that he's fast moored—that's all."

I meant what I said—almost. Judge Higgins, in his day, had been one of the bigbugs of the town and his place on the hill was one of the best on the main road. It set 'way back from the street and the view from under the two big silver-leaf trees by the front door took in all creation and part of Ostable Neck, as the sayin' is. The judge had been dead 'most eight year now; and, bein' a three-times widower without chick or child, the estate was all tied up among the heirs of the three wives and was fast tumblin' to pieces. It couldn't be sold, on account of the row between the owners; but it had been let once or twice to summer folks. To turn it into a tavern was pretty nigh the final comedown.

Jim Henry Jacobs wa'n't worryin' about comedowns however. He never let dead dignity interfere with live business; he didn't shed a tear over Judge Higgins' tomb. No, sir! He got down to the keelson of things in a jiffy.

"Skipper," he says, sweet and plausible as a dose of sugared soothin'-syrup—"Skipper," he says, "Mr. Frank's proposition is to open not a hotel exactly but a first-class, up-to-date roadhouse and restaurant. As progressive citizens of Ostable, as business men, wide-awake to the town's welfare, that ought to interest you and me, on general principles, hadn't it?"

I judged this was only Genesis and that Revelation would come later; so I nodded and said that I cal'lated it had—on general principles.

"You bet!" he goes on. "It does interest us. Speakin' personally, I've long felt there was a place in Ostable for a dinin' room, run to bag—to attract, I mean—the wealthy, the well-to-do transient trade. Why, just think of it!" he says, warmin' up; "it's spring now. Inside of another month there'll be a steady string of autos runnin' along this road here, every one of 'em solid full of city people, and all hungry. Now it's a shame to let those suckers—I mean those hungry gents and ladies—go by without givin' 'em what they want. If I hadn't had so many things on my mind—if the Ostable Store's large and growin' business hadn't took my attention exclusive—I should have ventured a flyer in that direction myself. But never mind that; Mr. Frank has got ahead of me and the job is in better hands. Mr. Frank is right up to the minute; he's abreast of the times, and he—— By-the-way, Mr. Frank, perhaps you wouldn't mind tellin' my partner here somethin' about your plans? Just give him the line of talk you've been givin' me, say."

Mr. Frank didn't mind. He had the line over in a minute; and if I'd been cal'latin' that he was a frosty specimen, with the water in his talk-biler froze, I'd got rid of the notion in a hurry. He smiled polite and begun slow and deliberate, but pretty soon he was runnin' twenty miles an hour. He told about his experience in the eatin'-house line—he'd been everything from hotel manager to club steward—and about how successful he'd been and how big the profits was, and what his customers said about him, and so on. Afore a body had a chance to think this over—or to digest it, long's we're talkin' about eatin'—he was goin' under full steam through Ostable, with the Higgins Place loaded to the guards, and beatin' all entries two mile to the lap. He'd never seen a better openin'; his experience backed his judgment in callin' it the ideal location and opportunity—and the like of that. He talked his throat dry and wound up, husky but hurrahin', with somethin' like this:

"Cap'n Snow," he says, "you and Mr. Jacobs must understand that I know what I'm talkin' about. This enterprise of mine will be the very highest class—French chef, French waiters, all the delicacies and game in season. A country Delmonico's, that's the dope—ahem, I mean that this is the reputation this establishment of ours will have shortly—yes!"

I judged that the "dope" had slipped out unexpected and that the miscue jarred him a little mite, for he colored up and wiped his forehead with a red-and-yeller-bordered handkerchief. I was jarred, too, but not by that.

"Establishment of ours," I says slow. "You mean yours, of course!"

He was goin' to answer, but Jim Henry got ahead of him.

"Sure! Of course, Skipper," he says. "That's all right. There!" he went on, gettin' up and takin' me by the arm. "Mr. Frank's got to be trottin' along and we mustn't detain him. So-long, Mr. Frank. My partner and I will have some conversation and we'll meet again. Drop in any time. Good-day."

I hadn't noticed any signs of Frank's impatience to trot along, but he took the hint all right and got up to go. We said goodby and I was turnin' away, when I see Jim Henry wink at him when they thought I wa'n't lookin'. I was suspicious afore; that wink made me uneasy as a spring pullet tied to the choppin' block.

Eben George Edgar Edwin Delmonico Frank went out, dabbin' at his forehead with the red-and-yeller handkerchief. Jacobs kept his clove hitch on my arm and led me out to the settee on the front platform.

"Set down, Skipper," he says cheerful and more'n extry friendly, seemed to me. "Set down," he says, "and enjoy the spring ozone."

We come to anchor on the settee and there we set for as much as five minutes, each of us waitin' for the other to begin. Finally Jim Henry says without lookin' at me:

"Well, Skipper," he says, "that chap's sharp, all right, ain't he?"

"Seems to be," says I, not too enthusiastic.

"Yes, he is. If I'm any judge of human nature—and I hand myself that bouquet any day in the week—he knows his business. Don't you think so?"

"Maybe," I says; "but what business of ours his business is I don't see—yet. If you do, bein' as you and me are supposed to be partners, perhaps you wouldn't mind soundin' the fog whistle for my benefit. I seem to have lost my reckonin' on this v'yage. Why should we be interested in this Frank man and his eatin' house?"

He laughed—louder'n was necessary, I thought—and slapped me on the shoulder.

"And, Since You Ain't Asked Me, I'll Tell You That I Don't Like Him"

"You don't see where we come in, hey?" he says. "Well, I do. A dinin' room like that one of his will need a good many supplies, won't it? And, if I can mesmerize him into patronizin' the home market, the Ostable Grocery, Drygoods, Boots and Shoes and Fancy Goods Emporium will gain some, I shouldn't wonder. Hey, pard! How about that?" And he slapped my shoulder again.

I turned this over in my mind. "Humph!" I says. "I begin to see."

"You bet you do!" he says laughin'. "The amount of stuff I can sell that restaurant will ——"

I broke in here. I remembered that wink and I didn't believe I was clear of the choppin' block yet.

"Hold on!" says I. "Heave to! And never mind poundin' my starboard shoulder to pieces either. I said I begun to see; I don't see clear yet. How did you and he come to get together in the fust place? Did you go and hunt him up or did he come in here to see you?"

He kind of hesitated. "Why," he says, "he come into the store, and ——"

"Did he happen in or did he come to see you apurpose?" I asks.

"He—I believe he came to see me. Then he and I ——"

"Heave to again! He didn't come to see you to beg the favor of buyin' goods of you—'tain't likely. Jim Jacobs, answer me straight. There's somethin' else. That feller wants somethin' of you—or of us. Now what is it?"

He hesitated some more. Then he upset the woodpile and let out the darky.

"Well," he says, "I'll tell you. I was goin' to tell you anyway. Frank's all right. He's got a good idea and he's got the experience to put it into practice; but he's somethin' the way old Beanblossom was afore you took a share in this store—he needs a little more capital."

I swung round on the settee and looked him square in the eye.

"I—see!" I says slow. "Now—I see! He's after money and he wants us to lend it to him. I might have guessed it. Well, did you say 'No' right off? Or was you waitin' to have me say it? You might have said it yourself. You knew I'd back you up."

Would you believe it?—Jim Henry got as red as a beet.

"I didn't say anything," he says. "Don't go off half-cocked like that. What's the matter with you this mornin'? He don't want to borrer money. He wants more capital in the proposition—wants to float it right. And he's been inquirin' round and has found that you and me are the two leadin' business men in the place and has come to us first. It's more a favor on his part than anything else. He offers to let us have a third interest between us; you put in a thousand and I'll do the same. Why, man, it's a cinch! It's a chance that don't come every day. As I told you, I've had the same notion in my head for a long time. A summer dinin' room like that in this town is ——"

"Wait!" I interrupted. "What do you know about this Frank critter? Where'd he come from? Who is he?"

"He comes from Pittsburgh. That's the last place he was in. And he's got his pockets full of references and testimonials; and ——"

"Humph! Anybody can get testimonials—write 'em himself if there wa'n't any other way. I had a second mate once with more testimonials than shirts, enough sight; and he ——"

"Oh, cut it out! Besides, I don't care where he comes from. He's sharp as a steel trap—that much I can tell with one eye shut. And he's run dinin' rooms and hotels—that I'll bet my hat on. That's all we need to know. A roadhouse in this town is a twenty per cent proposition durin' the summer months. It's the chance of a lifetime, I tell you."

"Maybe so; but how do you know the feller's honest?"

"I don't care whether he's honest or not. It doesn't make any difference. If I wa'n't here to keep my eye peeled it might; but I'll be here and if he gets ahead of me he'll be movin' to some extent. Some one else'll grab the chance if we don't. I'm for it. What do you say?"

I shook my head. "Jim," says I, "I can see where you stand. You're so dead sartin that an eatin' house of that kind'll pay big that you're blind to the rest of it. Now I don't pretend to be a judge of human nature like you, or a doctor of sick businesses, which is your profession. But my experience is ——"

He stood up and sniffed impatient.

"Cut it out, I tell you!" he says again. "This ain't an experience meetin'! Will you take a flyer with me in that roadhouse or won't you?"

"Way I feel now, I won't," says I prompt.

He turned on his heel, took a step toward the door and then stopped.

"Well," he says, "you think it over till tomorrer mornin' and then let me know. Only, you mark my words, it's a chance! And, with me to keep my eye on it, there's no risk at all."

So that's the way it ended that day. And half that night I laid awake, feelin' meaner'n dirt to say "No" to as good a partner as I had, and yet pretty average sure I was right, just the same.

In the mornin' my mind was still betwixt and between. I went down to the store and walked back to the post-office department. I looked in through the little window and saw Mary Blaisdell inside, sortin' the outgoin' letters. The spring sunshine, streamin' in from outside, lit up her hair till it looked like one of them halos in a church picture. Seems to me I never saw her look prettier; but then, every time I saw her I thought the same thing. A good-lookin' woman and a good woman—yes, and capable. That she'd lived for so many years without gettin' married was one of the things that made a feller lose confidence in the good sense of humans. The chap that got her would be lucky. Then I caught a glimpse of myself in the lookin'-glass where customers tried on hats, and decided I'd better stop thinkin' foolishness or somebody would catch me at it and send me to the comic papers.

"Mornin', Mary!" says I. "Has Mr. Jacobs come aboard yet?"

She turned around and came over to her side of the window.

"Yes," she says, "he was here. He's gone out now with that Mr. Frank. I believe they've gone up to the old Higgins Place."

"Um-h'm!" says I. "Well, Mary, just between friends, I'd like to ask you somethin': Do you like that Frank man's looks?"

She wa'n't expectin' that and she didn't know how to answer for a jiffy. Then she kind of half laughed and says: "No, Cap'n Zeb; since you ask me, I—I don't. I don't like him. And I haven't any good reason either."

I nodded. "Much obliged, Mary," says I. "And, since you ain't asked me, I'll tell you that *I* don't like him. And my reason's about as good as yours. Maybe it's his clothes. A man, 'cordin' to my notion, has a right to look like a horse-jockey if he wants to; and he's got a right to look like an undertaker. But when he looks like a combination of the two, I—well, I get skittish and begin to shy—that's all. It's too much as if he was baited to trap you dead or alive."

Then Jim Henry come in; and when, an hour or so later, he got me one side and asked me if I'd made up my mind about investin' in Frank's roadhouse, I answered prompt that my mind was made up and the answer was still "No." He was disapp'inted—I could see that—and pretty mad.

"Humph!" says he. "Skipper, you're all right except for one fault—you're as country as they make 'em—and they make 'em pretty narrer sometimes. Well, you've had the chance. Don't ever tell me you haven't!"

"I won't," says I; and we didn't mention the subject for three months. Then—but that comes later. However, I judged that Frank had found folks in Ostable who wa'n't as narrer and country as I was, for inside of a week the carpenters was busy on the Higgins Place. They built on great, wide piazzas; they knocked out partitions between rooms; they made the house pretty much over. Then loads of fancy furniture come from Boston. At last a windmill, three-foot high—made to look like a little copy of the old Cape windmills our great-granddads used to grind grist in, with sails that turned—was set up in the

front yard; and on a post by the big gate was swingin' a fancy notice board, with a gilt windmill painted on that, and the words in big letters:

THE SIGN OF THE WINDMILL

Meals at All Hours

Steaks, Chops, Game, etc.

Table d'Hôte Dinner Each Day at 1:15

Special Accommodations for AUTO PARTIES

That was it, you see. The Sign of the Windmill was the name of the new roadhouse.

That wa'n't all the advertisin', however, by a consider'ble sight. There was signs all up and down the main roads for miles, with hands p'intin' in the Windmill direction. And there was ads in the Cape papers and in the Boston papers too. I swan I didn't believe anybody but Jim Henry Jacobs could have engineered such advertisin'! And there was a black-lookin' critter, with the ends of his mustache waxed so sharp you could have sewed canvas with 'em—he was the French chef—and three furrin waiters, and a dark-complected, fleshy woman who seemed to be a sort of general assistant manager and stewardess; and—and—goodness knows what there wa'n't! There was so many kinds of hired help that I couldn't see where Frank himself come in—unless he was the spare windmill; which, judgin' by his gift of gab, I cal'lated might be the fact.

The Sign of the Windmill bought all its groceries and general supplies at our store which, considerin' that we'd turned down the "chance" to be part owners, seemed sort of odd to me, 'cause Frank didn't look like a feller who'd forgive a slight like that. However, I judged Jim Henry had hypnotized him as he done other customers, and so I said nothin'. Our weekly bills with that roadhouse was big ones, but they was paid every week—and I hadn't any kick there either.

As for the business that dinin' room done, it was surprisin'—particularly Saturdays and Sundays, when there'd be twenty or more autos in the front yard, and more acomin'. The table d'hôte dinner at one-fifteen was so well patronized that folks had to wait their turns at table; and on moonlight nights the old house was all lighted up and you could hear the noise of dishes rattlin' and the laughin' and singin' till after eleven o'clock. And our bills with the Sign of the Windmill kept gettin' bigger and bigger.

Though the auto parties was thick and the patronage good, still there was some dissatisfaction, I found out. One big car stopped at the store on a Saturday afternoon and the boss of it talked with me while the womenfolks was inside buyin' postcards and such.

"Well," says I to the owner of the car—a big, fleshy, good-natured chap he was—"Well," says I to him in a casual way, "I cal'late you've all had a good dinner. Feed you fust-rate up there at the Windmill place, don't they?"

He sniffed. "Humph!" says he. "The food's all right. It ought to be at the price! Is the proprietor of that hotel named Allie Baby?"

"Allie which?" I says, laughin'. "No, no; his name's Frank—Edwin George Eben Etcetary Frank. What made you think 'twas Allie?"

"'Cause he's a close connection of the Forty Thieves," he says sharp. "He'd take a prize in the hog class at a county fair, that chap would. What's the matter with him? Does he think he's runnin' a get-rich-quick shop? Three weeks ago I paid a dollar and a half for a dinner there—and that was seventy-five cents too much. Now he's jumped up to two-fifty—and the feed ain't a bit better."

"Two dollars and a half for a dinner!" says I. "Whew! The cost of livin' is goin' up, ain't it? What do they give you—canary-birds' tongues on toast? Any shore dinner ever I see could be cooked for ——"

He interrupted. "Shore dinner nothin'!" he snorts. "I wouldn't kick at the price if I got a good shore dinner; but what we get here is a poor imitation of a country Waldorf. Everybody's kickin'; but we all go there because it's the best we can find for twenty miles. However, I hear another place is to be started in Denboro; and if that makes good your Forty Thieves friend will have to haul in his horns. He'll never get another cent from me or a hundred others I know, who have been his best customers. We're all waitin' to give him the shake, and it looks as if we should be able to do it. Us motorin' fellers stick together; and if the word's passed along the line the Sign of the Windmill will be a dead one—mark my words!"

I marked 'em; and when, a fortni't later, I heard that the Denboro dinin' room was open and doin' a good business, I underscored the mark.

This was about the middle of July. A week later Jim Henry got the telegram about his younger brother out in Colorado bein' sick and wantin' to see him bad. He hated to go, but he felt he had to; so he went.

I said goodby to him up at the depot and told him not to worry a mite. "I'll look out for everything," I says. "Course I'll miss you at the store; but I'll write you every day or so and keep you posted, and you can give me business prescriptions by mail."

"That's all right, Skipper," says he. "I know the store'll be took care of; but there's one thing that—that ——"

"What's the one thing?" I asked. "Overboard with it! My shoulders are broad and I won't mind takin' on another hogshead or so."

He hesitated and it seemed to me he looked troubled; but finally he said he guessed 'twas nothin' that amounted to nothin', anyway, and he'd be back in a couple of weeks sure. So off he went and I had a sort of Robinson Crusoe desert-island feelin' that lasted all that day and night.

It lasted longer than that too. I didn't hear from him for ten days. Then I got a note sayin' his brother had scarlet fever—which seemed a fool disease for a grown-up man to have—and was pretty sick. I wrote to him for the land's sake to be careful he didn't get it himself; and the next news I heard was from a doctor, sayin' he had got it. After that the bulletins was infrequent and alarmin'.

I'd have put for Colorado in a minute, but I couldn't; that store was on my shoulders and I couldn't leave. I telegraphed not to spare no expense and to write or wire every day. 'Twas all I could do; but I never spent such a worried time afore or since. I was worried not only about my partner but about the business he'd put in my charge. There was new developments in that business and they kept on developin'.

'Twas the Sign of the Windmill that was troublin' me. As I told you, the weekly bills for that eatin' house was big ones; but the fust three or four had been paid on the dot. Now, however, they wa'n't paid and they was just as big. Frank's account on our books kept gettin' larger and larger; and not only that, but anybody could see that the Windmill wa'n't doin' half the trade it begun with. The auto parties—the heft of 'em—went right on by to the new roadhouse in Denboro. I remembered what the fleshy man told me; and I judged the word had been passed to the motorin' crew, just as he prophesied.

I went up to see Frank and had a talk with him. I found him in his office, settin' at a fine new rolltop desk, with the dark-complected stewardess alongside of him. She seemed to be helpin' him with his letters and accounts, which looked odd to me; and she glowered at me, when I come in, like a cat at a stray poodle. She didn't get up and go out, neither, till he hinted p'raps she'd better; and even then she whispered to him mighty confidential afore she went. 'Twas a queer way for hired help to act—but 'twa'n't none of my affairs, of course.

He was cordial enough till he found out what I was after, and then he chilled up like a freezer full of cream. He was in the habit of payin' his bills, he give me to understand, and he'd pay this one when 'twas convenient. If I didn't care to sell the Windmill goods that was my affair, of course; but his relations with my partner had been so pleasant that—and so forth and so on. I sneaked out of that office, feelin' like a chicken-thief instead of an honest man tryin' to collect an honest debt. I'd bungled things again. Instead of makin' matters better, I'd made 'em worse—come nigh losin' a good customer and all that. What business had an old salt herrin' like me to be in business anyhow? That's how I felt when I shut that office door and come out into the dinin' room.

The sight of that dinin' room—tables all vacant, and two waiters where there'd been four—fetched all my uneasiness back again. If ever a place had "Goin' down" marked on it 'twas the Sign of the Windmill. I stewed and fretted all the way to the store; and when I got there I found that another big order of groceries and canned goods had been delivered to the eatin' house while I was gone.

The next week'll stick in my mind till doomsday, I cal'late. Every blessed mornin' found me vowin' I'd stop sellin' that Windmill, and every night found more dollars added to the bill. You see, I didn't know what to do. If I'd been sole owner and sailin' master I'd have set my foot down, I guess; but there was Jim Henry to be considered. I wrote a note to the Frank man, but he didn't even trouble to answer it.

Saturday noon come round and, after the mail was sorted, I wandered out to the front platform and set there, blue as a whetstone. The gang of summer boarders and natives that's always round mail times melted away fast and I was pretty nigh alone. Not quite alone—Alpheus Perkins, the fishman, was occupyin' moorin's at t'other end of the platform and he didn't seem to be in any hurry. By-and-by over he comes and sets down alongside of me.

"Cap'n Zeb," he says fidgety-like, "I s'pose likely you've been wonderin' why I don't pay my bill, ain't you?"

I hadn't, havin' more important things to think about; but now I remembered that he did owe consider'ble, and had owed it for sometime. Alpheus is as straight as they make 'em and usually pays his debts prompt.

"I know you must have," he went on, not waitin' for me to answer. "Well, I intended to pay long afore this, and I will pay pretty soon; but I've had trouble collectin' my own debts and it's held me back. If I could only get my hands on one account that's owin' me I'd be all right. Say," says he, tryin' hard to act careless and as if 'twa'n't important one way or t'other—"Say," he says, "you know Mr. Frank—up here at the hotel—pretty well, don't you?"

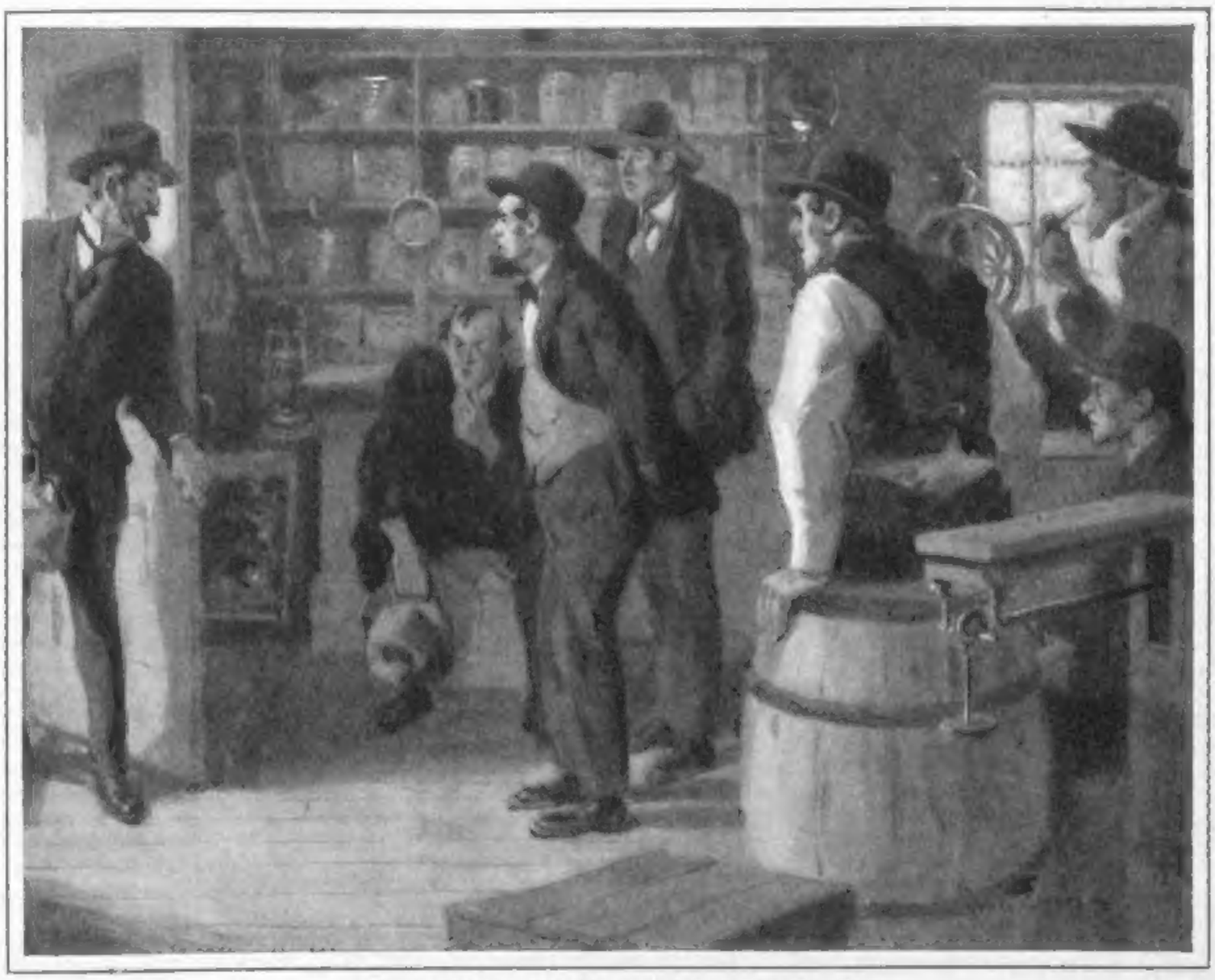
For a minute or so I didn't answer. Then I knocked the ashes out of my pipe and says I:

"Why, yes. I know him. What of it?"

"Oh, nothin' much," he says. "Only I was told he was a partic'lar friend of yours and Mr. Jacobs'; and—and ——"

"Who told you he was our partic'lar friend?" I asked.

"Why, he did. I was up there yesterday, just hintin' I could use a check on account—not pressin' him, you understand.



"By-by! Life's a Giddy Jag of Joy, Ain't It?"

Course he's all right—but at the present time you see I am mighty short of ready cash; and so ——"

"Hold on, Al!" I said quick. "Wait! Does the Sign of the Windmill owe you a bill?"

"Pretty nigh a hundred dollars," says he. "I've supplied 'em with fish and lobsters and clams and such ever sence they started. Fust month they paid me by the week. After that ——"

"Good Heavens and earth!" I sung out. "My soul and body! And—and, when you asked for it, this—this Frank man told you he'd pay you when 'twas convenient, same as he paid Jacobs and me, who was his friends and was quite ready to do business that way?"

He actually jumped—I'd surprised him so.

"Hey?" he sung out. "Zeb Snow, be you a second-sighter? How did you know he told me that?"

I drew a long breath. "It didn't take second sight for that," I says. "I was up there last Monday and he told me the same thing, only 'twas you and Ed Cahoon who was his friends then."

He let that sink in slow.

"My godfreys domino!" he groaned. "My godfreys! He—he told —— Why—why, he must be workin' the same game on all hands!"

"Looks like it," says I; and, thinkin' of Jim Henry and the business he'd left me to look out for, my heart went down into my boots.

Perkins set thinkin' for a jiffy. Then he got up off the settee.

"The son of a gun!" he says. "I'll fix him! I'll put my bill in a lawyer's hands tonight."

"No, you won't!" I sung out, grabbin' him by the arm. "You mustn't. He owes the Ostable Store four times what he owes you, and it's likely he owes Cahoon and a lot more. The rest of us can't afford to let you upset the calabash that way. You might get yours, though I'm pretty doubtful; but where would the rest of us come in? You set down, Alpheus. Set down, and let me think! Set down, I tell you!"

When I talk that way—it's an old seafarin' habit—most folks usually obey orders. Alpheus set. He started to talk, but I hushed him up; and, havin' filled my pipe and got it goin', I smoked and thought for as much as five minutes.

"Hum!" says I after the spell was over; "the way I sense it is like this: This ain't any fo'mast hand's job—and it ain't a skipper's job neither. It's a case for all hands and the ship's cat, workin' together and standin' by each other. We've got to find out who's who and what's what, make up our minds and then all read the lesson in concert, like young ones in school. This Frank Windmill critter owes you and he owes me; we're sartin of that. More'n likely he owes Ed Cahoon for chickens and fowls and eggs, and Bill Bangs for milk, and Henry Hall for ice—and land knows how many more! S'pose you skirmish round and find out who he does owe, and fetch all the creditors to the store here tomorrer mornin' at eleven o'clock. It'll be church time, I know; but even the parson will excuse us this once—specially as the Sign of the Windmill is supposed to sell liquor, and he's down on that."

We had consider'ble more talk, but that was the way it ended finally. I went to bed that night, but it didn't take; I might as well have set up, so fur's sleep was concerned. All I could think of was poor, sick Jim Henry and the trust he put in me.

I was at the store by quarter of eleven, but the gang of creditors was there to meet me—seven of 'em altogether. Cahoon the chicken man, and Bangs the milk man, and Hall the ice man, and Alpheus; and Caleb Bearse, who'd been supplyin' meat to that roadhouse; and Peleg Doane, who'd done carpenterin' and repairs on it; and Jeremiah Doane, his brother, who'd painted the repaired places. Seven was all the creditors Perkins could scare up on short notice, though he cal'lated there was more.

"There's one more, anyway," says Bill Bangs. "That dark-complected woman—the one you call the stewardess, Cap'n Zeb—was sick a spell ago and Frank told Doctor Goodspeed he'd be responsible for the bill. I see the doc this mornin' and he's with us. Says he may be down later."

They elected me chairman of the meetin' and we started deliberatin'. The debts amounted to quite a lot, though the Ostable Store's was the biggest. Some was for doin' one thing and some another; but we all agreed we must see Judge Thomas, the lawyer, afore we did much of anything. While we was still powwowin', somebody knocked at the door. 'Twas Doctor Goodspeed, on the way to see a patient.

"Well," says he, "how's the consultation comin' on? Judgin' by your faces, I should imagine 'twas an autopsy. Time to take desperate measures, if you asked me. I never did believe that Frank chap was anything but a crook; so I'm not surprised. I'm with you in spirit, boys, though I can't stop. However, here's a couple of pieces of information which may interest you: One is that the Sign of the Windmill's account was overdrawn yesterday at the bank and the bank folks sent notice. T'other is that Judge Thomas is out of town for a couple of days; so you can't get him. Otherwise than that, the patient is normal. By-by! Life's a giddy jag of joy, ain't it?"

He grinned and shut the door with a bang. The eight of us looked at each other. Then Alpheus Perkins riz to his feet.

"Humph!" says he. "Account overdrawn, hey? Well, maybe that Windmill ain't made enough to pay its bills, but it's been takin' in consider'ble cash. If it ain't at the bank, where is it? I'm goin' to find out. And if I can't get a lawyer to help me I'll do without one. That Frank critter's store clothes are wuth somethin'; and if I can't get nothin' more I'll rip 'em right off his back. So-long, fellers! Keep your ear to the ground and you'll hear somethin' drop."

He headed for the door, but he didn't go alone. The rest of us got there at the same time; and I—well, I wouldn't wonder if 'twas me that opened it. I was desperate—and I've commanded schooners in my time.

Anyhow, 'twas me that led the procession up the front steps of the Sign of the Windmill and into the dinin' room. The two waiters was busy. They had five of the tables set end to end and covered with cloths, and they was layin' plates and knives and forks for a big crowd. 'Twas plain that special customers was expected.

"Mr. Frank in his office?" says I, headin' for the skipper's cabin. The waiters looked at each other and jabbered in some sort of furrin lingo.

"No, sare," says one of 'em. "No, sare; Meester Frank he is away—out."

"Away—out, hey?" says I. "You're wrong, son. We're the ones that are out; but we ain't goin' to be out another cent's wuth. Come on, boys; we'll find him."

You can see I was mighty mad or I wouldn't have been so reckless. I walked acrost that dinin' room and flung open the office door. Frank himself wa'n't there; but who should be settin' at his rolltop desk but the fleshy, dark-complected stewardess woman! She glowered at me, ugly as a settin' hen.

"This is a private room," she snaps.

"I know, ma'am," says I; "but the business we've come on is sort of private too. Come in, boys."

The seven of 'em come in and they filled that office plumb full. The stewardess woman's black eyes opened and then shut part way; but there was fire between the lashes.

"What do you mean by comin' in here?" says she. "And what do you want?"

The rest of the fellers looked at me, so I answered.

"Ma'am," says I, "we don't want nothin' of you and we're sorry to trouble you. We've come to see Mr. Frank on a matter of business, important business—that is, it's important to us."

"Mr. Frank is out," says she. "You must call again. Good-day!"

She turned back to the desk, but none of us moved.

"Out, is he?" says I. "Well, then, I cal'late we'll wait till he comes in."

"He is out of town. He won't be in till tomorrer," she snaps.

I looked round at the rest of the crowd. Every one of 'em nodded.

"Well, then, ma'am," I says, "I cal'late we'll wait and stay here till tomorrer."

That shook her. She got up from the desk and turned to face us. If I'm any judge of a temper she had one, and she was holdin' it in by main strength.

"You may tell me your business," she says. "I am Mr. Frank's—er—secretary."

So I told her. "We've waited for our money long as we can," says I. "None of us are well off and every one of us needs what's owin' to him. We've called and we've wrote. Now we're goin' to stay here till we're paid. Of course, ma'am, I realize 'tain't none of your affairs, and we ain't goin' to make you any more trouble than we can help. We'll just set down on the piazza, or in the dinin' room or somewheres, and wait for your boss—that's all."

I said that 'cause I didn't want her to think we had anything against her personal. I cal'lated 'twould soothe her down; but it didn't. She looked as if she would like to murder us—every livin' soul!

"You get out of here!" she screamed, her hands openin' and shuttin'. "You get right out of here this minute!"

"Yes, ma'am," says I, "we'll get out of your office, of course. Further'n that you'll have to excuse us. We're goin' to stay in this house till we see Mr. Frank."

"I'll put you out!" she sputtered. "I'll have the waiters put you out!"

I thought of them two puny-lookin' waiters and, to save me, I couldn't help smilin'. You'd think she'd have seen the ridic'lous side of it too, but apparently she didn't, for she bust right through between Alpheus and me and rushed into the dinin' room.

"Boys," says I to the crowd, "maybe we'd better step out of here. We may need more room."

She was in the dinin' room, talkin' furrin language in a blue streak to the waiters. They was lookin' scared and spreadin' out their hands and hunchin' their shoulders.

"Ma'am," says I, "if I was you I wouldn't do nothin' foolish. We ain't goin' and we won't be put out; but, on the other hand, we won't make any fuss. We'll just set down here and wait for the boss—that's all. Set down, boys."

So all hands come to anchor on chairs round that dinin' room and grinned and looked silly but determined. The stewardess glared at us some more and then rushed off upstairs. In a minute she was back with her hat on.

"You wait!" says she. "You just wait! I'll put you in prison! I'll —— Oh ——" The rest of it was French or Italian or somethin'; but we didn't need an interpreter. She shook her fists at us and run down the front steps and away up the road.

"Well, gents all," says I, "man born of woman is a few days and full of trouble. Today we're here and tomorrer we're in jail, as the sayin' is. Anybody want to back out? Now's the accepted time."

Nobody backed. The two waiters went on with their table-settin', and we set and watched 'em. 'Twas the queerest Sunday mornin' ever I put in. By-and-by Alpheus got uneasy and wandered out toward the kitchen. In a few minutes back he comes, bilin' mad.

"Say, fellers," he sung out. "Do you know what's goin' on here? There's a party of thirty folks comin' in automobiles for dinner. They're gettin' the dinner ready now. And if we don't stop 'em they'll be fed with our stuff—the grub we've never got a cent for! I don't know how you feel, but I've got ten dollars' wuth of clams and lobsters in this eatin' house that ain't goin' to be used unless I get my pay for 'em. You can do as you please, but I'm goin' to stay in that kitchen and watch them lobsters and things."

And out he put, headed for the kitchen. The rest of us looked at each other. Then Caleb Bearse riz to his feet.

"Well," says he determined, "there's a lot of chops and roastin' beef and steaks out aft here that belong to me. None of them goes to feed auto folks unless I get my pay first."

And he started for the kitchen. Then up gets Ed Cahoon and follows suit.

"I've got six or eight fowl and some eggs aboard this craft," he says. "I cal'late I'll keep 'em company."

The rest of us never said nothin', but I presume likely we all thought alike. Anyhow, inside of three

(Continued on Page 30)

We Shook Hands for Pretty Nigh Five Minutes, I Cal'late

A WALL STREET WIFE

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

WE ARE plain people, my husband and I—or we were, at any rate, at the time these experiences began. By this I mean that, though we spring from plain, homely stock, we are no longer so plain as once we were. It is because we have tasted wealth—riches that came quickly, easily—a fortune that, by the same token, as quickly went. Yes! for in point my story is the story of many women—all, I might say—whose husbands by some trick of chance have become Wall Street traders, dabblers in the stock market. However, in what I have to tell I make no effort to draw a moral, either pretty or otherwise. The facts should speak for themselves.

My husband was young—for that matter he is still young—and virtually we two had just started out in life when the Wall Street fever caught him. By occupation he was a business agent—a salesman handling a line of Western-manufactured power engines. After some years spent in traveling on the road he was promoted to the charge of the firm's New York agency. Then I married him. I was twenty-nine, he was thirty-four.

These facts, no doubt, may seem immaterial. I have a reason, however, in giving them. In the first place, I wish to make clear that, though we were young in years, what happened to us was by no means due to either youth or inexperience. All my life I had lived in New York. I was, as you see, not a stranger to its ways; and, moreover, I had seen something of the Wall Street side of it. To be brief, my sister's husband was in the brokerage business, while one of my best friends was married to a man who had "played the market" long on a heavy scale. From these sources, I may say, I had already formed some conclusions as to gambling in stocks—conclusions, perhaps, that if not profound were still more or less exact. In short, it struck me that all the life dependent upon Wall Street was in the main artificial. Its ostentation, its feverish activity, as well as its incessant pursuit of high-spiced pleasures, gave me the sense that the people in it must be burdened with a constant killing restlessness. I thanked my stars that my husband and I were only "in trade."

His salary at the time was seven thousand a year. Some may think this large; but, on the other hand, there was a string tied to that seven thousand. In fine, to hold his place he was required to entertain somewhat lavishly, not only among his downtown associates but at home as well. Moreover, out of his income it was necessary for us to lay by not less than two thousand dollars a year.

Let me explain. At the time my husband was promoted to the New York office a chance was offered him to buy a share in the business. It was not a large share, but it meant much to us. Nominally the value of the share was thirty thousand dollars; and at the company's suggestion the stock representing it was put in trust for him—"in escrow" I believe is the term. At all events, he was to pay for it in yearly installments of two thousand dollars each, the securities to be turned over to him when the full amount had been paid in.

I objected to the arrangement—that is to say, I demurred at the plan of paying only two thousand dollars a year. It seemed to me that on our income we could do better than that. "When we're just starting out, Steve," I protested, "it's sheer folly for us to spend five thousand a year."

My husband soberly smiled at me. "Listen, Lily," he responded; "you have never heard, have you, why Craddock lost his place?"

Craddock was the man my husband had succeeded. What he had to do with our affairs, however, I failed to see. My husband now informed me.

"Craddock lost his place," he said quietly, "because he lost his trade. . . . And the reason he lost his trade," he as quietly added, "was because he wouldn't spend his salary on it."

It was a revelation to me. I had believed all the seven thousand was ours to use exactly as we liked; instead, I now found the firm had expressly stipulated that a part should be spent on its trade. Of course today I know this to have been conventional. I have heard more than one man brag of his income—a salary of ten thousand, fifteen thousand dollars, even double—who would not care to say how much of the amount represented merely an allowance for expenses. Be that as it may, though, the matter

Most of the Time He Sat and Nibbled His Fingers

reduced itself to a single issue—the fact that unless I kept a shrewd, careful eye on every penny before long I would far overstep our limit—that we would fall far short of saving even the two thousand I had thought so "little."

I wish to be exact about this. Do not think I make it a plea for all that afterward happened. Instead, it merely contributed to the outcome. I have said we were plain people. We were. Neither by inheritance nor by our situation were we disposed to extravagance, to ostentation. Scaled according to our class, our condition, I should say we stood on a middle round of the social ladder—that is, our antecedents lay in that great mass of Americans whose one motive in life is the bourgeois characteristic of thrift. To save was our fetish. All the rest there is in life—luxury, amusement, those and a more cultivated enjoyment of living—we left consciously to the time when we "made our pile."

So, forgetting my first disappointment—the fact that all the seven thousand was not ours—I settled down to our purpose, thrilled with ambition and firmly resolved to "get there." All was rosy. Every dollar we saved was a joy, a tonic, an added stimulus for us to go on saving more. Moreover, each dollar saved by us was estimated at its full face value. We knew its worth. We held it as the concrete evidence of so much toil, so much thrift and self-denial; for they came hard, those dollars did—the truth being that no one, however thrifty and saving, saves with ease. Still, as hard as it was to lay by a dollar, all the toil, all the drudgery involved, was more than offset by the pride we felt in the performance.

Then came a change. It was at the end of the fourth year that the labor began to grow irksome. We paused to catch our breaths. In those four years my husband had exactly four weeks' vacation in all—in other words, a week each year. He looked haggard and worn. How I myself looked I need not say. Physically the labor had not been hard—I had a capable housemaid, as well as extra help when I needed it; mentally, however, I showed the strain. Consequently, it was perhaps only natural that my mind should now begin to shape those thoughts which are the thoughts of every woman burdened with too difficult a purpose.

I began to question how long our toil was to last. Two thousand a year as a saving had at the first seemed no more than a pittance. Now in its immensity it grew monumental. What I realized was, in short, that unless some windfall befell us we two must keep grubbing along another eleven years an age-long term!—ere we could pay off even the balance we owed, the remainder of the thirty thousand dollars.

This, however, of my thoughts was the least significant. I tired of the drudgery; I tired of the endless skimping, planning, calculating; I was aweary of the constant, eternal snatching after the ever-fugitive penny; and I wanted freedom—not freedom from my duties, my affairs of the wife—I wanted freedom from my pocketbook. Then, again, I was consumed with a longing for pretty things; but a dollar is a dollar. I knew, as I've said, the dollar's value—how much effort had been required to make it, how much more to keep it from going astray; so I dared not spend. Instead, I teased myself by wandering in the shops, on the Avenue—everywhere—like all the rest of the moneyless women that throng those places—wanting, longing, hankering.

This is no place to discuss the morality—or, rather, the lack of it—that lies in women's extravagance. Still, I cannot resist a word or two. Somehow I was not of that multitude of women—wives—that deck themselves gayly and fashionably on what they can filch from the household money. I knew of this because I saw it all round me. Here in New York I saw—and still see—day after day a hurrying procession of slight lives whose only purpose in existence seems to be the vanity of what they can put on their backs—that and the vanity of sham or pretense. Trite preaching you may call this, as no doubt it is; yet at the same time I call it a pretty significant evidence of the very thing I speak about—the money hunger of women that, more often than is generally understood, drives their men into ways of making money that otherwise these men would not have attempted.

It was I, at any rate—his wife—who first set my husband to gambling in the market.

The fact I make definite. Inspired by my thoughts—those that I've just described—I began to grumble openly. Moreover, I not only grumbled over myself—I grumbled over my husband too. Like more than one wife in my circumstances, in short, I began to question his success in life. The immediate cause of this outbreak was the woman of whom I've already spoken—my friend, the wife of the Wall Street plunger.

In the four years we two had drifted apart more or less, for doubtless our lives no longer held much in common. She had a big apartment, a motor, fine clothes, jewels, a corps of servants—in fine, each and all of the many things I now so much desired. Her husband was successful, eminently so from the money viewpoint, and mine I contrasted with him. Constant brooding had by now made me forget my first thankfulness, the fact that we two were "in trade" rather than in an occupation so unhealthy, so exotic. It was the externals of their life that had affected me. I wanted all those externals—wanted their luxury if not their ostentation; and was more than ready now to exchange all the peace of my life to obtain them.

This man—Mosher, I'll call him—grew more and more on my mind. One day I could restrain my thoughts no longer. "Look here, Steve," I said; "if Mosher can coin money the way he does, I don't see why you can't too. You have double his brains."

My husband laughed good-humoredly. "Mosher doesn't need brains," he said lightly. "He has luck!"

I retorted sulkily: "I wish you had some of it, then!"

For a moment my husband peered at me curiously. "What! Have me dabble in Wall Street!" he exclaimed. Then he wrinkled up his nose. "That's where Mosher gets his money, you know," he added.

I was in no mood to beat round the bush. What I had to say, I said bluntly: "I don't care where he gets it, Steve. It's a pity you can't get some of it too."

My husband flushed and turned away. He said nothing more; but, at the same time, I could see he was thinking deeply. My retort had stung.

A few nights later the Moshers came to dinner. It was the first time in months. With them we had also my sister and her husband—Benson, as I'll call him—who, as I've said, was in the brokerage business. Though Mosher dealt with another broker, my brother-in-law knew him and had, in fact, suggested the evening with a view to possible business.

The dinner became a turning point in my life. Today I wonder when I think of it; for it was through no more than a chance remark of Mosher's that our entire existence was ordained to be swept into strange, uncharted channels. At the dessert Mosher turned leisurely to my husband.

"I say, Steve," he said lightly, "I'm going up into Canada, Saturday, for a fortnight's fishing. Why don't you join me?"

There was nothing my husband would have liked better. He shook his head though. Canada—a fortnight's fishing—was as far beyond his ken as, say, a cycle in Cathay!

"Why can't you?" persisted Mosher. "You ought to be able to get away for a couple of weeks."

Again my husband shook his head.

"I haven't the time, Jerry," he answered; then added, "I haven't the money either"

Mosher gave him an indulgent smile.

"Nonsense, man!" he responded in an easy, offhand way. "It will only cost you a couple of hundred."

Two hundred dollars! It made me writhe inwardly to hear the man say it so lightly. I glanced at his wife and saw that she was yawning. It was a signal evidence of the vast difference between our conditions. No doubt two hundred meant to her no more than so much pocket money. Her dress alone would have cost that much; I dare say, too, the pearl pendant at her throat must in itself have represented as much as our whole year's income. I hearkened keenly as Mosher let fall another light rejoinder.

"If you'd only take one of the tips I've been trying to give you," he remarked, "you could knock out two hundred in a morning!"

My husband, after a pause, dryly answered:

"That's all right, Jerry. You've been lucky. . . . That doesn't mean, though," he added, "that if I took a flyer I'd be lucky too."

At this juncture I saw Benson, my sister's husband, look up sharply with a curious gleam in his eye.

"Pshaw!" said Mosher. "It's not a question of luck. It's just being able to dope out the market properly."

Then and there, like all the other dabblers that believe they can "read the tape," Mosher began loudly to expound his settled theories. I do not recall now what they were; but, aside from this, the man possessed a certain fiery eloquence. It was of a piece, I may say, with the eloquence, the earnestness, of all his sort; for, like all the other dabblers—my husband now included—Mosher sought constantly to convert all with whom he came in contact to his passion for Wall Street gambling. The fact is, a dabbler is like any person ridden by a habit. Like the morphine user, he will seek to inoculate you with his own overmastering vice. He believes he does you a service.

What else Mosher had to say I need not dwell upon. My husband intently listened, and that is enough. Through it all, too, my brother-in-law as intently listened, though he said nothing. Even when Mosher appealed to him to confirm some particularly important fact he merely smiled and shook his head. "Don't ask me!" he laughed. However, an hour or more later Benson had plenty to say. A perfect torrent of speech, in fact, poured from him the moment the Moshers departed.

Their motor came early, and Mrs. Mosher—she, I am sure—made haste to use it as an excuse. Stifling another yawn—I could see our simple evening must have bored her nearly to the point of extinction—she slipped into her furs. "Such a delightful time!" she murmured patronizingly, and in the next breath bade her husband hurry.

He and Steve were in a corner, talking earnestly. "All right," I heard my husband say; "if Wall Street's as easy as all that I guess I'll have to take a shot at it."

That was all. In echo my heart gave a bound and secretly I exulted. I heard my sister say: "Come, Phil, we must be going too." Benson shook his head however. When my husband returned from escorting the Moshers to the elevator Benson stood by the fireplace, his hands in his pockets, his jaw set and, as I could see, waiting.

"See here, Steve!" he said abruptly. "You weren't serious with him, were you?—with that fellow Mosher, I mean."

My husband glanced at him surprisedly. "Why not?" he demanded; and at this Benson shrugged himself.

"Why, to tell the truth," he answered, "I didn't think you were just fool enough to tackle the Wall Street game."

Again my husband looked amazed. "Isn't that a little queer from you, Phil?" he drawled; then added: "I supposed it was your job to make people think they could beat the game, you know."

For an instant Benson changed color. "That's all right! So I do," he replied. Then he laughed awkwardly. "Yes, Steve—only you're a member of the family, a friend. If I want to bamboozle a lot of dubs," he added, "it's no reason why I should want to bamboozle you as well. . . . I don't care to see you get stung."

My husband took it lightly, as I may say I did too. "Pshaw!" he exclaimed. "Mosher hasn't been stung, has he? Why, he's already three hundred thousand to the good!"

"I don't care if it's three millions!" Benson retorted. "He'll drop every cent of it yet!"

"Oh, well; don't be alarmed," laughed Steve. "If I'm stung it won't be for much. I'm only going in for a thousand dollars anyway; and if I lose it that'll end the matter for good and all. I'll have had enough by that time."

"Listen!" said Benson, and raised his finger. "If you take a flyer once and win—win, mind you!—you'll think you can win again. You'll get the fever in your blood as sure as shooting!"

Neither my husband nor I took it seriously. "All right," laughed Steve; "if I can win I'm willing"

"Yes, but you won't win—not in the end anyway," answered Benson. "What will happen is that you will get the fever—and finally the fever will get you. You'll keep at it till you've dropped every cent you own. I've never known it to fail. . . . Gad, Steve!" he exclaimed; "the only thing that'll save you is to get wiped out in the very first transaction you make."

"Mosher hasn't been wiped out!" my husband retorted. "He rarely loses."

"You give him time," said Benson grimly. Then he added a fact that, had either of us been in our senses, must have gone far to convince us he was right. "Steve," he said—both his tone and manner grave—"we have on our books today above two hundred separate trading accounts. Of the lot, not one account is more than four years old!"

Why continue? With the same light and laughing show of obstinacy my husband shook his head; so Benson held his peace. The next day Steve made his first venture in the stock market.

I Wanted Solitude in Order That I Might Reflect

I had egged him on to it. Blind to the fact that we played with fire, I suggested that he have at least one try at his luck. A thousand dollars would neither make nor break us. The risk, as I said blandly, was little, while the rewards might be magnificent! My philosophy was this:

He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That dares not put it to the touch
To gain or lose it all.

Steve did not lose. On a ten-point margin he bought one hundred shares of Little Steel. A fortnight later he was nine hundred dollars to the good. He won; and, as Benson had prophesied, our life was as definitely settled as if this part of it had from the beginning been written by the inexorable finger of Fate.

I shall not dwell singly upon the transactions that followed, for together the mere mention of them would fill a volume. At first, however, they were few and far between and almost always they won. The fact is, at the time a child might have won with equal ease, for the long bull market that preceded the San Francisco fire was then in force. To win one needed only to buy, then hold on until the assured profit came to him.

I recall to the moment the first reward I drew from these winnings. At the end of the first month my husband was no less than fourteen hundred dollars ahead. Think of it—fourteen hundred dollars! In the brief interval of thirty days he had gathered in, without toil or any conscious effort on his part, an amount that to save otherwise would have taken eight months of back-breaking labor. The day he made the turn that effected it he came home jubilant. "Here!" he laughed, and dropped a little packet in my lap. It was a ring—a ruby set between two good-sized diamonds. I thought it the most wonderful present I had ever had. Where the ring is today, though, I could not tell you. Later on, possibly, you may be able to hazard a guess.

A stream of presents followed it. In three months' time—for Steve consistently still won—my first longings began to grow appeased. I had new gowns, a new fur coat, hats galore, gloves, lingerie and what-not. As well, too, I had an extra servant and, with my husband, began seriously to discuss taking another, a larger, apartment.

Nor was this all. New York's great procession of the prosperous found me a ready recruit, for I straightway joined its marvelous army of indolent, idle women. I had my masseuse, my manicure and my hairdresser, for soon enough I learned of these from the new friends my new money brought me. I also took taxicabs where before I'd counted pennies before taking a bus or street car. Once a month, or even more often, I enjoyed a week-end at Atlantic City or Lakewood. Steve joined me there, coming down late Saturday afternoon and rushing home again late Sunday night. I begged him to take a longer rest—but no! "Gad! I can't afford it!" he'd laugh. "If I'm out of the market even a day I feel I'm losing money every minute." I could not doubt it. When he took a day off he seemed utterly unable to enjoy it. Most of the time he sat and nibbled his fingers, scowling over his newspaper; or, on the other hand, if I roused him he would gallop wildly from one amusement to another. His air was

"Take My Advice, Lily, Use Your Motor All You Can—While It Lasts!"

always as if something weighted his coattails—as if something held him back when he wished feverishly to plunge ahead. I saw ultimately what it was. The money made so easily had already filled him with an inordinate craving to make more. Already he had become saturated with the insatiable desire for the quick, easy riches that Wall Street's easy money engenders.

"You really ought to take a rest, a vacation, Steve," I insisted. "You have the money now and you'll break down if you don't."

He shrugged himself and answered rudely, irritably: "Oh, piffle!" By now, however, I was growing accustomed to rudeness and irritability. So far as I can see, it is a diagnostic peculiarity of the Wall Street dabbling mania. Let me add, though, that his growing fretfulness soon began to wear on me. More and more I sought Lakewood, Atlantic City—these and other retreats for the idle; for more and more I needed rest and relaxation. However, instead of taking it I allowed the incessant activity in my husband's blood to get into mine as well; and though no less idle, no less indolent than before, I had no peace unless I were devoting myself to some unusual amusement. Bridge, of course, found in me a ready devotee. As is the case with other timefree, frivolous women, I was at it morning, noon and night; or, if it were not bridge it was the matinée or a club luncheon, a club meeting—something or other like that. Yes! For I joined a club—or rather clubs—which, as I take it now, is the inevitable evidence in the case of every middle-class woman that she has too much time on her hands.

To return to my husband however.

His first real setback came in the tenth month of an almost unbroken success. A Wall Street tipster—a "tout," in the vernacular—was responsible for it. The man, as I recall it, professed to have inside information. He assured Steve that a certain road was about to "cut a melon," when, as Steve jokingly reminded him, the only thing that stock had ever cut was a lemon—some "Irish dividend" in the shape of an assessment. However, the fellow persuaded Steve to invest to the extent of five hundred shares; and that same afternoon the stock dropped like a plummet.

For a week my life wellnigh became unbearable. Aside from the fact that my husband had lost nearly twenty-eight hundred dollars, his mood grew so irritable—I might say even irrational—there was no living with him. Again I fled out of town and left him to his own devices. When I returned he was still grumpy, though a little less so than when I had left him. A recent transaction had recouped part of his loss and there was every prospect he would cash in an added profit. A week later he closed out the deal thirty-three hundred dollars to the good. Not counting the money he had drawn out to spend, Steve now had a balance at his broker's of sixteen thousand dollars.

For the first time now I began to feel a small, recurring sense of apprehension. Sixteen thousand seemed to me a lot of money, even though I'd seen how quickly if not easily my husband had made it. Daily—almost hourly, indeed—I recalled Benson's prophetic outburst: "You'll keep at it till you've dropped every cent you own!" Moreover, I'd had a message from my brother-in-law. After that night's heated colloquy he'd held aloof from us; but hearing that Steve was far ahead of the game Benson had risked a further breach with us by making a second appeal. He begged me to urge Steve to cash in his paper profits and quit ere he lost it all.

I felt as he did. That evening, when Steve for a moment had emerged from the depths of his evening paper's financial columns, I broached the topic.

"Hey—what?" my husband exclaimed. "Cash in and quit! . . . Say!" he growled. "You tell Phil Benson that when I want his advice I'll send round and get it."

I had something, then, to say on my own account.

"But, Steve," I protested, "just think! If you'll only draw out that money now we'll have almost enough to pay the balance due on your stock?"

"What stock? What do you mean?" Steve grumbled dully.

I told him I meant the firm's stock—the thirty thousand dollars' worth that the company still held for him in escrow.

"Oh, that!—that stock?" he laughed contemptuously, then added: "Gad! You don't suppose I'm going to stay satisfied, do you, with a piffling shoestring like that?"

In other words, Wall Street and all the money that Wall Street so lightly juggles in the air—this, I say, already had imbued him with contempt for an amount so small, so trivial, as thirty thousand! Like all the other dabblers, his dreams now were to be expressed only in terms of six figures—possibly more.

What is more, this same lust for easy, sudden wealth had begun to have its other, its sinister, side. It had begun to affect him in his business. I knew this, for already I'd begun to hear vague whispers here and there. One cannot dabble in stocks and not let his business suffer.

Wall Street men—they in the brokerage business, I mean—loudly protest that their business is all open, all above board. They defend even marginal trading. At the same time, though, I have yet to hear a Wall Street man—and I have heard many!—consistently explain why so many of their clients either deal under false names or settle their accounts in cash rather than with a check. Nor can these same Wall Street men make clear why other clients shy off from appearing in person at brokerage offices—or, if they do visit them, why they sneak in and out via the back door.

"Tried to Flimflam Me, Did You? You Wanted to Make a Fool of Your Husband, Eh?"

There is, in fact, hardly a brokerage office of any pretension whatever that lacks a secluded private room—a secret cabinet, I may say—where the not too rare secretive ones may transact a business that seems to require an astonishing amount of secrecy. Why?

I found out presently. In exactly one year from the day he set out to dabble in Wall Street my husband was discharged by his employers.

It happened in this way: A lighting plant near New York was in the market for power engines to equip its central plant. The order was not exactly "velvet"—that is to say, it was not one in which there was any remarkable profit. Too many other concerns, for one thing, were competing for the contract; then again, it was a slack time in the trade and prices had fallen off. However, each and all of the competing firms were keen to get the order, since it would go far toward keeping their shops from shutting down.

My husband though—well, to use the expression I'd heard him use against another man, he "scamped the job." In other words, he was more concerned in his own Wall Street affairs than he was in having his firm get the trade. A deal in Union Pacific engrossed him—the stock was backing to and fro uncertainly; and rather than close out the transaction at a loss he stayed in town to watch it. The result was that a rival firm snapped up the lighting plant order. Their engines went into the central power plant, where assuredly my husband's employers' should have gone.

I dare say, however, it was not entirely the loss of this trade that cost Steve his place. No, I know that; for all salesmen, however good, sometimes lose an order. The plain fact is the company had heard through some channel or other why the order had been lost. Wall Street! The mere name of it was enough. Moreover, they had already warned him once. So now they gave Steve a month's salary in lieu of a warning, a check was drawn for the amount he had paid in on his stock—it was eight thousand dollars—and he was invited to seek some other berth, with no more consideration than would have been paid a five-dollar-a-week office boy.

I was aghast. More than that, I was terrified! By now I had begun to estimate the real hazards of my husband's hazardous avocation. Even he, filled as he was with the alluring promises of the Street—even my husband now and then let fall a remark that acutely struck terror to my heart. Assuming a nonchalance that I saw he nowise felt, he'd announce lightly: "Brown got his today!" or "They cleaned out Smith this morning!" Moreover, as the market climbed higher—by fits and starts driving toward its peak, the apex being reached the day of the San Francisco earthquake—these announcements grew in number. The fact is, the entire list was already overinflated; so that, even had the calamity on the Coast not occurred, the Wall Street crash would still have happened. At all events, my husband, despite his nonchalance, was, as I could see, inwardly concerned. No doubt he, too, had begun to reflect painfully that some day "they" might "get him" as well.

These periods of reflection, however, rarely lasted long. Even the loss of his place failed to stir him seriously—naturally, since it is another distinctive peculiarity of the dabbling mania to lack interest in sustained effort. By that I mean that men affected with the gambling fever have little liking for the plain grubbing that trade—business—involves. Of course the shock of losing his place for a moment staggered him; but the moment I, now thoroughly frightened, used it as an argument why he should give up Wall Street's gaming and return with me to our former mode of living, he rudely cut me short.

"Pshaw! Don't start in on that again!" he growled irritably. "Look here!" he protested. "Do you want me to grind away the rest of my life on a clerk's salary—on a beggarly income of seven thousand a year? . . . You let me alone!" said Steve, and added: "I'm going to knock out my pile without wasting time about it. Then we'll retire. I mean to have some fun in life."

Then came the San Francisco earthquake. As a result of it two things occurred—events in which I was vitally, personally interested. One was the tragic circumstance that Mosher—Mosher the fortunate! Mosher the lucky—was caught between the devil and the deep sea, if I may use that phrase. Inside of a week—almost overnight, in fact—he was stripped of his paper profits, cleaned out to the last cent he possessed. Today he still lurks round Wall Street, the scene of his former glories. Today, seedy and down-at-the-heels, he lurks in the front rooms of brokerage offices—a hanger-on, a tipster, a tout; engaged in drumming up trade for the very game that ruined him.

The other event, however, the companion result, the one of which I have spoken—that was even far more significant. Steve, my husband, made the first great "killing" of his career!

(Continued on Page 28)

Billy Fortune and That Young Feeling

By William R. Lighton

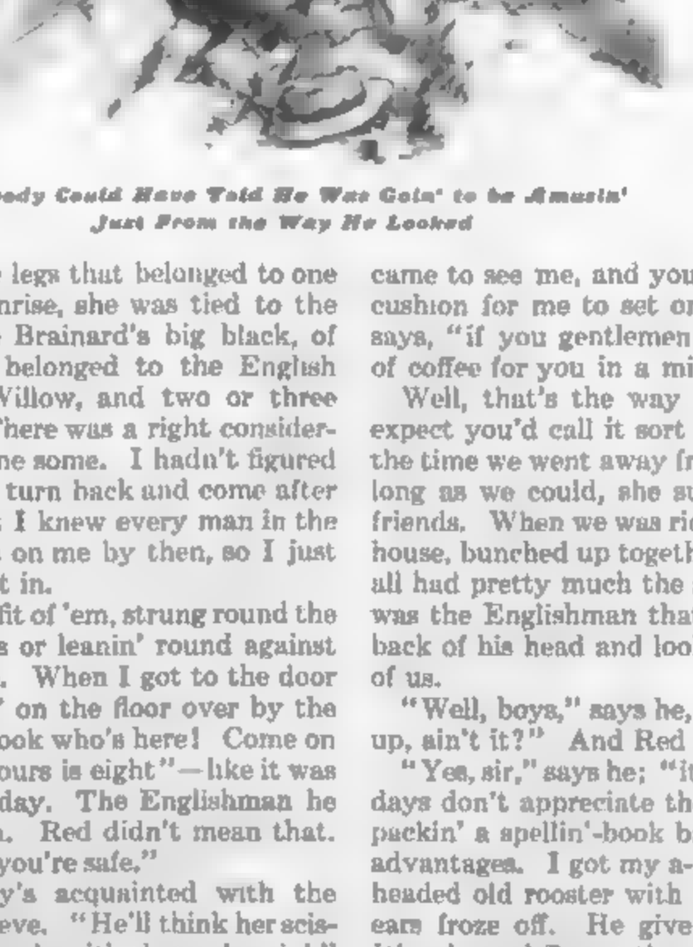
ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

HOW do you tell when a man's old? There's different ways, but I claim there ain't but one you can go by. That's the way I'm goin' to use on myself. When I get to be old I ain't goin' to find it out by countin' up to see, nor by my whiskers, nor by my gums, nor none of them signs. They'll all fool you. No, sir! But one of these times I'll get throwed down and I won't bounce back. Then I'll know it's all over. When a man gets that way, he's old. Old, see? It don't make any difference how much longer he lives after that, he don't ever get any older.

Just years don't count. There was a widow woman once, down Laramie way, and a man with three thousand cows that wanted to marry her. The man did. He wasn't but thirty and he was doin' real well and gettin' ahead fine; but she told him "No" the first time he asked her, her bein' a widow woman and figurin' she'd just egg him on some. She reckoned there'd be plenty of time the next time. Yes, only there wasn't any next time. All the man done was just to get discouraged and go back to the cow business. And then the next thing we knew she'd run off with a sheepherder that was comin' seventy-two in the spring and didn't have but three teeth and them scattered, and his nose all on a slant where an old buck sheep had pasted him once, and one eye with a comical glimmer in it, and no great shakes for looks. She didn't want him much, and she kept tellin' him so and fightin' him off the best she could, but it didn't do her a speck of good. He stayed right with it till he got her. That shows. I'll leave it to you which one of them two men was the old one. It wasn't the sheepherder. He had the bounce in him. If a man's got that young feeling it don't matter a mite how many years he's got on his string. They don't cut any figure.

And another time there was the year of the hard winter in the short-grass country, when the snow stayed so long, clear up to your middle, and the new school-teacher was snowed in the schoolhouse down in 4-J Cañon for a whole week, with all the men folks from the Platte up to Rawhide rescuin' her. A plumb twenty of us there was. A body wouldn't hardly think it would take so many, would he? It didn't, either, toward the last; but we was all terrible busy workin' at it while it lasted.

She'd come up from Omaha along in the fall, and took the school to teach while she was holdin' down a claim. Whenever a girl takes to actin' like that, quittin' her home folks and goin' off by herself, it don't take a wizard to tell what it means. It means she's got notions in her head about some man that's lurkin' out in the rim-rocks somewhere. Either the man ain't never asked her or else he's been the wrong one. Either she's been rank disappointed or else she's rank hard to suit; but anyway she's got a man in her mind. Yes, sir, when a girl commences to behave unnatural you can always tell that's what's the matter.



Anybody Could Have Told He Was Goin' to be Amusin' Just From the Way He Looked

This one, she was goin' to be able to take her pick out of a big bunch where she'd come to, if she wanted to. The look of her showed me that, the first time I set eyes on her, when I stopped at her claim shanty to get me a drink of water. The thirst come on me all of a sudden, the minute I got in sight of her shack from the lower turn of the trail, and remembered what I'd heard tell about her, and I headed for the place on a lope. Halfway there, though, I pulled down to a walk and stood up in my stirrups for a look.

"Why, hello, Billy!" I says to myself. "Her water bucket must be awful popular. Everybody in the country must be dry." "It certainly does look that way," says I, because Red McGee's buckskin was grazin' along the fence, and the little sorrel mare with white legs that belonged to one of the mine bosses down at Sunrise, she was tied to the gatepost; and there was Steve Brainard's big black, of course, and the piebald that belonged to the English sheepman from over beyond Willow, and two or three more I didn't know by sight. There was a right considerable gang of 'em. It bothered me some. I hadn't figured on that. I had half a notion to turn back and come after my drink some other time; but I knew every man in the bunch would be havin' his eyes on me by then, so I just went on and got down and went in.

There they was, the whole outfit of 'em, strung round the room, settin' on different things or leanin' round against the wall, with her in the middle. When I got to the door Red McGee, that was squattin' on the floor over by the woodbox, he sung out: "Well, look who's here! Come on in, Billy, and take a number—yours is eight"—like it was a barber shop on a busy Saturday. The Englishman he spoke up: "Yes, Billy, come in. Red didn't mean that. Delilah's shears aren't in sight; you're safe."

"I don't believe Billy's acquainted with the Delilah woman," says Steve. "He'll think her scissors have got somethin' to do with sheep-shearin'."

"Not sheep," says I; "goats, by the look of this crowd." Steve, he just laughed.

"Miss Estes," says he, "this is Billy Fortune that we've been tellin' you about."

She come right straight over to me and give me her hand, with a look right straight in the eyes and a smile fit to warm a man's blood up. She was tall and slim and straight and supple as a sycamore saplin', with a way of carryin' herself that made you think for all the world of a healthy, strong young tree when the wind moved it. A girl don't learn how to do that; it's born in her. You'd have thought that that layout of punchers and wranglers and sheepmen swarmin' in on her that way would be enough to bother her to death; but it didn't. Except for her color, you couldn't tell she wasn't plumb used to it. An awful lovely color it was, just exactly like a peach that's got dead ripe on the very best part of the tree where the sun can get to it all day long. I liked her eyes best though. They was real quaint eyes—I can't tell you about 'em—a funny kind of a changeable gray, with a funny way of lightin' up from behind with soft livin' fire whenever she'd get interested. A man would have to be horrible unreasonable not to be contented with them eyes of hers. I felt as if I could just set and do nothin' for weeks and weeks but just look at 'em. Yes, sir, that girl she could certainly pick and choose if she wanted to.

"I'm awfully glad you came," says she to me with a comical little laugh. Did you ever hear a red-winged blackbird settin' and sort of chucklin' to himself? That was how her voice sounded, rich and soft and sweet. "These gentlemen have been talking about you," she says.

"Who? Them two?" says I. "If Steve and Red have been discussin' me I might as well be goin'."

"Oh, no!" says she. "They've been saying some very nice things."

"We've just been bettin' on how soon you'd get here," says Red, "and what you'd say you'd come for. What was it you come for, Billy—a spool of thread to mend that stretch of fence where the wire's down, or a knittin' needle to fix your cinch, or what?"

"No," says Steve; "you don't do Billy justice. He just dropped in to ask which way is straight up."

"Shucks!" I says. "Anyway, that's better than straght down, the way some others is headed."

The girl, she laughed again. "I know why you came," she says, "you came to see me, and you're very welcome." She fixed a cushion for me to set on on the doorstep. "Now," she says, "if you gentlemen will excuse me, I'll have a pot of coffee for you in a minute. The water's just boiling."

Well, that's the way we got acquainted with her. I expect you'd call it sort of sudden, but it suited us. By the time we went away from her, after we'd hung round as long as we could, she sure had a pack of real good old friends. When we was ridin' out to the main trail from the house, bunched up together and joggin' along, I reckon we all had pretty much the same thing on our minds; but it was the Englishman that said it, slidin' his hat onto the back of his head and lookin' round from one to the other of us.

"Well, boys," says he, "it's right rough to be all grown up, ain't it?" And Red McGee spoke up quick.

"Yes, sir," says he; "it's plumb sad. And the kids these days don't appreciate theirselves, do they? When I was packin' a spellin'-book back yonder, I never had no such advantages. I got my a-b-aba lammed into me by a bald-headed old rooster with goggles that had got both of his ears froze off. He give me a grudge against schoolin'. It's a heap different these days."

"But, say," says the mine boss, "do you guess she'll make much of a teacher? Don't it strike you she's kind of triflin' in her mind?"

Steve Brainard, he give a snort. "Triflin'?" says he. "Listen at him! Triflin'! Just because she likes the men folks and can blush some. Where's your judgment, Tommy? A man like you would call the stars triflin' just because they shine." He commenced to roll him a cigarette, but got it all mussed up and threw it away. "No, sir," he says, "she's as full of solemnness as anybody; but it's all so smothered up in youngness that it don't show on her. Triflin' your granny!"

"You're mighty right, Steve," says the Englishman. "The melancholy of youth ——"

"Aw!" says Red. "Shut up, you two. She's all right, right the way she is. I'd give my best pair of spurs if I could be a kid and set and have her learn me half a day, and I'd throw in my boots and saddle. Yes, I would."

"Yes, I reckon you would," says Steve; "but you spoke too late, Red. A man mostly does when he begins wishin' he was young. I've noticed that."

She didn't start her school-teachin' till Monday week, but I didn't see much of her in between on account of me not bein' there. I was mostly prowlin' round down along the Platte different places, lookin' for signs of a bunch of cow critters that had been rustled out of the Butte country. That was how I come to meet up with the professor.

He certainly was a funny man, the professor was. Why do you reckon it is that one of these wise men has always got to be so comical? Anybody could have told he was goin' to be amusin' just from the way he looked when I run

"Hello, Traveler!" She Says With a Sound in Her Voice That Just Exactly Matched Up With the Day

up on him the first time. There he was, settin' straddle of the top of a high rock down beside the Platte, holdin' on with a couple of terrible long legs wrapped tight round it, wavin' a great big green umbrella round and round his head and hollerin' the top of his voice off, and never stoppin' only just long enough to catch his breath. It was me he was yellin' at; I could tell that when I was half a mile off; and I pulled up and set and looked at him. It struck me he must have been at it a good spell, because his voice was soundin' shrill and wore out; but he was keepin' it up regular, one squeal every time his umbrella went round, like he was some kind of a jigger wound up with a spring.

"Billy," I says, "the gentleman's in distress. We better go see about it. It ain't like us not to go see what's ailin' him, is it?" And I racked over to where he was. The nearer I got, the more I couldn't make it out. His hat had fell off and he'd tore a big place in his pants, and his lean face was all puckered out of shape with sufferin', with the sweat runnin' down it like the middle of summer.

"Hello!" says I. "What seems to be the trouble?"

"Thank Heaven!" says he; "you've come!"

"Yes, sir," says I, "that's the solemn truth—I've come. But what have I come for?"

"Please," he says, "I want to come down from here. I've been imprisoned for all of an hour."

"Imprisoned?" says I. It wasn't much of a rock he was straddlin'; if he'd just uncurled his legs he could 'most have reached the ground. "How the Sam Hill did you get up there?" says I to him. "Why don't you just slide?"

"That dreadful beast drove me up," says he.

"Which dreadful beast?" says I, because there wasn't nothin' in sight but him.

"Round here on the other side," says he; and when I'd peeked round, there was an old ram layin' in the shade of the rock in the middle of a mess of truck the professor had dropped when he started to shin up. He seemed to be enjoyin' himself real well, the ram did. He'd tore open the professor's little lunchbasket and eat up what was in it and part of the basket besides, and now he was commencin' on the brim of the professor's nice little straw hat, layin' there and chewin', with his eyes half shut and his stumpy tail flickin' just as contented.

"Well, if it ain't Scotty!" says I. Why, certainly I knew him; I'd been knowin' him years and years. He was the only sheep I ever had knew in my life that I thought anything of. That was mostly because he seemed to think too much of himself to associate with sheep, but just rambled round by himself, up and down the river, pickin' up his own livin' and spendin' his time meditatin'. Everybody in the whole country knew Scotty; he had a pedigree of devilment that would match up with anybody's. But he knew his friends, Scotty did. When he saw me he was just plumb tickled, bouncin' up and lettin' out a blat and beginnin' to prance round on his hindlegs and motionin' for me to come and play with him.

"Well, gee whiz!" says I to the professor. "Did you let that old coot run you up there? He didn't mean nothin' by it; he was just sufferin' for company. Come on down."

"Not for worlds!" says the professor, startin' to wipe the sweat off his face. "Not for worlds! You can have no idea of the ferocity of that animal. It's frightful, sir! I was collecting specimens over there beside that fence and I happened to be stooping over to examine a curious outcropping, when he attacked me unawares from the rear and threw me into the fence and made this great rent in my trousers, and then he pursued me up here. I wouldn't come down under any consideration until you drive him away. I'll be obliged if you'll do it at once, sir."

I hated to do it. "Scotty, old man, you see how it is," I says to him, and with that I drove him off up the hill a ways, and then the professor lit. You'd hardly believe how grateful he was to me, while he was standin' there and stretchin' the cramps out of his long legs and feelin' himself over for sore places. He wanted to give me half a dollar. Yes, he did! "No, sir," I says to him; "I've had a heap more than four-bits' worth of pleasure with the variety you've give me. This life here was gettin' to be all too much of a terrible sameness." "Well," says he, "how far is it to some place where we can spend it for something to eat? That brute has eaten all of my luncheon and I'm famished."

I had a snack in my saddlebags and I dug it out and whacked up with him, us settin' with our backs up against the rock and him explainin' himself to me. He wasn't such a bad lot, when a body began to get onto him; only ain't it a horrible affliction to a man to be afflicted with one of these solemn minds? He wasn't a bit old—I wouldn't guess he was a mite over thirty or so—but he was one of them kind that's just born long and lean and serious. If he'd ever laughed in all his whole life it hadn't left any marks on him. Alexander Kirkwoody, he said his name was, and he was one of these professors of rocks from Lincoln, Nebraska.

"Oh!" I says, when he told me. "That accounts for it. If you'd have been a botany professor, now, I reckon I'd have found you up a tree, wouldn't I?"

He was right in the middle of a big bite of bread and bacon when I said it, and he stopped his bony jaws and looked at me as if he didn't think he'd heard me right. "Sir?" says he.

"Oh, nothin'," says I. "It don't matter a speck. But say, you'd ought to have made friends with Scotty. He could have saved you a sight of hard work, buttin' the rocks open for you."

"Sir?" says he again; and with that I quit and let him do the talkin'.

He wasn't much of a hand at it though. Once in a while he'd say somethin' sort of promiscuous about the country or the weather or such like; but most of the time he was just settin' with his jaws goin' and his eyes blinkin' through his gold-rimmed eyeglasses, starin' off at the hills and broodin' to himself. It wasn't till after the last bite was gone that he seemed as if he was really cinchin' his attention onto me, turnin' round so as to get me in the middle of his glasses.

"Mr. Fortune," says he, "I dare say you're wondering why I'm here, aren't you?"

Well, it had been sort of flittin' through my head, lookin' at him; but it hadn't exactly been worryin' me none. "Why," I says to him, "it's kind of hard to figure out, you bein' such a joker."

"Sir?" says he. "Joker? Mr. Fortune, you mistake me entirely. You do, indeed. I am here on the gravest affair of my life. I have been considering whether I might speak to you about it. I need the service of a friend, Mr. Fortune. You have done me one kindness, assisting me out of a most embarrassing situation, and I feel that it has brought us closer together than mere strangers. I take you to be a man of fine feeling. May I speak freely, in confidence?"

"No Doubt You Have Experienced the Tender Emotions Toward the Softer Sex"

Wouldn't that sound rank ridiculous to you, from a long, bony, growed-up man? It sure did to me. "Professor," I says to him, "speak freely."

It took him quite a little spell to get strung out though. You wouldn't have expected that kind of a man to blush, would you? He didn't hardly seem human enough. But he done it, with the red startin' to crawl up his lean neck and over his face and clear up to the edge of his mop of sandy-colored hair; and then he took off his glasses and wiped 'em, real careful, before he put 'em back on again and looked at me.

"You are a man of broad experience, if I judge correctly," says he, goin' right at it. "No doubt you have experienced the tender emotions toward the softer sex. Am I correct?"

You don't have to believe me if you don't want to, but that's just exactly what he said to me, with me settin' there and holdin' the edge of my tongue in between my teeth till I made the tears start, tryin' not to laugh at him.

"Professor," I says to him, melancholy as an old owl that's missed its supper, "you're correcter than you've ever been in your life. I've felt 'em millions of times. That's my specialty."

He was so absorbed that he never seemed to guess I was foolin'. "Ah!" says he. "Well, then, let us get to the point. It was love that brought me here."

"Ah!" says I, just the same as him; "but don't tell me she don't love you back, professor. I couldn't bear to hear it. Don't you say it!"

He fetched a long breath, lettin' his brushy head drop into his bony hands. "I do not know," says he mournful. "Sometimes I dare to hope, and again I despair. I can't make up my mind."

"Well," I says, "but what about the lady's mind? That's mostly got somethin' to do with it, I've found out. What does she say? Ain't you asked her?"

"Yes," he says; "I laid suit to her very earnestly indeed. It was six weeks ago in the middle of vacation. She couldn't have mistaken my feelings, not at all. But she—she—laughed at me. Not scornfully, Mr. Fortune. No. Not in sport. She didn't mean to give me pain; but—she laughed nevertheless. I had had reason to believe that she respected me, even admired me—I had known her for a long time; but—she laughed."

I was certainly sufferin'. Did you ever have somethin' funny strike your mind in the middle of a funeral? That was the way I was feelin'. "Laughed!" says I. "At you, professor? Shockin'!"

"Yes," he says; "she laughed." It seemed as if that had got stuck in his crop. "I fear she's light-minded, Mr. Fortune."

"Oh," says I, "I wouldn't think nothin' as awful as that. But what did she say?"

He looked at me right distressed. "That is what troubles me," says he. "I cannot recollect exactly. When she laughed I was confused, and afterward I couldn't remember clearly what she had said. Really it was too grave an occasion for laughter, don't you think? It has left me quite uncertain of my position. That is why I am here, sir. I must have the matter determined."

"Here?" says I. "Why, how in the name of Mike are you goin' to get it settled here, playin' tag with old buck sheep and wagglin' green parasols? That looks sort of curious to me."

"That's just what I wish to speak about," says he. "I have followed the young lady up here. I wonder if you may, by any chance, know her—Miss Estes?"

"What's that?" says I. Wouldn't it strike you dumb? It did me. "That girl?" says I. "The schoolteacher? Is she the one?"

"Ah!" says he. "You do know her, then? Would you mind telling me what you think of her?" He was real eager about it, leanin' over close to me with his hand on my shoulder and squintin' into my face.

"Oh, murder!" I says. "I can't, professor—honest, I can't. She's a bird. She's a whizzer. She's a world-beater. You just ask anybody. On the square, you don't mean to tell me she's the one you've been makin' love to?"

He took it just exactly the same as he'd took all the rest, serious as a horse. "Yes," says he. "Candidly, Mr. Fortune, knowing both of us, how does the matter impress you? I mean to say, if she had met your proposal in the way I have described, would you pursue it further? Have you been able to judge of her character clearly enough to advise me?"

What would you have told him? I wasn't goin' to try it. Not me. "Oh, gee whiz!" says I; "you can't judge by what I'd do. I'm apt to be right flighty in my love-makin'." I got up on my feet and went and got my pony and climbed in the saddle, and then I rode up again to where he was. I 'most felt sorry for him, honest I did; he looked so kind of forlorn and down in the mouth. "These women folks are a sight of trouble, ain't they?" I says to him, gettin' ready to stick in the spurs. "Hop to it, professor," I says, and with that I struck off up the cañon. It was the only thing I could think of to tell him.

I went up by the schoolhouse in the mornin'. Right early it was, and cold—one of them crimpy, still mornin's that put the ginger in you outdoors and make you set straight in your saddle and take deep breaths, with your head feelin' bully and ready for anything that comes up. It was so early the kids hadn't showed up yet, but there was teacher out in the yard, loadin' up her slim arms with wood off the woodpile to make a fire. She had her hat off, and some little wisps of her hair loose round her ears and the nice color just bloomin'. She must have been feelin' pretty much the same as me, because when I got close she waved her hand and sung out to me.

"Hello, traveler!" she says with a sound in her voice that just exactly matched up with the day. Haven't you

knew folks that always seemed as if they belonged right wherever they happened to be? She was one of 'em. I couldn't help noticin' it in my mind, lookin' at her. If she hadn't happened to be standin' right in that place when I come along it wouldn't have looked right, somehow, without her. Can you understand that?

"Hello, friend!" I sung out to her, and I dropped my rein over the pony's head and slid off and went over to her. "You put that down," I says to her, and I made her drop the armload of wood she had and I packed it in for her. "That ain't your job," I told her. "You let the mavericks do that. You've swept out, too, ain't you?"

"Why, of course!" she said. "I want to keep the place nice and attractive for the children."

She sure had made headway at it. It was nothin' but a log house with some boards inside, but she'd fixed pictures on the walls, all full of pretty color, and she'd carried in armloads of gray sagebrush and made big bouquets out of it for the bare corners and up over the windows and every place there was room. Did you ever know that sagebrush could look like anything? I never. I'd been rank weary with the sight of it, years and years, till right then; but she certainly had made use of it.

"Well, I never!" I says to her. "Ain't it pretty!"

She was real pleased, laughin' a low little laugh and flushin' up. "I can't bear ugliness when there's no excuse for it," she says.

"Excuse?" I says. "Do you reckon there ever is an excuse? If it's got any real good excuse then it ain't real ugliness any more, is it?"

She laughed at me again, with that funny, quaint fire comin' into the deep part of her eyes. "The great mind dwells on the beautiful," she says, "and finds it often at its best in what the small mind calls ugly." Do you expect she made that up out of her head? It's kind of stayed by me ever since, that has.

I built up the fire for her in the stove, and then I went down to the spring after a couple of buckets of water. When I come back she was standin' in the door, leanin' her head against the side and lookin' away off over the big wide jumble of rocks and hills. It was a queer look she had on her face—not dull, like it would have been with some folks, but as if she was dreamin'. It was a shame to interrupt her.

"How do you guess you're goin' to like the country?" I says to her.

She straightened up and spread out her supple arms wide. "Oh, it's wonderful!" she says; "wonderful, wonderful! I love it. I love everything in it." She give me a funny little sort of a sideways look—not a mite familiar, but friendly and honest and gay all together. "Best of all," she says, "I like the country's men. They're so different, with so much of real life in them, and—and—oh, there isn't any word for it!"

The way she said it a man couldn't think she was sayin' it at him, unless he was an awful fool. "There's lots of words for it," I says, "but they don't any of 'em say just what a body means. I know what you mean. It ain't because we're real different; it's because the life's different—livin' free, you know, and facin' things raw with nobody nor nothin' to soften 'em down for you, and not carin' a rip what comes next nor how soon it comes, but just sort of figurin' mebbe you'll be ready for it, or mebbe if you ain't it won't matter much. See? It's because there ain't any funny little rules for livin' in this country. Can you understand that?"

She nodded her head at me again, bright and quick. "Yes," she says, "I understand. It's spirit—that's what it is. That's the best part of a man, and the men up here have it, even the commonest of them."

"Spirit," I says after her. It brought me back, because all of a sudden it made me remember. Up till then it seemed as if I'd been thinkin' of just me and her, with just us two together. I'd clean forgot the professor, but that word sent my mind off on a slant to him. She'd laughed at him? I laughed, too, down inside of me.

"Well, now, that's funny," I says to her; "I wouldn't have thought you'd care much for this kind of a man. I'd have thought the kind you'd like best would be one of these nice mild lads that's been brought up right among folks, and can sling good English, and reads the dictionary regular, and that folks look up to—one of these wise boys that had never had anything happen to rough him up none. That's the kind I'd have picked out for you to like best."

I guess it was rank mean of me to say it to her, wasn't it? But I didn't stop to think. I wanted to hear what she'd say. But I might as well have saved my breath, because she never said a blessed word. All she done was just to turn round to me and give me a look, long and slow and deep, with her lips held tight and the red commencin' to glow in her soft cheeks. If she had a mind to answer me she was goin' to take her time to it; but she never did, because right then there come a bunch of kids over the hill, runnin' their ponies like Indians and raisin' the dickens, and then I knew it was all over. "Well, so long!" I says to her, and I went and climbed in my saddle and headed for Rawhide.

Well, now about that snowstorm. You may think you know what a snowstorm is, but you don't, because you didn't see that one. It was the great-granddaddy of all the snowstorms, that one was. It certainly did snow some that time.

I could tell it was comin' before it had got much past noon, because along in the middle of the mornin' things got all soft and sultry-like and heavy. It wasn't the same as summer; it seemed more like a summer day that's got some kind of an unhealthy disease. Things didn't smell right nor look right, and the sun didn't shine right, because away high up in the air, so far you had to feel it instead of seein' it, a mist was hangin', thin and pale, just enough to take the life out of the sunlight, and the wind without any gimp in it but just mopin' round first one way and then the other, real fidgety. It didn't make you feel uncomfortable, but just uneasy in your mind.

"Billy," I says to myself, "this can't last long. You know it can't." "No," says I, "I reckon you're right. There's somethin' comin'." And I hadn't any more than got it out of my mouth till here she come—whoo! Quick? It was like an old maid changin' her mind. One minute it was soggy-warm, and the next minute the sun winked out and the air was full of foggy cold that stung your lungs clear to the bottom, and the minute after that the ice-dust was drivin' straight out of the north, tons and tons of it, sixty miles an hour, so thick it felt like a solid wall against your face. It blotted the trail out from in front of me in just one swift wipe. My nose was choked tight shut with it and my eye-winkers was froze stiff together. My pony stood stock still and shivered and then swapped ends, with his head between his front legs, and started driftin' downwind. I didn't try to stop him; I was plumb pleased to have my back to it till I could have time to fetch my breath. Cold? Oh, hush! It was so cold it felt blisterin'-hot against your skin when it hit. It was just exactly like hell froze over on top sudden. Can you understand that?

"Well, for the love o' country, Billy," I says after I'd laid down on the pony's neck to get my face thawed out, "ain't this the climate, though?" "Climate!" says I. "You can call it climate if you want to, but that word don't suit me. But it don't matter about the name. What I want to know is what you're figurin' on doin'. Where you goin'? You can't ever get to Rawhide, facin' it." "I ain't goin' to be fool enough to try," I says, "nor I don't care where I'm goin', just so I get there pretty soon. This'll get awful humdrum in a little while. It'll be hard on the cattle, too, won't it, that's caught away from the hills?" And then you know how a man's mind runs on. Thinkin' of cattle made me think of sheep, and then of Scotty, and then of the professor, and then about teacher. And that threw a swift scare into me.

"Oh, in the name o' Heaven!" I says, stiffenin' up in the saddle; "what do you reckon has happened to her? It must 've been just about time school was lettin' out when it hit, wasn't it? She ain't never been acquainted with a storm like this, and it must be all of three miles from the schoolhouse over to her shack. And she must have walked, because you never noticed her havin' a horse this mornin', did you?" "No," says I, "I never. She didn't have none. And if she set out afoot she'd never make it in this world. Billy, for the Lord's sake get a move on you!"

Well, I did. It's no use tellin' you that part of it; it would take too long. I aimed to get to her shack first because that was closest. It took me a good spell, just gropin' my way blind through the whirl; mebbe I wouldn't have got there at all except for strikin' a string of fence and followin' down by the wire; but I found it after a while. She wasn't there. I went in and rustled round and fixed up a bundle of blankets and some grub, and then wrapped some more blankets round me and struck out again for the schoolhouse. I like to never made the riffle, three miles straight across the wind, with my pony fightin' every step of the way to have his head. Part of the time I got down and footed it, draggin' him by the bridle. We wobbled a good bit, I expect. It was right on the ragged edge of

(Continued on Page 37)

And There He Went, Straddlin' His Old Mule and Danglin' His Old Cat

Bulwarks of Business Policy

Good Strong Roots—By James H. Collins

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

If He Brings a Friend to Lunch the Waiter Serves the Dishes in a Way That Makes It a Real Occasion

NOT long ago a large Broadway restaurant closed up after several years' effort to establish a paying business. All the conditions were apparently in its favor. The district selected is one where the tide of prosperous office population has been rising rapidly, bringing an ever-growing demand for good food and good service. At the same time there was little competition and the establishment was located in a famous building. Advantages were many and shortcomings few. Yet the business was not profitable.

Far down Broadway stands another restaurant of the same class, but in a part of New York where the tide of good office population is steadily falling as business moves uptown. When it was founded, years ago, the city's best firms were all within a few minutes' walk. Now they are gone, however, and the old buildings are either empty or let for manufacturing. The neighborhood is one suited to lunch counters and dairy eating places of the cheaper sort. Every condition is against this second restaurant apparently; and yet it continues to draw a large patronage and is profitable. The first restaurant failed—as much as anything because it threw down no roots. Planted in the richest of soil, it made no lasting connections. The other restaurant succeeds because, though in soil that is steadily growing less fertile, it has strong taproots reaching down into the subsoil and is gathering every bit of nourishment.

In the big uptown establishment the waiters were strange. They looked as though they had been hired about a quarter to eleven that morning, made halfway presentable in misfit black coats and turned loose among the tables. They were not familiar with dishes on the menu, had to ask where the knives and butter were kept and were uncertain about their tables. Apparently none of them expected to be working there the next day. The guests, too, seemed to be chiefly strangers. At the downtown restaurant, however, the atmosphere is different. The place is homelike. Waiters have worked there since they were boys and know the guests, many of whom have eaten lunch at the same tables at the same hour every day for years, served by the same waiter. The latter knows their little preferences. The kind of butter they like is put on the table and the kind of rolls they always eat. If their waiter is away the head waiter knows. All the waiters know the guest's wife, his son, his daughter, his stepmother, and report to him at noon if one of the family has stopped in for a lunch while shopping. If the guest's appetite is not good the waiter assures him that it is the weather. If he brings a friend to lunch the waiter serves the dishes in a way that makes it a real occasion.

Why the Old Restaurant Succeeded

THE uptown restaurant evidently drew a changing patronage for several years and closed up when it ran out of potential new customers. The downtown restaurant, however, draws the same customers in its own neighborhood and has a national clientèle as well, for thousands of merchants, buyers and salesmen from all over the country, visiting New York occasionally, are pretty certain to drop in there for lunch.

The difference between these two institutions is highly interesting as a matter of policy. In the restaurant that went out of business the management was what might be called brisk. The head waiter snapped his fingers at his men and the manager seemed to be on the spot all the time, watching, economizing, running the place as a moneymaking concern, with the least sentiment; but the necessity for making connections was evidently not seen, and in the end the place did not even make profits. The other restaurant, on the contrary, has always been conducted with considerable sentiment and dignity. The founder looked upon his employees as servants of the family. "Bus" boys grew into waiters and waiters were kept as long as they could get round and do their work. As the proprietor grew rich he stayed away from the office much of the time; and when his sons came into the management they never gave the business the close attention that it got during its first years. Yet, in spite of this apparent neglect, the deep, healthy roots thrown down by the human organization, an outcome of dignity and sentiment in policy, have made the business solid and thrifty despite disadvantages of location.

The Value of Friendly Relationships

A CERTAIN type of executive forms connections almost instinctively. He does not stop at enduring relations with customers and employees, but seeks permanency in details that seem to be of minor importance. A large public-service corporation has many branch stations scattered through an Eastern city. The nature of its business is such that the company has more than one reason to dread fire. If only one of its small branches were burned out the loss would be considerable, while interruption to service would inconvenience the public and hamper the whole organization. At the same time the nature of the equipment is such that there is always a strong possibility of fire.

Branch stations have been put into fireproof buildings wherever this was possible, and employees throughout the service have been trained to deal with a fire in special ways. The first weapon brought into use is sand, which has been found effective in smothering a large percentage of small blazes. If sand does not answer then big tarpaulins are spread to inclose a larger area round the fire and cut off oxygen—this has also been found effective. When the tarpaulins fail then chemical extinguishers are used. If they are not effective then water is brought into play. The character of the equipment is such, however, that water will usually do far more damage than fire. The destruction wrought by a stream from a firehose is such that employees are cautioned to try other methods before resorting to water. Of course as soon as a blaze is discovered an alarm goes in to the city fire department. Very often employees would have a fire under control with sand or tarpaulins when the firemen arrived; yet the latter, taking their own view of the situation, would go to work with axes and hose, zealously douse the equipment, put out the last smoulderings—and do a lot of damage!

This company has a superintendent in charge of its branches who believes in making connections. Study of the fire problem persuaded him that proper connections would solve it. He wrote to the chief of the fire department, told him that the company dreaded fires and water damage, explained the technical conditions of the business, and described the precautions taken to avoid fires and fight them in his own organization. He asked for letters to the fire captains in districts where the company has branches, which were given, and then called on these captains one by one. After getting acquainted he explained the problem, took the captain through the branches in his district, showed how the company had its own peculiar type of fire and how it originated and acted, the special ways followed in fighting it, the damage done by water and the precautions taken to keep a fire on the premises.

This explanation was interesting to the fire captains. It is part of the firefighting business to understand local conditions. They said they would like to have that sort of understanding with every property owner. Steps were then taken to bring the local firemen and the company's employees together. The captain sent his men to inspect the premises. Friendships were formed. This company employs many young men and women. Very often a fireman, impressed with the character of the plant and the work, would ask if there was a chance to get his son or daughter a job. Those who proved available were interviewed and hired. In a little while the understanding between this company and the fire department was so good that the danger of damage from the unintelligent fighting of a fire was cut down to almost nothing.

A connection of that kind is not especially difficult to form and maintain. Yet, not long ago, for lack of such understanding, the firemen in an Eastern city thoroughly tied up a big street-transportation system. Defective insulation caused an electrical blaze. A switch was turned, a circuit broken—and the fire was out. Five minutes after the trouble began traffic might have been resumed; but somebody had turned in a fire alarm and the firemen came, bringing the usual crowd. This incident occurred in a modern station, thoroughly fireproof. There was absolutely nothing to burn; but the firemen found smoke coming from smouldering insulation. Not understanding the company's plant, they set to work with axes and hose. The system throughout the city was tied up for the better part of an hour while they put out the smoke, and remonstrances by the transportation men simply made them more determined.

The Man Who Hated Change

THE business man who has this faculty of making strong connections with customers seldom stops there. It is the other way about—he enjoys good relations with customers because he forms them with everybody else. The president of a certain manufacturing concern began business with little else than the patent rights to a doubtful new invention. It was a novelty more or less crude mechanically, and quite out of the line of popular demand and trade ways at that period. So he had a fight on his hands from the outset. He had to fight to win over the consumer and to fight trade prejudice and stagnation. The device had to be perfected with slender capital; and as soon as he got on fairly firm ground a vigorous competition materialized, bringing another kind of fight. That business today is worldwide in scope and its founder a rich man. It is often pointed out as a business exceptionally well rooted by connections.

The boss is not magnetic, but is rather a conservative hater of change. If he lunches twice in the same restaurant he goes to the same table, so that by the third time he eats there the waiter has accepted him as an old customer. Every night he walks a block out of his way to get his newspaper of the same boy. If he puts up at a hotel in some strange city he gets acquainted with the manager and assures him that he will stop there when he comes again.

(Continued on Page 45)

An Old Woman and a New One in the Old World

By Corra Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

WE CAME from Madrid to Rome along the Riviera, which must be one of the beautifully embroidered edges of creation. There were pines, palm trees, oleanders, aloes, roses everywhere; a fadeless indigo sky overhead. On one side the sea like the sky made versatile with the eternal motion of waves, blue wings of water, ever and ever coming toward you, never reaching you, always dissolving along the shore in a veil of white foam. On the other side the Apennines crowded down like ragged cathedral towers built by giant angels, with the villages of men hanging upon them like amulets.

I have observed this—that the best men and women are not to be found anywhere in the most beautiful and comfortable places. God knew what He was about when He made the greater part of the earth difficult to live in. The best human virtues grow where the soil is poor, where the weather threatens more than it blesses, where the skies are often gray and the sea sends in a cold mist to dishearten the land.

A man finds the match for all his strength in such conditions, and the necessity for using it. And strength is not enough. He has to add to it the desperate hope of faith in God before he is equal to the odds. The last places from which religion and honor and courage and virtue will fail are these terrible coasts, where men live between a grizzly land and a frowning sea. The situation does not call so much for intelligence as it does for a narrow and invincible integrity of the soul.

Where Morals Take a Day Off

BUT coming back to the Riviera, I say it looked too much like a temptation to man. And that is what it is. The people you see there are never at their best. They are taking a day or two off. They are usually resting from their virtues. This explains, not the existence of Monte Carlo, but the reason why it is in that place. When Nature humors us with too much softness and beauty she weakens the moral stamina. She plans a vacation from righteousness. And often when a man takes a vacation he relaxes; he makes up his other mind to be a little less good or not good at all. The resorts along the Riviera seem especially designed to meet his requirements in this mood. A grim, uncompromisingly saintly man or woman would be out of drawing with Nature there.

In saying all this I seem to be accusing Peggy and myself, for we had purchased two of those long-tailed stopover tickets in Madrid. And when we reached Monte Carlo late Saturday afternoon, Peggy announced her intention of getting off and spending the holy Sabbath there.

"But, Peggy," I protested, "you cannot do it. There is no holy Sabbath in this place."

"Precisely!" answered she. "In all the years of our lives we have punctuated every seven days with one Sunday. I want to see how it feels to skip one."

The willful, experimental courage of the new young mind is one of the dangers we have to face in the future. Sometimes I am glad I shall be in my grave before these generations find out their mistake.

Peggy was already gathering up her belongings to get off, and I followed her. We were driven through the town to our hotel. Imagine a sort of Eden, created in an amphitheater made by lofty mountains on one side and bounded by a splendid balustrade above the sea on the other, opulent with red blossoms and all tropical greenness, with satanic statues glistening everywhere against the green, and amazingly beautiful buildings with gilded, fancifully decorated domes, but no spires: the kind of Eden the devil would make if he were a multimillionaire and wished to attract all the doubtful Adams and Eves in creation. This is Monte Carlo, incomparably beautiful, terribly significant, sneering gloriously at all that is faithful and poor and just good. It may be that the imagination of an old church-going woman has its prejudices, but this is the only place I ever saw where the architecture appeared to be brazen and conscienceless as well as beautiful.

After dinner Peggy announced her intention of going to the casino. I tied on my bonnet with many misgivings. Peggy looked like a little heavenly dove, with a white hat on her head that clasped her temples in a pair of peacefully folded wings. We entered the wide hall and were directed to a desk where we had to give our names, ages, pedigree and home address. I did not like it. For the first time in my life I was tempted to give an alias. You do not want the devil to be too sure where to find you, in case of a moral accident to your human nature. The clerk wanted to gossip. He said we should very probably find friends inside, that everybody came there except Mr. Rockefeller. He said Mr. Rockefeller had never been known to do more than stop outside the door and look in. I thought better of the old man. He is a good Baptist at home. Besides, why should a man with a nation for his casino make himself conspicuous where the stakes are too small to tempt his mind, accustomed to playing successfully for much higher stakes?

We went first to the concert, where the finest band in the world plays the greatest music in the world. I could not see that the audience differed from those to be seen in any other opera houses, except that it consisted for the most part of people who wore more subdued clothes, and there were more old men and women dozing about than one usually sees at an opera. I experienced a decided satisfaction at the sight of numerous old women like myself wearing bonnets with the strings tied under their innocent double chins. Misery is not the only lady who loves company. Sinners must have it. You can do right alone and bravely, but when it comes to something questionable, one wants the strength of a corporation of fellow humanity to back the deed. I felt that I was doing wrong—for Peggy's sake. And I was glad to see so many other elderly women doing the same thing. At the end of a particularly inspiring Wagnerian number, two red doors were thrown open invitingly by ushers dressed in white breeches and ludicrously gay, ill-fitting frockcoats. Everybody arose, and the crowd streamed into a wide hall that had in it half a dozen long tables. More than five hundred men and women were jammed round these tables, the inner row sitting down, the outer circles crowded close, with their eyes fixed upon what was going on upon the tables. I began to understand what the music was for—to evaporate the hardness of crystallized consciences, cast a sort of emotional spell over the old table of stone Ten Commandments, and make you forget everything but the gratification of the gambling instinct which, I reckon, is older in every man and woman than any of the Scriptures. It was an idea that never occurred to me before, but since visiting Monte Carlo I have no doubt Satan keeps a choir of fallen angels to sing in the ante-chamber of hell. And it is probably the finest music in the universe. Such angels would have more to sing about than mere cherubim. They'd have deeper wailing notes in their awful hymns, grander, higher ones of awful triumph.

Nothing We Saw There Touched Me Like These Young Lads From Every Nation in the Civilized World

Gambling Gamboling Grandmothers

IT IS not for me to describe a roulette table. I didn't understand the thing. It was divided into checked lines with numbers in the corners, and everybody seemed bent upon putting money, varying from five-franc pieces to hundred-franc notes, upon these numbers. Every time the little ball on a golden disk stopped spinning, men who had short rakes—like the one we have at home to clean the soot out of the bottom of the stove—dragged in all the money and gave back a few little pieces to the people who had wasted it. One thing impressed me as being very different from the descriptions I had always heard of gamblers. There were no glaring, excited faces, no apparent intensity. Everybody looked calm and peaceful, except those who were watching but not playing. There is breeding among gamblers, and I reckon we were seeing the best-bred gamblers in the world. Among them were several of the nice-looking old women I had observed with their bonnets tied under their chins. They still looked innocent, good, grandmotherly. But I observed that one of them, at least, seemed to get about ten times as much as she put down. For the first time in my life I realized to what evil uses courage could be put. It takes nerve to lose large sums of money without a change of expression. And these men and women had that kind of vicious courage. Now and then we recognized an American in the keen profile of some face that had a touch of the North American Indian in its expression. Still there were ghosts in the company. One, a tall woman dressed in black, with dark circles under her tragic eyes, moved restlessly from one table to another, quietly distracted because she had nothing else to lose. And when we came out of the casino two hours later we saw a man whom we recognized as one we had seen playing hundred-franc notes earlier in the evening. He was standing near the balustrade above the sea, one shoulder lifted, his head turned as if he was flinching at his own thoughts, his hands tightly knotted together. One had the feeling that when they dragged his body out of the surf Sunday morning nothing would be said about him. There would be no newspaper notice of his death. At Monte Carlo everything is done quietly without any sensational fuss.

As we wandered along home in the blue moonlight—the Riviera sky remains blue all night—I said sternly:

"Look, Peggy!" I Whispered, "the Wife of Regulus!"

"Peggy, the women we have seen this evening would not make good citizens. Many of those men are still capable of voting in the interests of good society, but a woman is not like a man, who has two natures always—his own weak one and his other public good one. A woman has just one, either a good one or a bad one. And if she ever gets the ballot, she will vote according to her nature, and nothing else!"

I was thinking not only of those we saw seated about the tables, but the innumerable painted shes that circled like white carrion birds in the background, waiting for those who had won to get up and come to them.

I recalled one in particular, a slim creature with wide brown eyes, thick red lips. She wore a big black hat, a dreadful smile and an embroidered chemise with a gold girdle under her breasts. If she had on anything under this garment it was her purpose to produce the contrary impression. I never saw any woman in a public place who came so near giving the impression of being practically naked.

Peggy was sad, bemused; she wanted to go back and call somebody to look after the man we saw standing by the balustrade.

"No," I said; "leave him to his fate. He'd better be in the sea than in that casino, and he knows it."

The next morning it turned out that Peggy preferred to resume our journey rather than to spend Sunday at Monte Carlo. So we went on.

It is a good thing to be able to forget. Time heals us of some sights as it does of some diseases. It blurs them. And there are two things we saw in the Old World that I should like to forget utterly: the bullfight at Madrid and the casino at Monte Carlo. But even yet, after many weeks, I can still see that dying bull, covered with blood, mildly regarding his tormentors as he sank to his knees in the sand. And I can still see the woman in the white chemise with her golden girdle and her wide red smile, standing waiting behind the tables in the casino. The man leaning over the balustrade above the sea in the blue moonlight is not nearly so terrible to think of. He had come to the end. God was about to get the chance to take charge of him.

We should have known the moment we crossed the boundary into Italy, even if we had not passed through the customs at the frontier, by the number of soldiers everywhere. The war between Italy and Turkey in their contention over Tripoli had been in progress for several weeks, and at every station we saw troops getting into trains or passing through. A sort of joyful excitement electrified the air. This is the queer thing about war in its first stages, before the mothers and widows of it get the news that sends them into mourning, that a spirit of exaltation and keen pleasure seems to abound. For many of these young lads in their olive-green uniforms the feast of death was already spread in the desert round Tripoli. They were the vintage of life that was about to be poured out there. Yet they were extravagantly happy. The air pulsed with the bugling of martial music. They sang, they yelled, they threw kisses at old women. That was the significant difference. It is only when a man thinks maybe he is going to his death that he is inspired to throw kisses to ancient mother women. On our train there was a car loaded with a company of infantry. And every time we passed an old peasant woman by the way, the soldiers stuck their heads out of the windows and cried to her, "Farewell, Mother!"

Peggy Greets the Soldiers

ONE ancient dame stood petrified a moment, her gray hair blown in the wind, then she threw up her hands and began to wail. The soldiers laughed. But the last we saw of her, she was standing with the mountains behind her, the sun shining over the tears upon her face. She had probably lost her husband or sons in the war of Independence under Garibaldi. She understood. They did not. Later on four hundred of them perished in the oasis round Tripoli.

At one station we were detained for a long time, waiting for a train loaded with soldiers that must have the right of way. Peggy and I descended and walked up and down outside our coach. On another track a little distance away was a long line of freight cars filled with cavalrymen and their horses. The door of a boxcar opposite was open. We saw three horses in the back of it and three young cavalrymen lounging in the doorway. They had evidently traveled all night and showed signs of fatigue. One of them was munching a piece of dry bread. We heard the whistle of the incoming train for which we had been waiting. Suddenly I missed Peggy. I looked this way and that in great alarm. Then I saw her picking her way across the track like a young bird, hopping along with her purse open, the rose in her belt wagging, and her eyes fixed like a guardian angel's upon the cavalrymen, who stared at her as if they had been petrified. The next moment she was dividing her lire among them. There was a shout; other cavalrymen came running from up and down the train.

"Peggy!" I screamed.

She paid no attention. She emptied her purse of every centime. Then she stood in the midst of them smiling, with the tears in her eyes, shaking her empty purse to show that she had no more to give. A young officer pointed to the rose. She pulled it out of her belt and gave it to him, then scampered back across the tracks. I was beside myself. I never heard such a din in my life. What she had done seemed to pass with lightning rapidity from car to car. The earth was covered with cavalrymen, the station rocked and roared with their cheers. Fortunately at this moment our train pulled out.

We were followed with strains of distracted bugles, every man had his cap off, and the last one we saw was the young officer waving his rose like a banner and yelling like a madman. Peggy sat gazing at them and looking as if she had just received a holy baptism and was now ready to be translated.

"Peggy," I sobbed, "what made you do it?"

"I could not help it," she answered shamelessly. "They looked so hungry and tired! I felt as if I had to do something for them."

There is your American girl! She is so innocent of the merely female consciousness that she can always dare to do what the maiden of no other nation would conceive of risking, and come out of the performance with a halo round her head instead of a shamed face. At first it seemed to me a mere accident that she had not been grossly insulted. Then I reflected that she had back of her the everlasting law of that deep honor in men when they know they are in the presence of the sublimely innocent good woman.

That night we rested at Pisa, in an old hotel under the very shadow of the famous leaning tower. The next morning Peggy engaged the hall porter in a conversation. He knew just enough English not to understand the American tongue, which is altogether different in its emphasis and pronunciation from the "papa, prunes and prisms" inflections of an English woman's speech. The porter looked like an old withered reed that had had its joints bent into a perpetual cringing attitude.

"Have you any suffragists here?" inquired Peggy. She was in Italy and wanted to get down to business at once.

"Oh, yes, Signorina, many. Come, I will show you them!" was the astonished answer.

He led the way into the front room of the hotel, which should have been a drawing room. It was filled with every conceivable shape made into marble, from a bas-relief of Napoleon Bonaparte to statues of Venus and the Virgin Mary, but not one living woman, of course.

Peggy looked confused. The old man looked greedily expectant. I began to laugh.

"He thinks you asked him if he had any statuettes!" I explained.

Peggy was crestfallen. We had heard so much about the woman's movement in Italy that it took us some time to discover that there are only about eight hundred women and eighteen men there who would even recognize the word "suffragist" if they heard it spoken.

"Have You Any Suffragists Here?" Inquired Peggy

The Angels of the Seed Bags

THERE is one thing in the Genesis account of creation that has always impressed me. Those were great days when the light was parted from the darkness, and when the earth was divided between the land and the sea, and of course a very great day when Adam got up out of the dust and sneezed. I have often wondered why, with all the fête days we have invented since then, we never keep these most memorial of all days. Maybe we do when we keep the Sabbath. But too little is said about the other part of creation. The animals, male and female, created He them. And the trees, the corn, the flowers, they also were created. But I have always liked to believe that after that first great creation little sowing angels with their seed bags went out of Heaven and wandered over all the earth, planting it thick with the living things of the soil, each kind in the place it belonged according to sun and seasons. The frost angels sowed edelweiss and firs on the mountain-tops. The warm ones planted palms and cacti in the tropics. They all sowed corn and flowers. And to this day the descendants of those seeds spring year after year, the larkspur and goldenrod and roses! Oaks grow in the lands where the paradise acorns fell. The men migrated and died and sprang again in new countries, but the same flowers bloom, the same shadows from the same kind of tree still spread out at evening over the same kind of grass that grew there from the first sowing. A pine that was a pine in the beginning is still faithfully evergreen, still loyal to the soil that made it and to the first angels that gave it. There are not enough Burbanks in creation to change the real laws of vegetation. The earth is obedient about her own green things. But the human products in any given locality change every two or three thousand years. We call it a change of civilization, but before this happens the men and women have become different. They tear down their old religions and old institutions as they cast off their old clothes, because they are worn out, because they no longer fit. And scientists may give what explanations they can about emigration and migration's being the causes, but for me, I believe the old brown, grass-haired mother of us all has much to do with the metamorphosis of men and nations, just as she got rid of her mastodons and ichthyosauri when the time came for elephants and asses. I do not believe any kind of animal, human or creature, would remain true to type forever, not even if it were sequestered absolutely from outside influences. There is something in the queer things that the angels did not plant that grows and changes in spite of all gods and all angels. It wouldn't surprise me at all if eventually a horse got an extra pair of ears next to his tail, or if men developed eyes in the backs of their heads. I do not say that I'd want to drive such a horse or live with such a man, but they may exist.

Some such reflections as these passed through my mind during our first week in Italy. You can find more signs of man in it than in any other country we visited. I mean that he has been there longer and has done more to it. But no one who looks at a modern Italian, as light and whimsical as one of Verdi's operas in his spirit, can discover even the faintest resemblance to the ancient Romans who made the Appian Way or built the Colosseum, which stands now in the midst of this new facetious city of Rome, like the ragged, half-toothless gums of an ancient civilization altogether different in aims, religion and character.

I am not disparaging the current Italians, but I am saying that what they do, what they build, is as fragile as lace compared with what the old Romans did; and what they think and hope is as transient. They are utterly different, like the unsubstantial hyphen between an immortal past and an unconceived future. In no other country was I so conscious of the fact that all was in a state of transition—ideals, religion, government, everything.

The first walk Peggy and I took in Rome was a revelation, not of the immemorial past, as we expected, but of this incredible future. The streets in many parts are narrow still, but the life that flows through them does not differ nearly so much from that in New York as does the life of any city in our Southern states. The shops have the same things in them that we buy on Broadway. The shopgirls are exactly like shopgirls in New York. The women seen along the fashionable drives look like Americans in their clothes, but not quite American in their faces. The men look like ordinary brisk business men. It was only when we stepped out of the streaming, noisy street into some old cathedral or church that we seemed to pass into medieval ages. If you happened to be there between four and five o'clock in the afternoon, something miraculous happened, out of the order of Nature and intelligence in our times. Softly the doors opened and closed, letting in groups of young priests, literally hundreds, who fell upon their knees and remained with their eyes fixed upon the images above the altars, apparently wrapped in piteous contemplation. Nothing we saw there touched me like these young lads from every nation in the civilized world, who came to Rome for their education in the priesthood. Without bodily exercise, anemic, with weak, prayerful hands, thousands of them are to be seen kneeling at this hour in every church in Rome.

The Wife of Regulus

THE medieval in religion was as far back as we could see in Rome. But of the life back of that, which really made the place immortal, there is not a sign today except in the ruins. Neither Cæsar nor Cicero would recognize in these light, singing, graceful, busy people one feature that distinguished them two thousand years ago. And when you think about it, that is a very short period of time in which to change the character of a race.

Women always preserve the original type longer than men do, however, and there are still to be seen in Italy, especially in the southern part, women who belong to the days of Pompey and Cæsar. They are usually employed in Rome as models for artists and as picturesque nurses for the children of rich families. One occasionally sees in the narrowest fashionable street in the world, Corso Umberto in Rome, peasant women from the Campagna, with yellow handkerchiefs tied over their heads and earrings that reach six inches down dangling on their shoulders, carrying beautiful children in their arms or flitting in and out of artists' studios. And at last we came upon some who belonged to the age of Juno and oracles. There are only a few of these, like tall, golden illuminated initials in the present book of life in this great city. They live in Trastevere, that oldest part of Rome on the other side of the Tiber. One day as we were loitering in one of the narrowest streets of this place I happened to look into a little shop where antiques were sold.

"Look, Peggy!" I whispered; "the wife of Regulus!"

She stood back in the brown gloom, with the tones of time all about her in the dull coppers, and faded pictures and broken statues, an immense figure gravely posed, as if the ages had left her there forgotten, as if twenty centuries separated her from the glaring light of her own doorway. She could not have been less than six feet in height, and she was young. She had that singular livid, clear skin that is so different from what is known as the olive dark complexion, no richness in it, merely an icy coldness. Her lips were almost colorless, with the faintest tinge of purple. Her hair was drawn over her low brows like two fluted black wings, it was so evenly curled. Her features were colossal, but fiercely feminine. You might have said that she was terribly ugly, or terribly beautiful, but you knew she could have led an army and cut off her right breast if necessary to do it. No words can describe the astonishing and thrilling impression she gave of ageless strength and courage.

"Shall we go in?" whispered Peggy, who was as curious as she was awed.

"No," I replied. "I should not think of asking a woman who looks like that to sell me anything less than the head of Catiline, and she probably hasn't got that among her antiquities!"

Coming as we did straight from Spain to Italy, the comparison between Spanish women and Italian women was instinctive. And the difference is remarkable. The Spanish women have a softer beauty and less vivacity of expression. The faces of the Italians are too broad at the top, too narrow at the bottom for beauty. One feels that their faces are the masks of tragedy, of something immemorially sad. And while the grace of Spanish women is natural, that of the Italians is dramatic, always suggesting the stage, the advent of a little prima donna with her toes turned out and her arms lifted like hovering wings in a dance. When Signorina welcomes you to her tea table you may not see her do it, but she leaves the impression of having caught a fold of her gown on each side as she places one brisk little foot forward and inclines her head to you. And you miss the proper climax because she does not whirl upon her toes and do a sprightly dance. Not that any one has a reason for expecting a minuet at a teaparty, but because, potentially speaking, Signorina suggests the stage more than she does a lady at home in her own drawing room. In one particular only are the women of these two nations identical. Among the common people there are no really old ones. They are gray, withered until their faces are brown and wrinkled like parchment, but they retain the quick, erratic, elastic motions of restless little girls to the last. There is something illogical, astonishing in their activity. One feels that the mind has never had much effect upon such a plastic body.

However, as I have already indicated, the great mass of women in Northern Italy impress me as being distinctly modern. This led me to say to Peggy one day that I thought she would find plenty of her "new women" among them. But it was only after we reached Italy that my niece was forced to realize that the suffragists are perhaps the smallest wing of the greatest woman's movement in the world. There are only eight hundred Italian women enrolled as suffragists. But in no other country are so many women in every circle of life advancing in the scale of things. The same restrictions exist that are to be found limiting them in other Latin countries. All the young girls of the better class are practically imprisoned until their marriage. And in Sicily at least, this imprisonment is a a sort of life sentence. The husband not only has the right to lock his wife in the house when he leaves in the morning, but often he actually does do it. The parents of a girl twenty-five years old, even in Rome where customs are lax, still open all of her letters before she sees them. The law permits women to enter most of the professions, it is true, but where the parents are of any distinction they do not permit it. And some pretenses of the law are as amusing in Italy as they are in Tennessee where, legally speaking, a woman is classed with minors and idiots. For example, the husband cannot spend his wife's dowry, but neither can she without his consent!

Women Satisfied With Their Lot

THERE is more insanity among American women than among those of any European nation, and less of it among those in Latin countries, especially in Italy. This is due to several causes. First, these women have not yet fully arrived in consciousness to a rational sense of the gravity of human existence. You cannot very reasonably go insane until you have come to sanity, which has a good deal of pessimism in it. These women, although they have more of what is called temperament than our women, are still controlled more by instinct than intelligence. So far as men are concerned, they are yet in the unquestioning, submissive, romantic period. And you will observe this, that the two things that drive women insane everywhere are love and religion. Few of them become unbalanced as men do from dissipation or worry about business. Now it is certain that Italian women are not nearly so well cared for by their men as we are in America. And they are more heavily burdened in every way. But they have not yet discovered the injustice of their condition. The workingmen's wives and daughters in Italy endure hardships and privations, but an investigation will show that our insane asylums are filled with country women who have become deranged from overwork and from lack of proper attention. This is because they have a frightfully keen comprehension of what they suffer, and the Italian peasant woman has not. Therefore she does not suffer at all. She spends her life working for one lira a day, and is satisfied because she has no ambitions or hope.

So much I have written by way of some general interpretations of Italian women. But now we come to her comparatively new relation to the order of things. What to do with the ever-increasing number of superfluous women has become a serious question in every country. Formerly those of Italy went into convents, and that was the last of them as far as human society was concerned. But now they are no longer willing to become nuns. They have lost the "vocation." They are remaining in the world, and it seems to me that more of them are taking hold of the issues of life for just women, and in more practically domestic ways, than in any other country we visited. But the history of the awakening of Italian women differs from the stir among all other women. They have been permitted for the last ten years to enter the universities and receive what is called higher education. While they are availing themselves of these opportunities the training they have received does not appear to have made them restless and dissatisfied, as is the case, say, with the English woman. The real movement began years ago, when the women of high rank banded themselves together to encourage feminine industries, like lace-making and embroidery, and to market the work of the peasant women living on their estates, thus rescuing them from the loss incident to selling to

(Continued on Page 48)

She Emptied Her Purse of Every Centime

THE LIGHTED WAY

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

Copyright 1913, by The Curtis Publishing Company

XIII

RUTH welcomed Arnold with her usual smile once he had thought it the most beautiful thing in the world. In the twilight of the April evening her face gleamed almost marble-white. He dragged a footstool up to her side.

"You are looking pale," he declared. "Give me your hands to hold. Can't you see that I have come just at the right time? Even the coal barges look like phantom boats. See, there is the first light."

She shook her head slowly.

"Tonight," she murmured, "there will be no ships, Arnold. I have looked and looked, and I am sure. Light the lamp, please."

"Why?" he asked, obeying her as a matter of course.

She turned in her chair.

"Do you think that I cannot tell?" she continued. "Didn't I see you turn the corner there—didn't I hear your step three flights down? Sometimes I have heard it come, and it sounds like something leaden beating time to the music of despair. And tonight you tripped up like a boy home for the holidays. You are going out tonight, Arnold."

He nodded.

"A man whom I met the other night has asked me to dine with him," he announced.

"A man! You are not going to see her then?"

He laughed gayly and placed his hand upon the fingers that had drawn him toward her.

"Silly girl!" he declared. "No; I am going to dine alone with her brother, the Count Sabatini. You see I am private secretary now to a merchant prince, no longer a clerk in a wholesale provision merchant's office. We climb, my dear Ruth. Soon I am going to ask for a holiday, and then we'll make Isaac leave his beastly lecturing and scurrilous articles and come away with us somewhere for a day or two. You would like a few days in the country, Ruth?"

Her eyes met his gratefully.

"You know that I should love it, dear," she said, "but do you think that when the time for the holiday comes you will want to take us?"

He sat on the arm of her chair and held her hand.

"Foolish little woman!" he exclaimed. "Do you think that I am likely to forget? Why, I must have shared your supper nearly every night for a month while I was walking about trying to find something to do. People who have lived through such times don't forget, Ruth."

She sighed. Strangely enough her tone had in it something of vague regret.

"For your sake, dear, I am glad that they are over," she said.

"Things will improve with you too," he declared. "They shall improve. If only Isaac would turn sensible! He has brains and he is clever enough, if he weren't stuffed full with his foolish fancies."

She looked around the room and drew him a little closer.

"Arnold," she whispered, "now that you have spoken of it, let me tell you this. Sometimes I am afraid. Isaac is so mysterious. Do you know that he is away often for the whole day, and he comes back white and exhausted, worn to a shadow, and sleeps for many hours? Sometimes he is in his room all night, but awake. I can hear him moving backward and forward and hammering, tap, tap, tap, for hours."

"What does he do?" Arnold asked quickly.

"He has some sort of a little printing press in his room," she answered. "He prints some awful sheet there which the police have stopped. The night before last he had a message and everything was hidden. He spent hours with his face to the window, watching. I am so afraid that sometimes he goes outside the law. Arnold, I am afraid of what might happen to him. There are terrible things in his face if I ask him questions. And he moves about and mutters like a man in a dream—no, like a man in a nightmare!"

Arnold frowned and looked up at the sky signs upon the other side of the river.

"I, too, wish he were different, dear," he said. "He certainly is a dangerous protector for you."

"He is the only one I have," the girl replied with a sigh, "and sometimes, when he remembers, he is so kind. But that is not often now."

"What do you do when he is away for all this time?" Arnold asked. "Are you properly looked after? You ought to have some one here."

"Mrs. Sands comes twice a day always," she declared. "It is not myself I trouble about really. Isaac is good in that way. He pays Mrs. Sands always in advance. He tries even to buy wine for me, and he often brings me home fruit. When he has money I am sure that he gives it to me. It isn't that so much, Arnold, but I become afraid of his getting into trouble. Now that room of his has got on my nerves. When I hear that tap, tap in the night I am terrified."

A Pale Face, a Narrow Chin, and a Mouth That Seemed Set in a Perpetual Snarl

"Will you let me speak to him about it, Ruth?"

Her face was suddenly full of terror.

"You mustn't think of it!" she begged. "He would never forgive me—never. The first time I asked him what was going on there I thought that he would strike me."

"Would you like me to go in and see next time he is out?"

She shivered.

"Not for the world," she replied. "Besides, you couldn't. He has fixed on an American lock himself. No one could open the door."

"You have never seen what he prints?"

"Never," she replied. "He knows that I hate the sight of those pamphlets. He never shows them to me. He had a man to see him the other night—the strangest-looking man I ever saw—and they talked in whispers for hours. I saw the man's face when he went out. It was white and evil. And, Arnold, it was the face of a man steeped in sin to the lips. I wish I hadn't seen it," she went on drearily. "It haunts me."

Arnold did his best to reassure her.

"You have been up here too long without a holiday. Wait till Saturday afternoon, when I draw my new salary for the first time. I shall hire a taxicab. We will have it open and drive out into the country."

Her face lit up for a moment. Her eyes were soft, although a few seconds later they were full of tears.

"Do you think you will want to go when Saturday afternoon comes?" she asked. "Don't you think, perhaps, that your new friends may invite you to go and see them? I am so jealous of your new friends, Arnold."

There was something very pathetic in her complete dependence upon him, a few months ago a stranger. They had both been waifs, brought together by a wave of common adversity. Her intense weakness had made the same appeal to him that his youth and strength had made to her. There was almost a lump in his throat as he answered her.

"You aren't really feeling like that, Ruth?" he begged. "Don't! My new friends are part of the new life. You wouldn't have me cling to the old any longer than I can help? Why, you and I together have sat here hour after hour and prayed for a change, prayed for the mystic treasure that might come to us from those ships of chance. Dear, if mine comes first it brings good for you too. You can't believe that I should forget? Don't you remember our money-box for the doctor? Even that will come, Ruth. The day will come, I am sure, when we shall carry you off to Vienna or one of those great cities, and the cure will be quite easy. I believe in it really."

She sighed.

"I used to love to hear you talk about it," she said, "but, somehow, now it seems so far off. I don't even know that I want to be like other women. There is only one thing I do want and that is to keep you."

"That," he declared fervently, "you are sure of. Remember, Ruth, that awful black month and what we suffered together. And you knew nothing about me. I just found you sitting on the stairs with your broken stick, waiting for some one to come and help you."

She nodded.

"And you picked me up and carried me into your room," she reminded him. "You didn't have to stop and take breath as Isaac has to."

"Why, no," he admitted, "I couldn't say you were heavy, dear. Some day or other, though," he added, "you will be. Don't lose your faith, Ruth. Don't let either of us leave off looking for the ships."

The girl smiled.

"Very well," she said, letting her hand fall once more into his; "I think that I am very foolish. At least," she added abruptly, "I am not going to spoil your dinner by keeping you here talking nonsense. Carry me back, please, Arnold. You must hurry up now and change your clothes. And, dear, you had better not come in and wish me good night. Isaac went out this morning in one of his savage tempers, and he may be back at any moment. Carry me back now and have a beautiful evening. Tomorrow you must tell me all about your good time."

He obeyed her. She was really only a trifle to lift, as light as air.

"And now, please, you are to kiss my forehead," she said, "and run away."

Arnold had little enough time to dress, and he descended the stone steps toward the street at something like a run. Halfway down, however, he pulled up abruptly to avoid running into two men. One was Isaac. His worn, white face, with hooked nose and jet-black eyes, made him a noticeable figure even in the twilight. The other man was so muffled up as to be unrecognizable. Arnold stopped.

"Glad you're home, Isaac," he said pleasantly. "I have just been talking to Ruth. I thought she seemed rather queer."

Isaac looked at him coldly from head to foot. Arnold was wearing his only and ordinary overcoat, but his varnished shoes and white tie betrayed him.

"So you're wearing your cursed livery again!" he sneered. "You're going to beg your bone from the rich man's plate."

Arnold laughed at him.

"Always the same, Isaac," he declared. "Never mind about me. You look after your niece and take her out, if you can, somewhere. I am going to give her a drive on Saturday."

"Are you?" Isaac said calmly. "I doubt it. Drives and carriages are not for the like of us."

His companion nudged him impatiently. Isaac moved away. Arnold turned after him.

"You won't deny the right of a man to spend what he earns in the way he likes best?" he asked. "I've had a

rise in my salary and I am going to spend a part of it taking Ruth out."

Isaac laughed scornfully.

"A rise in your salary!" he muttered. "You poor slave! Did you go and kiss your master's foot when he gave it to you?"

"I didn't," Arnold declared. "To tell you the truth, I believe it would have annoyed him. He hasn't any sense of humor, you see. Good-night, Isaac. If you're writing one of those shattering articles tonight remember that Ruth can hear you and don't keep her awake too late."

Arnold walked on. Suddenly his attention was arrested. Isaac was leaning over the banisters of the landing above.

"Stop!"

Arnold paused for a moment.

"What is it?" he asked.

Isaac came swiftly down. He brushed his cloth hat farther back on his head as though it obscured his vision. With both hands he gripped Arnold's arm.

"Tell me," he said, "what do you mean by that?"

"What I said," Arnold answered; "but, for Heaven's sake, don't visit it on poor Ruth. She told me that you had some printing press in your room to get out your pamphlets, and that the tap, tap at night had kept her awake. It's no concern of mine. I don't care what you do or what rubbish you print, but I can't bear to see her getting frailer and frailer, Isaac."

"She told you that?" Isaac muttered.

"She told me that," Arnold assented. "What is there in it?"

Isaac looked at him for a moment with an intentness that was indescribable. His black eyes seemed on fire with suspicion, with searchfulness. At last he let go the arm he was clutching and turned away.

"All right," he said. "Ruth shouldn't talk, that's all. I don't want every one to know that I am reduced to printing my little sheet in my bedroom. Good-night!"

Arnold looked after him in surprise. It was very seldom that Isaac vouchsafed any form of greeting or farewell. And then the shock came. Isaac's companion, who had been leaning over the banisters waiting for him, had loosened the muffler about his neck and opened his overcoat. His features were now recognizable—a pale face with deep-set eyes and prominent forehead, a narrow chin, and a mouth that seemed set in a perpetual snarl. Arnold stood gazing up at him in rapt amazement. He had seen that face but once before, yet there was no possibility of any mistake. It seemed, indeed, as though the recognition were mutual, for the man above, with an angry cry, turned suddenly away, buttoning up his overcoat with feverish fingers. He called out to Isaac—a hurried sentence in a language that was strange to Arnold. There was a brief exchange of breathless words. Arnold moved slowly away, but before he had reached the street Isaac's hand was upon his shoulder.

"One moment!" Isaac panted. "My friend would like to know why you looked at him like that?"

Arnold did not hesitate.

"Isaac," he said gravely, "no doubt I seemed surprised. I have seen that man before, only a night or two ago."

"Where? When?" Isaac demanded.

"I saw him hanging round the house of my employer," Arnold said firmly, "under very suspicious circumstances. He was inquiring then for Mr. Rosario. It was the night before Rosario was murdered."

"What do you mean by that?" Isaac asked hoarsely.

"You had better ask yourself what it means," Arnold replied. "For Ruth's sake, Isaac, don't have anything to do with that man. I don't know anything about him—I don't want to know anything about him. I simply beg you for Ruth's sake to keep out of trouble."

Isaac laughed harshly.

"You talk like a young fool!" he declared, turning on his heel.

XIV

THE apartments of Count Sabatini were situated in the somewhat unfamiliar quarter of Queen Anne's Gate. Arnold found his way there on foot, crossing Parliament Square in a slight drizzling rain, through which the figures of the passers-by assumed a somewhat phantasmal appearance. Around him was a glowing arc of lights and, dimly visible beyond, shadowy glimpses of the river. He rang the bell with some hesitation at the house indicated by his directions—a large gray stone building, old-fashioned and without any external signs of habitation. His summons, however, was answered almost immediately by a man-servant, who took his hat and coat.

"If you will step into the library for a moment, sir," he said with a slightly foreign accent, "his Excellency will be there."

Arnold was immensely impressed by the room into which he was shown. He stood looking round him for several minutes. The whole atmosphere seemed to indicate a cultivated and luxurious taste, kept in bounds by a certain not unpleasing masculine severity. The coloring of the room was dark green, and the walls were covered with prints and etchings and trophies of the chase and war. A huge easy-chair was drawn up to the fire, and by its side was a table covered with books and illustrated papers. A black-oak writing-desk stood open, and a huge bowl of violets set upon it was guarded by an ivory statuette of the Venus of Milo. The furniture was comfortably worn. There was a faint atmosphere of cigarette smoke—the whole apartment was impregnated by an intensely livable atmosphere. The glowing face of a celebrated Parisian *danseuse* laughed at him from over the mantelpiece. Arnold was engaged in examining it when Sabatini entered.

"A thousand apologies, my dear Mr. Chetwode," he said softly. "I see you pass your time pleasantly. You admire the divine Fatime?"

"The face is beautiful," Arnold said. "I am afraid I was a few minutes early. It began to rain and I walked fast."

Sabatini smiled. A butler had followed him into the room, bearing on a tray two wineglasses full of clear yellow liquid.

"Vermouth and one tiny cigarette," Sabatini suggested, "the best *apéritif* in the world. Permit me, Mr. Chetwode—to our better acquaintance!"

"I never need an *apéritif*," Arnold answered, raising the wineglass to his lips, "but I will drink to your toast with pleasure."

Sabatini lit his cigarette and, leaning slightly against the back of a chair, stood with folded arms looking at the picture over the fireplace.

"Your remark about Fatime suggested reservations," he remarked. "I wonder why? I have a good many curios in the room and some rather wonderful prints, but it was Fatime who held you while you waited."

"To tell you the truth," Arnold admitted simply, "I think that it was the actual presence of the picture here, rather than the subject, that interested me most. Your room is so masculine," Arnold added, glancing round. "It breathes of war and sport and the collector. And then, in the middle of it all, the picture of this girl. There is something a little brutal about the treatment, don't you think?"

Sabatini shrugged his shoulders.

"The lady is too well known," he remarked. "A single touch of the ideal and the greatness of that picture would be lost. Grève was too great an artist to try for it."

"Nevertheless," Arnold persisted, "she disturbs the serenity of your room."

Sabatini threw away his cigarette and passed his arm through his companion's.

"It is as well always to be reminded that life is many-sided," he murmured. "You will not mind a *tête-à-tête* dinner?"

Some curtains of dark green brocaded material had been silently drawn aside, and the two men passed into a smaller apartment, of which the coloring and decoration were the same as those in the larger room. A round table, lit with softly shaded candles, before which stood two high-backed, black-oak chairs, stood in the middle of the room. It was very simply set out, but the two wineglasses were richly cut in quaint fashion, and the bowl holding the violets was of old yellow Sèvres. Arnold sat opposite his host and realized how completely the man seemed to fit in with his surroundings. In Mrs. Weatherley's drawing room there had been a note of incongruity. Here he seemed so thoroughly in accord with the air of masculine and cultivated refinement that dominated the atmosphere. He carried himself with the ease and dignity to which his race entitled him, but, apart from that, his manner had qualities that Arnold found particularly attractive. His manicured nails, his spotless linen, his links and waistcoat buttons—cut from some quaint stone—the slight affectations of his dress, the unusual manner of brushing back his hair and arranging his tie, gave him a note of individuality. Every word he spoke—and he talked softly but continually during the service of the meal—confirmed Arnold's first impressions of him. He was a man, at least, who had lived a man's life without fear or weakness and, whatever his standards might be, he would adhere to them.

Dinner was noiselessly and perfectly served by the butler who had first appeared and by a slighter and smaller edition who brought the butler the dishes. There was no champagne, but other wines were served in their due order, the quality of which Arnold appreciated although more than one was strange to him. With the removal of the last course fruit was placed upon the table, with a decanter of Château Yquem. On a small table near was a brass pot of coffee and a flask of green liqueur. Sabatini pushed the cigarettes toward his companion.

"I have a fancy to talk to you seriously," he said, without any preamble.

Arnold looked at him in some surprise.

"I am not a philanthropist," Sabatini continued. "When I move out of my regular course of life it is usually for my own advantage. I warn you of that before we start."

Arnold nodded and lit his cigarette. There was no safety in life, he reflected, thinking for the moment of the warning that he had received, like the safety of poverty.

"I am a man of forty-four," Sabatini said. "You, I believe, are twenty-four. There can, therefore, be no impertinences in the truth from me to you."

"There could be none in any case," Arnold assured him.

Sabatini gazed thoughtfully across the table into his guest's face.

"I do not know your history or your parentage," he went on. "Such knowledge is unnecessary. It is obvious that your position at the present moment is the result of an accident."

"It is the outcome of actual poverty," Arnold told him.

Sabatini assented.

"Ah, well," he said, "it is a poverty, then, that you have accepted. Tell me of your ambition. You are young and the world lies before you. You have the gifts that belong to those who are born. Are you doing what is right to yourself in working at a degrading employment for a pittance?"

"I must live," Arnold protested.

"Precisely," Sabatini replied. "We all must live. We all, however, are too apt to accept the rulings of circumstance. I maintain that we all have a right to live in the manner to which we are born."

"And how," Arnold asked, "does one enforce that right?"

Sabatini leaned over and helped himself to the liqueur.

"You possess the gift," he remarked, "that I admire most—the gift of directness. Now I would speak to you of myself. When I was young I was penniless, with no inheritance save a grim castle, a barren island and a great name. The titular head of my family was a cardinal at Rome, my father's own brother. I went to him and I demanded the means of support. He answered me with an epigram that I will not repeat—besides, it is untranslatable. I will only tell you that he gave me a sum equivalent to a few hundred pounds, and bade me seek my fortune."

Arnold was intensely interested.

"Tell me how you started," he begged.

"A few hundred pounds were insufficient," Sabatini answered coolly, "and my uncle was a coward. I waited my opportunity, and although three times I was denied an audience the fourth time I found him alone. He would have driven me out, but I used the means that I have never known to fail. I left him with a small but sufficient fortune."

Arnold looked at him with glowing eyes.

"You forced him to give it you!" he exclaimed.

"Without a doubt," Sabatini answered coolly. "He was wealthy and he was my uncle. I was strong and he was weak. It was as necessary for me to live as for him. So I took him by the throat and gave him thirty seconds to reflect. He decided that the life of a cardinal was far too pleasant to be abandoned precipitately."

There was a short silence. Sabatini glanced twice at his companion and smiled.

"I will read your thoughts, my young friend," he continued. "Your brain is a little confused. You are wondering whether indeed I have robbed my elderly relative. Expunge that word and all that it means to you from your vocabulary if you can. I took that to which I had a right by means of the weapons that have been given to me—strength and opportunity. These are the weapons that I have used through life."

"Supposing the cardinal had refused?" Arnold asked.

"One need not suppose," Sabatini replied. "It is not worth while. I should probably have done what the impulse of the moment demanded. So far, however, I have found most people reasonable."

"There have been others then?" Arnold demanded.

"There have been others," Sabatini agreed calmly, "always people, however, upon whom I have had a certain claim. Life to different people means different things. Life to a person of my tastes and descent meant this—it meant playing a part in the affairs of the country that gave me my birthright; it meant the carrying forward of a great enmity that has for hundreds of years burned within the family of Sabatini for the house that now rules my country. If I were a person who sought for excuses I might say that I have robbed my relatives for the cause of the patriot. Life to a sawer of wood means bread. The two states themselves are identical. The man who is denied bread breaks into riot and gains his ends. I, when I have been denied what is vital to me, have also helped myself."

"I am not sure," Arnold protested frankly, "whether you are not amusing yourself with me."

"Then let me put that doubt to rest once and for all," Sabatini replied. "It does not amuse me to trifle with the truth."

"Why do you make me your confidant?" Arnold asked.

"Because it is my intention to make a convert of you," Sabatini said calmly.

Arnold shook his head.

"I am afraid that that is quite hopeless," he answered. "I have not the excuse of a country that needs my help—although I have more than one relative," he added with a smile, "whom I should not mind taking by the throat."

"One needs no excuse," Sabatini murmured.

"When one ——"

He hesitated.

"I have no scruples," Sabatini interrupted, "in using the word that seems to trouble you. Perhaps I am a robber.

What, however, you do not appreciate, Mr. Chetwode, is that nine-tenths of the people in the world are in the same position."

"I cannot admit that either," Arnold protested.

"It is, then, because you have not considered the matter," Sabatini declared. "You live in a very small corner of the world and you have accepted a moral code as ridiculously out of date as some forms of religion. The whole of life is a system of robbery. The strong help themselves, the weak go down. Did you call your splendid seamen of Queen Elizabeth's time robbers because they nailed the English flag to their mast and swept the seas for plunder? 'We are strong,' they cried to the country they robbed, 'and you are weak. Stand and deliver!' I spare you a hundred instances. I speak with many experiences behind me. I had ancestors who enriched themselves with fire and sword. I would much prefer to do the same thing. As a matter of fact, when the conditions admit of it I do. I have fought in whatever war has raged since the days when I was eighteen. If another war should break out tomorrow I should weigh the causes, choose the side I preferred and fight for it. But when there is no war I must yet live. I cannot drill troops all day or sit in the cafés. I must use my courage and my brains in whatever way seems most beneficial to the great cause that lies nearest to my heart."

"I cannot imagine," Arnold said frankly, "what that cause is."

"Some day and before long," Sabatini replied, "you may know. At any rate we have talked enough of this for the present. Think over what I have said. If at any time I should have an enterprise to propose to you, you will at least recognize my point of view."

He touched the bell.

A servant entered almost at once, carrying Count Sabatini's overcoat and silk hat.

"I have taken a box at a music-hall," he announced. "I believe that my sister may join us there. I hope it will amuse you."

Arnold rose eagerly to his feet. His eyes were bright already with anticipation.

They glided softly along the crowded streets and up into Leicester Square, where the blaze of lights seemed somehow comforting after the cold darkness of the night. They stopped outside the music-hall and Arnold followed his guide with beating heart as they were shown to their box. The door was thrown open. Fenella was there alone. She was sitting a little way back in the box so as to escape observation from the house. At the sound of their entrance she turned eagerly toward them. Arnold, who was in advance, stopped short in the act of greeting her. She was looking past him at her brother. She was absolutely colorless, her lips were parted, her eyes distended as though with terror. She had all the appearance of a woman who has looked upon some terrible thing.

Sabatini drew out a chair and seated himself. He glanced round at the house and then began slowly to unbutton his white kid gloves.

"I did not buy an evening paper," he remarked. "Your face tells me the news, of course. I gather that Starling has been arrested."

"He was arrested at five o'clock!" she exclaimed. "He will be charged before the magistrates tomorrow."

"Then tomorrow," Sabatini continued calmly, "will be quite time enough for you to begin to worry."

She looked at him for a moment steadfastly. She had ceased to tremble now and her own appearance was becoming more natural.

"If one had but a man's nerve!" she murmured. "Dear Andrea, you make me very ashamed. Yet this is serious—surely it is very serious?"

Arnold had withdrawn as far as possible out of hearing, but Sabatini beckoned him forward.

"You are missing the ballet," he said. "You must take the front chair there. You, too, will be interested

"For Myself, I Shall Remain. They Tell Me That the Second Ballet is Excellent"

XV

THE few minutes which followed inspired Arnold with an admiration for his companion that he never wholly lost. Sabatini recognized in a moment his sister's state, but he did no more than shrug his shoulders and continue taking off his wraps.

"My dear Fenella!" he said in a tone of gentle reproof.

"You haven't heard?" she gasped.

in this news that my sister has been telling me. Our friend Starling has been arrested after all. I was afraid he was giving himself away."

"For the murder of Mr. Rosario?" Arnold asked.

"Precisely," Sabatini replied. "An unfortunate situation. Let us hope that he will be able to prove his innocence."

"I don't see how he could have done it," Arnold said slowly. "We saw him only about ten minutes or a quarter of an hour later coming up from the restaurant on the other side of the hotel."

"Oh, without a doubt he will come very near proving an alibi," Sabatini declared. "He is quite clever when it comes to the point. I wonder what sort of evidence they have against him."

"Is there any reason," Arnold asked, "why he should kill Mr. Rosario?"

Sabatini studied his program earnestly.

"Well," he admitted, "that is rather a difficult question to answer. Mr Rosario was a very obstinate man, and he was certainly persisting in a course of action against which I and many others had warned him—a course of action that was certain to make him exceedingly unpopular with a good many of us. I am not sure, however, whether the facts were sufficiently well known ——"

Fenella interrupted. She rose hurriedly to her feet.

"I am afraid, after all, that you will have to excuse me," she declared, moving to a seat at the back of the box. "I do not think that I can stay here."

Sabatini nodded gravely.

"Perhaps you are right," he said. "For my own part, I, too, wish that I had more faith in Starling. As a matter of fact I have none. When they caught Crampton one could sleep in one's bed; one knew. But this man Starling is a nervous wreck. Who knows what story he may tell, consciously or unconsciously, in his desperate attempts to clear himself? You see," he continued, looking at Arnold, "there are a great many of us to whom Mr. Rosario was personally, just at this moment, obnoxious."

Fenella swayed in her chair as if about to faint. "I am going home," she murmured.

"As you will," Sabatini agreed. "Perhaps Mr. Chetwode will be so kind as to take you back? I have asked a friend to call here this evening."

She turned to Arnold.

"Do!" she pleaded. "I am fit for nothing else. You will come with me?"

Arnold was already standing with his coat upon his arm.

"Of course," he replied.

Her brother helped her on with her cloak.

"For myself," he declared, "I shall remain. I should not like to miss my friend if he comes, and they tell me that the second ballet is excellent."

She took his hands.

"You have courage, dear one," she murmured.

He smiled.

"It is not courage," he replied; "it is philosophy. If tomorrow were to be the end would you not enjoy today? The true reasonableness of life is to live as though every day might be one's last. We shall meet again very soon, Mr. Chetwode."

Arnold held out his hand. The whole affair was intensely mysterious and there were many things he did not understand in the least, but he knew that he was in the presence of a brave man.

"Good-night, Count Sabatini," he said. "Thank you very much for our dinner. I am afraid I am an unconverted Philistine and doomed to the narrow ways, but, nevertheless, I have enjoyed my evening very much."

Sabatini smiled charmingly.

"You are very British," he declared, "but never mind. Even a Briton has been known to see the truth by gazing long enough. Take care of my little sister, and *au revoir!*"

Her fingers clutched his arm as they passed along the promenade and down the corridor into the street. The car was waiting and in a moment or two they were on their way to Hampstead. She was beginning to look a

(Continued on Page 41

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1 50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers.
To Canada—By Subscription $1 50 the Year. Single copies, five cents.
Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union, Single Subscriptions, $3.25. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 27, 1912

Disrupting the Party

WE ARE interested in a good Democrat's impassioned statement that the nomination of Judson Harmon would disrupt the party; but we rather doubt it. In one campaign the Democratic party nominated Mr. Bryan; in the next—largely under the benign auspices of Mr. Belmont—it nominated Judge Parker; and in the next it nominated Mr. Bryan again. In the short space of eight years, therefore, it circumnavigated the political globe and went from a hundred and fifty in the shade to ninety below zero and back again. There were numerous individual disruptions—but as a political organization the party remained intact.

We rather doubt that the nomination of Mr. Taft will disrupt the Republican party. Mr. Taft and Mr. Harmon or Mr. Wilson and Mr. La Follette are much more akin than Mr. Taft and Mr. La Follette or Mr. Wilson and Mr. Harmon; but it is still doubtful whether, for some time to come, certain Progressives and certain Conservatives will not continue to call themselves Democrats, while other Progressives and Conservatives label themselves Republican. In Congress and on the stump there is much talk of putting principle above party; but when it comes to a showdown there seems to be a lingering doubt about it in both wings of both camps. Both organizations still possess a valuable baggage train in those inert, thick-and-thin adherents who vote automatically. There is considerable hesitation, all round, to cut loose from the train.

A French Example

FOUR hundred and forty-one members of the French Chamber of Deputies voted the other day on a motion to terminate the government privileges of the Bank of France. This bank, of course, exercises much greater power over business in France than any institution or any tangible group of institutions does in this country. It holds eight hundred million dollars of gold and silver, constituting nearly the whole available stock of precious metals in the republic. It can issue unsecured notes, circulating as money, to the amount of fifty-eight hundred million francs, and might do about anything it pleased with the discount market. Other French banks are more or less under its wing; and, though the government has plenary power in the management, the bank, in fact, is largely "run" by eminent financiers. The French Chamber of Deputies is so prevalently radical that, twice within a decade, it has elevated a Socialist to the head of the administration. Nevertheless, the motion above mentioned received only eight affirmative votes against four hundred and thirty-three negatives.

Possessing a mogul engine, in short, the French—radicals and conservatives alike—do not purpose to discard it and return to ox-teams simply because the engine, if improperly managed, might run over somebody.

The Money Trust

AN EMINENT attorney, who has an extensive Wall Street practice and experience, concludes that "less than a dozen men are, for all practical purposes, in control of the direction of at least seventy-five per cent of the deposits of the leading national banks and trust companies in the city of New York, and of allied institutions in various parts of the country." Seventy-five per cent of the deposits of all the national banks and trust companies in New York would amount roughly to one and three-quarter billion dollars. This, then, is the "Money Trust," which a great deal of vague and half-baked opinion would have the Government somehow or other abolish.

All these banks and trust companies are circumscribed by law. All of them are open to the most complete investigation by national and state authority. If they are doing anything that is not lawful the state or Federal Government should be able to put its finger on the crime very promptly. The Money Trust is alleged also to control the big life-insurance companies; but they, like the banks, are completely open to public inspection and constantly under public surveillance—everything they do is prescribed by law.

The Money Trust is commonly referred to as the darkest, most secret and elusive of all our octopi; but, in fact, it lives in a glass house and can scarcely wiggle a tentacle unseen. Less than a dozen men may possibly be "in control of the direction" of the beast; but squads of expert policemen stand at their elbows and can see exactly what they do.

Our Most Refined Vaudeville

ODDLY enough, the Vaudeville Trust and scalpers of theater tickets have overlooked the most flourishing branch of their trade. We refer to the business of getting up a grand banquet under some plausible title, securing several distinguished speakers, and then inviting a large number of indulgent citizens to attend the banquet and foot the bill by paying so much a plate. If the chief magistrate is to speak, the price, we understand, is usually ten dollars. If the headliner is a Supreme Court justice, a very famous senator or the speaker of the House, the price may be anywhere from five dollars to seven and a half; while governors and congressmen fetch about one-fifty.

Obviously the Vaudeville Trust ought to take over this business. By organizing proper circuits and making long-term contracts with the leading attractions, it could effect quite a saving. There is an opportunity, also, for ticket-scalpers to do a brisk trade by putting invitations on sale at the best hotels. Thus travelers with an unoccupied evening and some spare change could take their choice of the opera, a legitimate drama, a musical comedy, the wings-of-the-dove banquet or the dinner of the Sons of Mars.

The Tariff Board

THE Democratic House cannot afford to starve the Tariff Board. It should, on the contrary, support it liberally. The country has had more than enough of superficial, partisan, ex-parte tariff investigation. It wants something different—a comprehensive, disinterested, intelligent inquiry into the important facts. There is no good reason to doubt that the Tariff Board is willing and able to supply this want. No such inquiry was ever before undertaken in this country. To organize its staff and map out the groundwork cost the board months of time and a great deal of money. It is now in good running order and, as must always be the case with every similar body, it gains in efficiency with experience. To check the board now would mean to throw away, in good part, the time, effort and money that have been expended in organization and preliminary work—leaving all that costly work of organizing a staff and mapping out the ground to be done over again at some later day; for if this Tariff Board doesn't do it some future Tariff Board will. The country will not be content until it has a tariff inquiry of this scope and nature.

Congress, of course, is not in the least bound by the board's conclusions. In the woodpulp and wool reports the board presents a body of facts that are above the suspicion of party bias. Different conclusions may be derived from these facts, according to the tariff leanings of the concluder; but there is a basis of fact to begin with. No one can attack the board without giving occasion for a suspicion that he prefers conclusions first and facts afterward.

Objections to the Parcels Post

WE STILL receive letters from individual merchants and from retail associations protesting against the establishment of a parcels post because it will "eliminate, to a large extent, the country retail business," resulting in a decay of the country town, which will react unfavorably on farm values and accelerate the movement of population from country to city.

These fears seem to us vastly exaggerated, and there is surely no reason to assume, as some of our correspondents do, that the Government will conduct a general parcels-post business at a loss, thereby giving mail-order houses and city department stores the advantage of transportation to country customers at less than its cost. Undoubtedly the mail-order business has grown to large proportions of late years. It seems still to be growing and to be very profitable. It has had no advantage of cheap transportation; so the causes of its growth and profitableness must be sought elsewhere. The main cause undoubtedly lies in buying large quantities and selling strictly for cash.

The largest retail enterprise in the world, we believe, is found in England; and it has grown up side by side with the development of the parcels post. We refer to the Rochdale Stores, which buy in large quantities through cooperation and sell strictly for cash. We are convinced that the indiscriminate credit system which generally characterizes the country retail trade does immeasurably more to put that trade at a disadvantage in competing with mail-order houses than any possible—or probable—system of transportation could do.

Does the Commerce Court Help?

THE first session of the Commerce Court was held February 15, 1911. The last annual report of the Interstate Commerce Commission is dated December 20, 1911. In this period of ten months—to quote from the report—"out of twenty-seven cases passed on by the Commerce Court, preliminary restraining orders or final decrees have been issued in favor of the railroads in all but seven cases, and of these only three are of any magnitude." Also, reviewing one of these decisions, the report says: "If the Commerce Court is correct in stating that, where the facts are admitted, it is for that court to determine whether the rate is unreasonable or the discrimination undue, then ninety-nine per cent of the orders of this commission can be reviewed upon the question of fact by the courts." In short, instead of having one Interstate Commerce Commission we shall have two, with conflicting powers.

Formerly the railroads could appeal from the commission to a United States Circuit Court and from that court to the Supreme Court. These courts would inquire and determine whether, as a matter of law, the commission had exceeded its powers. They would certainly protect the railroads against any unlawful exercise of power by the commission. When the Commerce Court was created the objection was raised that it would have little to do except to hear appeals from the commission. That would practically be its occupation. That the inevitable result will be to multiply appeals from the commission and to hold up the commission's work while the new court inquires into it seems clear; otherwise the new court's occupation, relatively speaking, would be gone. Not that the new court is biased in favor of the railroads—that we do not suggest or believe; but, being created for the special purpose of reviewing the Interstate Commerce Commission, it will inevitably tend, we think, to interfere with the work of the commission to a greater degree than the regular law courts would. Whatever its decision may be in a case of real importance, an appeal will be taken to the Supreme Court.

Selling Raw Materials

THIRTEEN years ago we sold the world five hundred million dollars' worth of food, consisting of grain, flour, provisions and dairy products. In the last two fiscal years our exports of food have amounted to but little over half that. Deduct food from the exports of thirteen years ago and you have a remainder of only seven hundred millions. Deduct food from last year's exports and the remainder is almost eighteen hundred millions—an increase of two hundred and fifty per cent. Roughly speaking, this represents increased sales abroad of the products of American industrial labor—competing with foreign industrial labor and paying the freight. This, of course, seems odd, in view of the dogma that our labor cannot possibly compete with foreign labor—even in the home market, where the freight is in its favor. Export figures no more accord with the doctrine of high protection than anything else does.

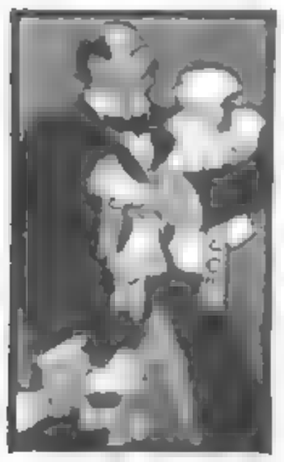
Railroad Competition

THE Railway Age calculates that the railroads spend eight hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year to maintain their city ticket offices in Kansas City, St. Louis and Chicago, and that by maintaining one joint ticket office in each of those cities they could save half of that sum—which would pay the interest on some nine million dollars of railroad bonds. Much the same condition is found in nearly all of our larger cities. There are anywhere from half a dozen to a score of separate ticket offices that might be combined into one joint office at a large saving in rent and clerk-hire. That the one joint office would be far more convenient for travelers is self-evident. More costly, probably, than the ticket officers are the separate staffs of freight solicitors. If the roads were permitted to pool there could be a large saving here, with no harm or inconvenience to the public. The roads spend a good deal of money to maintain a shell of competition after the meat has been extracted—for they all charge the same rates and give about the same service. Whatever this cost may be, travelers and shippers, of course, foot the bill.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL



You See He Is Dignified, Is Mr. Turner

Turner's Art

THE Honorable George Turner, of Spokane, has acquired another job. As an artistic annexer of advantageous adornments in the shape of titles that afford abundant access to Government payrolls, the Honorable George stands almost without a peer. As an example of that intelligent versatility that enables a patriot to land inside the breastworks, no matter what the political stress outside, the Honorable George is posi-grand-tively and pre-superb-eminently peerless.

Assuming that there is a gamut of politics, the Honorable George has run it—no; not that—has strode it with stately mien; and whenever anything good was being handed out he has been there with a sedate platter to get his. It would be unfair to say he ever ran anything—even a gamut. That would imply haste and a lack of dignity. Stride expresses it. He has strode—not to say has stridden—about all phases of our politics. You see he is dignified, is Mr. Turner—as dignified as a newly laundered dress shirt. He is one of those men whom solemnity befits and who wears his instinctive seriousness as a garment. He is always thinking deep thoughts; and when one sees him one involuntarily, after taking a look, says: "Gee! I'll bet he knows a heap!" So he does, having the mental goods to back his appearance; but, however well supplied he is with said goods, he hasn't half so much goods as he looks to have. Do you get that? You would if you could see him once.

Not so long ago, when there was some presidential talk, or some talk for the President, of putting Franklin K. Lane, of the Interstate Commerce Commission, on the Court of Commerce, there was also some presidential search for a man and a Democrat from the Pacific Slope Coast to replace Mr. Lane—he coming from California. Of course the name of Turner was suggested. The name of Turner always is suggested. So a wire was sent to Spokane, to somebody in Turner's confidence, asking if Mr. Turner would consider the place on the Interstate Commerce Commission in case Mr. Lane was put on the Court of Commerce. "No," came the reply. "Former Senator Turner would not consider a place on the Interstate Commerce Commission; but he would take under advisement an appointment to the Supreme Court of the United States!"

Noting this concession, the President made haste to put Mr. Turner on the International Waterways Boundaries Commission—or whatever the name of that fishing club is—to replace the late Thomas H. Carter. And Mr. Turner, being off the payroll at the moment, consented to accept gravely and with much dignity, on the ground, probably—or on the water—that his previous services on boundary matters would make him a valuable member of that organization—and, then, its permanence had its charm. So he moved in with Jim Tawney and Judge Streeter, and is daily giving those two boundary amateurs the benefit of his suggestions and advice.

Turner's Studies in Solemnity

TAKING oneself seriously is a profession, but being taken seriously is an art. The combination always wins. History does not record when Turner began to exude solemnity and appear wise, but the symptoms became most marked when he was in the Senate. Since that time, in his various governmental occupations, he has grown more and more weighted down with his responsibilities; and now he is prepared to put a dull gray background into all the deliberations of the fishing club—which is as it should be, for Jim Tawney and Judge Streeter are inclined to be frivolous anyhow.

Turner's solemnity must have been of gradual growth; for when he was twenty-six he moved down from his native Missouri to be United States Marshal for the southern and middle districts of Alabama. This was in 1876 and Turner was a lifelong Republican up to that time, as every carpet-bagger had to be. He continued as a lifelong Republican for some years. Indeed, he was one of the lifelong Republicans who, in 1880, went to the Republican National Convention and voted for Grant. He was one of the Three Hundred and Six, and it is likely such other Alabama brethren as he brought with him were also. This fealty to the principles of the Grand Old Party brought its reward, for presently—in 1884—we find him in the territory of Washington as a judge—a member of the Supreme Court of Washington; his appointment thereto coming from a Republican president.

And Whenever Anything Good Was Being Handed Out He Has Been There With a Sedate Platter to Get His

Washington was admitted as a state in 1889 and Turner's service as a judge terminated in 1888. Looking over the ground, he decided the place for him was the United States Senate; but that was one time he didn't decide rightly, for he was defeated. It was only a temporary defeat, as it happened, but it opened the eyes of Turner to the folly of being hidebound in political convictions and relying too much on any one party for rewards for services unselfishly rendered.

Inasmuch as the people didn't want him for Senator as a regular Republican, Turner thought it expedient to try them out on other lines. Warmly embracing the doctrine of the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one, without the consent of any other nation whatsoever, he modified his regular Republicanism to silver Republicanism and, by a masterly combination of this party, the Populists and the Democrats of the state, took over that Senatorship that had been denied him previously.

When he arrived in Washington he found that silver Republicans, as Senators, were not of much nutriment to themselves or anybody else; and, inasmuch as he had given the tenets of the Republican party a faithful trial and had reaped a goodly reward therefrom in consequence of his allegiance, he decided to see what was doing in the Democracy. So he announced his lifelong Democracy shortly after he took on his toga.

His Senate service concluded in 1903, and he returned to Washington—the state—full of honors and dignity. Thinking it absurd to remain in private life, he ran for governor on the Democratic ticket. However, Washington had become normal the while and he was not elected. This gave Mr. Turner pause. What profits it a man to become a Democrat and not get a governorship? Not a leaf stirring in the what-profits-it business, I should say—not a breath of air!

So, as became a man of broad and catholic spirit as to his politics, Turner became bipartisan. Of course he never renounced his lifelong Democratic principles, but he held them well in hand; and when the Colonel asked him to become a member of the Alaskan Boundary Tribunal he had reached that judicial attitude that enabled him to look on these great international questions without partisan bias, and he took the place—the *per diem* being satisfactory.

The boundary dispute was settled and Turner maintained his bipartisan attitude. Then came along the Northeastern Fisheries Arbitration; and, his eminent qualifications for the presentation of our side of that historic contention—settled, as you will remember, by the United States getting all the press notices and glory and Great Britain getting all the fish—being admitted on all sides, he went to The Hague as counsel on the part of the United States.

He Is Always Thinking Deep Thoughts

And now he is a member of the International Waterways Boundaries Commission, which has the prettiest mahogany desks in Washington. It is a good job too—a very good job—and permanent if some of those Progressive Senators do not mess it up by asking what it's for. In the ordinary course it takes a commission about sixteen years to settle sixteen miles of boundary dispute. Imagine the happy days in store for those intrusted with the delicate negotiations having to do with water boundaries stretching all the way from the Atlantic to the Pacific! They will be settling those boundaries in 2239 A. D.

Lest it may be thought that I have no adequate conception of Mr. Turner's abilities other than those of a political and perquisitorial nature, let me hastily print the fact that he is an able lawyer—an exceedingly able lawyer—and has won high praise for his work both in London and at The Hague. Still, these big cases do not happen along every day; and it probably seems well enough for Turner to employ himself with smaller boundary matters until another big one appears worth his serious attention, which is the only kind of attention he bestows—serious. And there is a precept in that which can be extracted by all who have the time.

On the Safe Side

A LARGE, shaggy, rough-necked person came into a haberdashery in Washington and asked the clerk—a bored young person who wore a very high collar and was much interested in the polish on his nails—for a shirt.

The clerk passed out two, one pink and one blue.

"Which of these is best?" asked the customer.

The clerk yawned, examined his nails and said: "Oh, it's just a matter of taste."

"But which kind would you get if you was a-buyin' one of 'em?"

"Personally I should prefer the blue one," answered the salesman, drumming on the counter and yawning again.

"That so?" asked the shaggy customer. "All right, I'll take the pink one. Here, wrap 'er up."

Close-Mouthed Crothers

WHEN Austin Lane Crothers was Governor of Maryland he had the reputation of being harder to get information out of than any man the Maryland reporters ever knew. He wouldn't talk about any official matter.

A reporter who knew him very well was trying to find out whether he would call a special session of the legislature.

"Mr. Crothers," said the reporter, "in your conversations with Governor Crothers what does the Governor say to you about a special session of the General Assembly?"

"My son," whispered the Governor, "the Governor never talks to me on the subject. I can't get a word out of the close-mouthed old rascal."

Safeguarded Against Satan

TWO darkies were looking at a window display of computing scales in Evansville, Indiana. One was explaining to the other how the scales work.

"I reckon," said the negro to whom the explanation was made, "dey wouldn't be no use er Satan tappin' a man on de shoulder ef he was wukkin behin' one er dem things!"

Waiting for Compliments

A JUNIOR officer on a warship was dressing to go ashore and sent for his attendant, a newly recruited negro boy.

"Sam," said the officer, "give my compliments to the executive officer and tell him I desire permission to go ashore"—which is the usual formality.

"Yes, suh," said the boy, who stood at attention and did not leave.

"Well," said the officer sharply, "why don't you go?"

"Why, suh," replied the boy, "I ain't heerd no compleemints yit!"

Is Music made by REASON Or by INSTINCT?

PLAYER pianos could be made to run like music boxes, when turned on, if people wanted them like that.

But people don't. More than half the joy of having a player piano lies in the pleasure of Personal Expression.

This pleasure can be had only in two ways: by working numerous "interpreting" devices, or by *Instinctive* control—the Virtuolo way.

But how much more pleasure there is in expressing yourself, impulsively and instinctively, than there is in manipulating machinery!

We think that musical expression has to do with Feelings, Emotions, Passions, and that these things have naught to do with mechanical devices, but are things that rise and fall and flow from human beings *Instinctively*.

Instead of trying to *force* you to walk a figurative tight-rope of fixed interpretation, the Virtuolo aims to *lead* you to express yourself in your own instinctive way—to let your *instinct* for expression be stirred into flame.

Four sensitive buttons to touch—that is all!

They respond to your musical desires like nerves in your own finger-tips! How this is done is too much to try to tell in advertisements. The best way to explain it is to let your fingers rest on the four expression buttons, and let the Virtuolo, itself, tell you the marvels of instinctive playing. If you do this at the store where Virtuolos are sold, you will sell the Virtuolo to yourself.

VIRTUOLO

THE NEW INSTINCTIVE PLAYER PIANO

PRICES AND TERMS

(In the Rocky Mountains)

The Virtuolo in Hallet & Davis Piano, [illegible] mahogany case, Colonial design, complete $700. In Hallet & Davis Piano, [illegible] rafft case, $775. The Virtuolo in Conway Piano, mahogany or walnut, $5[illegible]. Lexington Player Piano, $450 to $480.

[illegible] Three years in which to pay if you desire. Simple interest on deferred payments. Pianos and ordinary player pianos taken in exchange at fair valuation.

"THE INNER BEAUTY"

(Send for [illegible] copy)

It tells how the new Virtuolo is designed to call forth your expressive instinct and respond to it. Tells how music is a language by which the composer tells you of his feelings, thoughts, imaginations. It is a book extraordinary. Richly illustrated with the world's most famous paintings inspired by Music.

If you send for a copy today you'll be glad you didn't forget to send for it.

PIANOS—MANY MAKES

Hallet & Davis Pianos—pre-eminent among artists since the immortal Franz Liszt praised them above all other pianos at the Paris Exposition, 1867. Price $365 up.

Conway Piano $300 up. Lexington Piano $250 up. Also fine pianos of all makes, accumulated in exchange for new Virtuolos. Terms: By our easy payments, you can have your piano to play on while saving to pay for it. Write for Special Bargain Bulletin, or tell us the make and price you're looking for.

HALLET & DAVIS PIANO CO

ESTABLISHED 1839

BOSTON NEW YORK NEWARK TOLEDO

HALLET & DAVIS PIANO COMPANY
Dept D, 505 Fifth Avenue
New York

Please send me a free copy of "The Inner Beauty."

Name _____

Street Address _____

City and State _____

P. S. You will also receive free a set of [illegible] color plates of [illegible]

Oddities and Novelties

The Ear Flower of the Aztecs

THERE is a prospect that the more costly brands of chocolate supplied to the market for eating purposes may soon have a new and delicious flavor, derived from a flower which the ancient Aztecs knew, but which has only recently been rediscovered.

This was known to the Aztecs of old as the "ear flower," because of the resemblance of its individual petals to a human ear. It was regarded as sacred and was much used for flavoring chocolate ground up for drinking. Francisco Hernandez, who was sent by Philip II to Mexico in 1570, to study its resources, described the blossom in question, speaking of it as "giving a very fragrant odor and flavor to that celebrated drink which they called 'chocolate.'" Afterward, however, all knowledge of its identity was lost.

Recently, however, it was discovered by Mr. W. E. Safford, a tropical botanist of the Department of Agriculture, that the flower was that of a plant which is known today in Southern Mexico and Guatemala as the "Orejuela." The first hint that he got in this direction came to him from accounts given by recent travelers in that part of the world, who spoke of a delicious chocolate which they found there a chocolate with an unfamiliar and delightful flavor, derived from the blossoms of the plant above mentioned.

Later on he came across a photograph of the plant, taken by one of our agricultural explorers in Guatemala, and noticed that the petals of the flowers were much like a human ear in shape. He learned incidentally that these flowers were offered for sale in the markets of that country, both fresh and dried. Specimens of the plant, secured in 1906, were found by Mr. Safford in the National Herbarium, and the petals of the blossoms when chewed proved to be pungently aromatic.

These facts, with the help of a drawing made by the Spaniard Hernandez himself, were sufficient to identify the Orejuela with the long-lost sacred plant of the Aztecs.

"The plant could probably be cultivated wherever coffee will thrive," says Mr. Safford in the Annual Report of the Smithsonian Institution; and he suggests that it be grown for the sake of its usefulness as a spice and for flavoring purposes, and also on account of the wonderful fragrance of its flowers.

Coldproof Apples From Asia

TO OBTAIN hardy varieties of apples that will stand the climate of the northern tier of states in the West is an earnest ambition of the Department of Agriculture. Much help in this direction is likely to be obtained from certain "finds" made recently by Dr. F. N. Meyer, one of our Government plant-hunters, in the desert region of Eastern or Chinese Turkestan, which lies between the Karakoram range of the Himalayas and the great Tian-Shan range of Western Mongolia.

During the last year Doctor Meyer, in that region, has been engaged in the most difficult piece of agricultural exploration yet undertaken. On foot or in native carts he has gone from oasis to oasis, studying the native fruits and grains. He found many valuable plants; but most important of all were the apples which he discovered growing wild at an altitude of about a mile and a half above the sea, in the Tian-Shan Mountains.

Here, on the barren slopes of a region where winters are cold and long, and summers short, hot and dry, he found thousands of bushy little apple trees; in fact, the whole valley of the Chong Djighilan proved to be one vast wild apple and apricot garden, with a host of varieties differing in size and form to choose from. These varieties are all of necessity very hardy, and Doctor Meyer believes that some of them will prove extremely valuable.

Cuttings will be used at the agricultural experiment stations in the Northwest for crossing with some of the finest cultivated strains of apples and apricots, with a view to obtaining new varieties that are coldproof as well as satisfactory for eating purposes.

"And only one maid! How do you manage so nicely?"

HOW does any woman with only one maid—or sometimes with no help at all—manage dainty little luncheons and other company affairs with perfect smoothness and ease?

She takes advantage of modern ideas. She avoids needless and useless labor. For one thing, the modern house-wife wastes no time and energy in soup-making—she uses

Campbell's SOUPS

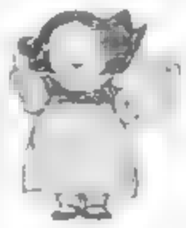
By selecting the particular Campbell "kind" best suited to each occasion, she is sure at least of beginning the affair in a pleasing and satisfying way. And that is half the battle.

Wouldn't an assortment of these excellent soups always at hand simplify some of *your* household problems? Why not find out *today?*

21 kinds
10c a can

Asparagus
Bean
Beef
Celery
Chicken Gumbo
Clam Bouillon
Consommé
Julienne
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mutton Broth
Ox Tail
Pea
Pepper Pot
Printanier
Tomato
Tomato-Okra
Vegetable
Vermicelli Tomato

Look for the red-and-white label



"My patrons wish
This perfect dish
To head their menu daily.
Of course they've found
This course is bound
To start the dinner gaily."

Sense and Nonsense

Mose and the Law

BOZEMAN BULGER, a baseball writer, says that in his home town, down in Southern Alabama, a darky was brought into court to answer a charge of murder

"Mose Tupper," said the judge, contemplating the prisoner over his spectacles, "you are accused here of one of the most serious crimes known to our laws—to wit, the taking of a human life. Are you properly represented by counsel?"

"No, suh," said the darky cheerfully.

"Well, have you talked to any one about your defense since your arrest?"

"I told the sheruff about the shootin' when he come to my cabin to fetch me heah," said the prisoner—"but tha's all."

"And have you taken no steps whatever to engage a lawyer?"

"No, suh," said Mose. "I ain't got no money to be wastin' on lawyers. Dey tell me lawyers is mighty costive."

"If you have no funds," insisted the judge, "it lies within the power of the court to appoint an attorney to defend you without charge."

"You needn't be botherin' yo'se'f, jedge," answered Mose.

"Well, what do you propose to do about this case?" demanded his Honor.

"Jedge," said the negro, "ez fur ez Ise concerned you kin jes' let de matter drap!"

Terry's Remark to the Goddess

LOU TERRY is a well-known Salt Lake City business man who thinks his own country is just about the best ever. He became a little more hidebound in that opinion as the result of a recent trip to Europe. Terry didn't have a very good time abroad. He was bothered by Continental customs officers, tormented by his inability to speak any language other than his own, and mussed up over the different varieties of money with which he had to contend. Lou really didn't know a moment's peace until he started homeward; and his long-pent-up feelings found expression as his ship sailed up New York Harbor and passed the Statue of Liberty. Terry looked up at the towering figure of the goddess.

"Old girl," he sighed contentedly, "all I want to say is, if you ever see me again you'll have to look the other way!"

Hauling Out

Oh, Clytie, in our homeward flight
Bid all the homeless follow!
Your shipyard shed will house at night
The seagull and the swallow.
Since first your sail, that day in spring,
Blew like a silver feather
Along the sound—why, wing to wing,
Our flock has cruised together.
How oft, when Pilot Dawn would break
The glooming drift to leeward,
Those gulls would skim our dappled wake
Or cry a welcome seaward.
And when, through sunset's blackening shroud,
Burst fanlights redly burning
Like wreck-fires on a reef of cloud
To mariners returning
Have I not heard the swallow's hail
To warn of wreckers' luring,
Ere Clytie, with a furling sail,
Swept swanlike to her mooring?
The smuggling crow in moonrise mist,
The osprey, privateering;
The crane, bealmed in amethyst
When twilight skies are clearing—
Since we've cruised far on summer seas,
All argonauts together,
Shall you and I seek home, with these
Unhavened from bleak weather?
Lo, what a crew for winter's night!
But now the sun is failing—
Your keel has touched; the tide is right—
Here ends our summer's sailing.
Yet, through the snowy night always
I'll dream of woe and crying—
Of icy nests and castaways
And wrecks, where they are flying;
And whistling dusk of tempest lit
With one gray bolt at even,
Where screaming fowl clash wings and flit
Like spirits beat from Heaven.

When mellow seas at sunset foam
'Tis sweet to have them follow—
But where in winter seek the home
Of seagull and of swallow?

—*Curtis Johnston.*

An Edible Weapon

IN A VIRGINIA courthouse a negro was describing how a cutting scrape started.

"Dis yere Johnson nigger started toward me," said the witness, "and ez he done so he stuck his hand down in his hip pocket. And I says to him, 'Nigger,' I says, 'whutever you has got your hand on now better be a chicken, 'cause I suttinly is gwine to make you eat it!'"

The Wop

When the line is surveyed through the scenery
For tunnel and culvert and cut—
When the contractor has his machinery
The "big job" is ready—all but—
"All but" means the shovel and pick of it—
The hunkies who work till they drop.
And so, in the dust and the thick of it,
Look for the Wop!

The big bosses bear all the fret of it
They are the fellows who plan;
But the backbreaking strain and the sweat of it
Fall to the laboring man
Dago and Russ and Hungarian—
All of the immigrant crop.
Where is the job we could carry on—
Save for the Wop?

Subject for scorn and bedeviling;
Victim of fraud and chicane—
Still, with his spade, he is leveling
Routes over mountain and plain.
Progress? His soul is the breath of it;
Lacking his hand, it would stop.
Facing the danger and death of it,
Here is the Wop!

He knows the hardest and worst of it;
He knows the hard-driven toil,
The ache and the heat and the thirst of it—
Never the dream—or the spoil.
Caves and explosions make mud of him—
Who cares a damn? Let him flop!
Progress is stained with the blood of him
Only a Wop!

Berton Braley

Uncle Sam's Job

SENATOR SWANSON, of Virginia, says that undeserving men often receive Government jobs.

Their attitude is like that of old Uncle Sam, who had been seen for several days patiently sitting on the bank of the Rappahannock River, near the dam, holding his shotgun in his hand.

Finally he attracted the attention of a passer-by, who asked:

"Well, Uncle Sam, are you looking for something to do?"

"No, suh," answered Sam. "Ise gittin' paid fo' what Ise doin'."

"Indeed!" said the other. "And what may that be?"

"Shootin' de muskrats dat am underminin' de dam," answered Sam.

"Why, there goes one now!" exclaimed the stranger excitedly. "Why don't you shoot?"

"S'pose I wants t' lose mah job, suh?" answered Sam complacently.

Fully Specified

AT THE Lambs Club in New York they are telling a story of a Shaksperean actor who was left stranded in a small town in Michigan.

He obtained board at the local hotel until a remittance arrived to take him back to dear Broadway. As he had no funds for tipping purposes he got scant attention from the servants.

One day he pushed and pushed the push-button in his room without getting an answer. Then he got out of bed, put on his trousers and overcoat, turned the coat collar up about his bare throat and ventured through the hallway until he came to the rotunda opening down upon the office floor.

"Bellboy! Bellboy!" he called in his best speaking voice.

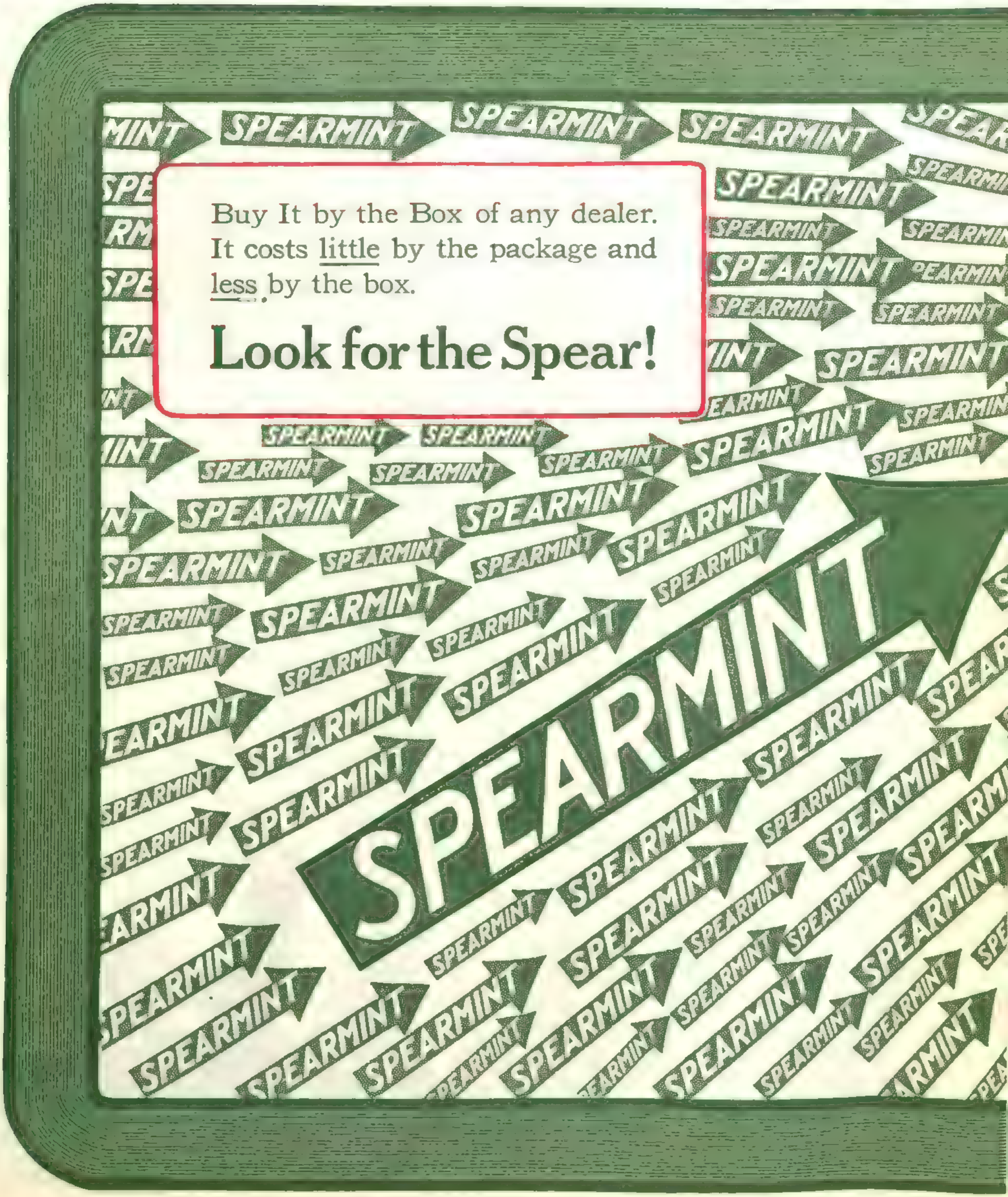
"Watcher want?" answered back the menial impertinently.

"Bellboy," said the Thespian with much dignity, "I desire that my laundry shall be brought to me forthwith!"

"G'wan!" said the boy. "You didn't have but half a shirt when you hit this town."

"That," said the actor, "is the laundry to which I refer."

Time: 3 A. M
Scene: 20 Miles from Nowhere
Trouble: Everything
Lost: Sleep! $80! One girl!
Worn Through
Jab
Puncture
Tire Misery Must Go!
Get Protection Pleasure
GET rid of tire misery now. You can't afford to delay using these tire protectors. You can't afford it from either a money-losing or pleasure-losing standpoint. And now you never need endure another of those costly tire troubles, not even the least of them. They are all ended. For here is tire protection that protects. Protects against puncture, blowout, tone cut or bruise, chafing, and all the other forms of wear and tear. Think of riding on one set of tires for more than two years' constant travel, over good roads and bad, without a single tire trouble. Thousands of motorists who have found that Standard Tire Protectors keep tires uninjured, sound and good as new long after the longest lifetime of unprotected tires, are getting the pleasures and making the savings that you can get and save with
Standard Tire Protectors
Lower Prices This Year
FREE Book on Tire Protection
Standard Tire Protector Co.,
111 E. Market Street, Akron, Ohio
DEALERS—1912 New Prices
Ask the Man Who Uses Them
Tire
Standard Tire Protector


Buy It by the Box of any dealer.
It costs little by the package and
less by the box.
Look for the Spear!
SPEARMINT

WRIGLEY'S
SPEARMINT
PEPSIN GUM
THE FLAVOR LASTS
THE FLAVOR LASTS
CHICAGO
SPEARMINT
The breath purifying, teeth preserving mint leaf juice sharpens appetite and stimulates digestion.
The Flavor Lasts!

After the Last Taste

"The Memory Lingers"

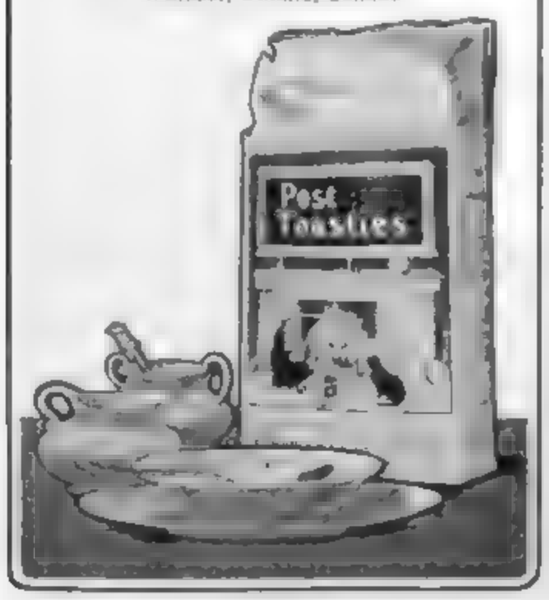
Post Toasties

Are made of carefully selected white corn; rolled into thin fluffy bits and toasted to a crisp, appetizing golden brown, already to serve with cream and sugar.

Sold by Grocers

Postum Cereal Company, Limited,
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Limited,
Windsor, Ontario, Canada



A WALL STREET WIFE

(Continued from Page 11)

They that were in the market at the time will recall the day's events. After the first news of San Francisco's vast disaster there was a pause. The market hung suspended. It neither rose nor fell, as if, indeed, the men whose specialty is to trade on disaster were themselves appalled by its immensity. But not for long—no! A few acute minds at once grasped its significance. My husband was among them. He plunged. With every cent at his command he went short on the securities most likely to be affected. It was a case of make or break; and to this moment I recall with what terror I learned that our entire fortune was pledged on the outcome! For a week—a month, I might say—I suffered agonies that would have made a fit addition to the tortures described in the classic limbo of the Greeks. Yes—for I knew now my husband could never return to a humdrum daily round of grubbing away in some business occupation. He was done for, I was assured! Of course he might take a place somewhere; but, as I knew, as I had seen to be the case with other men, every dollar he could lay his hands on would still be poured into some brokerage office—some bucketshop or the like. Strong talk, you may call this—nevertheless, it was in our case true.

However, as I say, Steve did not lose. He won. He won steadily; for presently the insurance companies, to pay their losses, began pouring into the Street all the securities they held in reserve. The market dropped with a crash, hundreds of weakly margined accounts adding to the downfall; and my husband, having gone short at the top, now began to "pyramid"—that is, to use his profits to sell more and more. Ultimately he was obligated to the extent of eight thousand shares in all. In other words, each and every one-point drop in the market meant eight thousand dollars added to his winnings. The mere thought of it confounded me. In three months' time my husband's fortune—or rather let me say the effigy of a fortune, his paper profits amounted to no less than one hundred and sixty thousand dollars!

I had my motor now, my limousine. Its cost was forty-five hundred dollars. With my car I had also my chauffeur, whose wages were one hundred dollars a month. I had also a twelve-room apartment in Riverside Drive, the rent of which was three thousand a year. I had a lady's maid besides; and, added to all this and the rest of it, in the near future I contemplated an extended tour abroad. In short, my early longings seemed fulfilled, for at last I found myself in reality provided with all those luxurious externals I had lusted for so long.

And now did I confess myself appeased? Am I to declare, in point, that my heart rejoiced fitly, filled with enviable content? I wish I could! It is true, of course, that for the interval of a week or so, possibly for a month—even more—I wrenched my mind away from the old qualms of doubt, of fear, and set myself to enjoy to the limit all the pleasures of this newfound fools' paradise that surrounded me. A fever of hurry seized me. I wished to go everywhere. I wished to see everybody and everything. As is the case with every woman suddenly enriched, I considered social advancement. To have remained at home, to have sat there quietly reading, sewing, attending to my household duties—to have tried this, I say, at that moment would, I believe, have been utterly beyond my powers of endurance, my force of self-control. It would have been, in fact, as far beyond me as it would have been to refrain from disporting my rise in fortune—not that by nature I cared to make a show, but that now my money forced me to.

It was an encounter—in short, a meeting with Mrs. Mosher—that brought me to my senses. One afternoon, on a day in winter as I recall, my motor broke down far up toward the head of Riverside Drive. As there were no taxicabs in sight, I started to walk to the nearest subway station. Halfway down a gloomy side street, a thoroughfare lined with cheap and dingy down-at-the-heel flathouses, I saw her emerging from one—perhaps the dingiest.

She was no longer the same lady who but a few months before had affected to yawn at my dinner. I may say I had even some difficulty in recognizing her. "Why, Fanny!" I exclaimed; and from the exclamation I have no doubt she clearly read my mind.

"Oh, howdy-do?" she answered stiffly; then added, almost with a sneer: "Rather out of your way, aren't you—up here in Harlem, I mean."

I explained awkwardly that my motor had broken down. Try as I would, though, while I said it I could not keep my eyes off Mrs. Mosher's dowdy hat—that and the whitened seams of her thin broadcloth coat. Even though I had done so, however, my nostrils would still have been aware of the acrid odor of gasoline that emanated from both the coat and her gloves.

"Oh, you have a motor now, have you?" she interrogated with another sneer, one as sorry as it was ill-concealed. "Well, take my advice, Lily," she laughed, giving me a murderess grin; "use your motor all you can—yes! all you can—while it lasts!"

However, this meanness was no more than a moment's flash of spirit. Before I quit her she stood there in the street weakly sniveling, clinging to my arm, with the tears starting down her cheeks. Not only was all their money gone, but all their possessions too—the most personal of her belongings included! Mosher had pawned everything in the effort to recoup himself. The proceeds, however, had only fattened a few brokers and a somewhat greater number of bucketshop proprietors. Mrs. Mosher was now doing her own housework, while her husband—Mosher, once the gay—well, Mosher had now come down to "touching" his friends, his acquaintances—any one—for a couple of dollars—a dollar—half a dollar—anything!

I dare say all this sounds like drama—melodrama—the Fourteenth Street kind besides. It was. Moreover, that it was is exactly what I'm trying to show. Men may laugh; especially may those brokerage gentlemen laugh, at tales of the dabbler, the piker, who gets his fingers burned—I, however, fail to see the joke. Nor will others circumstanced like myself see in such a story any cause for humor. We women are the ones upon whom the burden falls. The man has his fever, his mania for gambling, to support him. Hopeful to the last, he looks forward to the moment when, by some stray turn of the wheel, he will make his "killing." Meanwhile, uptown, his wife wonders whether he'll be able that night to bring home the three dollars she owes the butcher!

Do not laugh. Fanny Mosher's case is perhaps extreme; but so, too, is mine. I know she wept again when I offered her the seven dollars I had in my purse—she took it, too, let me add.

I went home as if I was returning from a funeral—my funeral. Steve was away that night, as, indeed, he was away many nights nowadays. I don't know where he was; nor did I make it my duty to ask, the fact being that he and I, by this time, were unconsciously drifting apart. I suppose the truth is that, in the craving which too-quick money engenders, home must have proved too dull for him to stand. However, I was glad he wasn't home. I wanted solitude in order that I might reflect. What I pondered was the more or less selfish thought of how I could put off the day when I, like Fanny Mosher, should have to do my own housework—should wonder where the next month's rent would come from—should figure out, by rote, what I should give the butcher this time in place of his expected three dollars.

I failed to imagine. At two or three in the morning I gave up the effort to imagine. Some time along toward daylight Steve lurched in and, with an apologetic giggle, handed me another of his now innumerable conciliatory presents. It was an emerald bracelet. As he told me, it had cost him close to fifteen hundred dollars. However, he assured me I need not bother about the cost. A short sale in Reading that afternoon had put him thirty-five hundred to the good.

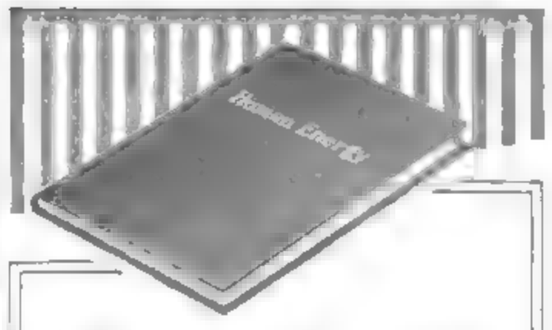
It was an inspiration, that gift was—or so I thought it. Instantly a thought leaped into my head; and, affecting disappointment, I tossed the bracelet aside.

"Say, what's the matter with you?" Steve demanded thickly. "Don't the bracelet suit?"

I still affected to be peevish.

"Oh, yes," I answered; "only I rather hoped, Steve, you'd get the pearl necklace I've been looking at."

He gave a gasp, for even he was staggered by such extravagance.



I Want to *Give* You "Human Energy"

My book explains for the first time, as far as I know, the laws governing right exercise. It shows clearly and concisely why a few minutes daily of movements scientifically directed to reach your internal organs—all of which are muscular—will do infinitely more for your health and strength than hours of random exercise.

I offer it to you free, because I want you to understand the principles underlying

The Thompson Course

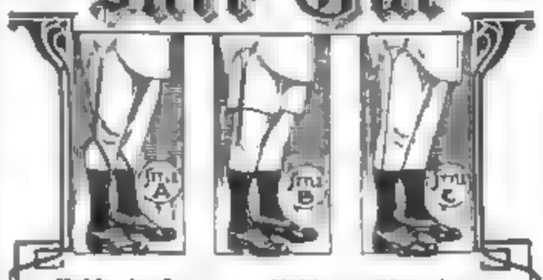
which has brought thousands of men from uncertain health and inefficiency into fuller, more useful and serener life.

Sooner or later you will adopt the principles of my course—all men of sedentary life will. You will find "Human Energy" a real contribution to the science of making the most of oneself. It is startling, yet obviously true. Sending for it puts you under no obligation, except to read it as though it were written by a friend.

J. Edmund Thompson

Suite 13, Exchange Building, Worcester, Mass.

TRADE Shir Gar MARK



Holds the Sox up. Holds the Shirt down.
Does not bind the leg.

Long or short drawers. No bulging of Shirt bosom. Fine for full dress shirts. Only garter endurable with varicose veins. Styles A and B in Silk, 75c.; Lisle, 50c. Style C, 25c.

Satisfaction guaranteed. At your dealers or send price and receive a pair postpaid.

Shirt Garter Co., Box 101, Columbia, Tenn.

The WEST "ELCO" SUIT HANGER

Two Hangers in One

USE either way, back or front. Press spring to open skirt or trouser hanger—release to close—one hand does it all.

Made of hard wood—won't rust.

Sold by department stores for 25c. If not at your dealers, send 25c. and dealer's name and we will send prepaid.

WEST ELCO SUIT HANGER CO., 45 So. Front St. Philadelphia

$1

English Knock-about Hat

A stylish, serviceable hat. Genuine Fur Felt [illegible]

Can be shaped into Alpine or Telescope. Silk trimmings. Colors: Black, Steel Gray, Brown. Actual value $2.00. Sent postpaid promptly on receipt of $1.00. State size and color wanted. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

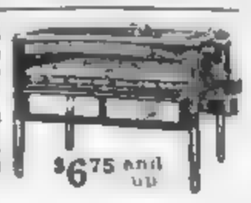
PANAMA HAT CO., Dept. A, 830 Broadway, New York City

POULTRY LESSONS FREE

Send your name on a postal so you can get Gleaner's big book and also [illegible] Poultry Lessons—free to buyers of

Successful INCUBATORS BROODERS

Don't buy any machine till you write to Des Moines Incubator Co., 648 Second Street, Des Moines, Ia.



$6.75 and up

"Why, you look here, Lily!" he stammered. "You're not asking me, are you, to lay out fifteen thousand in a necklace?"

I coolly shrugged myself. "Gilsey's wife has one, hasn't she?" I demanded. Gilsey, I'll explain, was one of our new friends, another dabbler in the market. "Birds of a feather," and so on, you know—a saying nowhere truer than in Wall Street—and the Gilseys were now our intimates. However, as Gilsey had done no better than my husband had, I insisted that I, too, must have a necklace.

Steve gazed at me curiously.

"Lily," he remarked; "what've you got up your sleeve anyway? It's not like you," he added queerly, "to try to pull my leg like this."

I replied that I was merely disappointed not to have a necklace.

"All right," said Steve, reaching for the bracelet. "I'll get it for you. I've got a hundred and ninety thousand in profits now. I guess I can stand it."

Then and there I threw all caution to the winds. My inspired plan was itself forgotten for the moment.

"Steve! Steve!" I urged. "If you have all that let's cash in—let's quit and retire! Don't you see?" I protested. "With all that money we can retire, now—never worry again!"

After his first astonishment, Steve gave a derisive chuckle. "Gad! Quit on a shoestring?" he mumbled contemptuously. "Not on your life, Lily! I'm going to run it up to an even half-million—then I'll quit."

My heart left me. It was not the first time he'd given me that answer; so I returned desperately to the topic of the necklace. That night before he left me to go to his bed I had his check for fifteen thousand dollars.

I did not buy the necklace. Instead, at a cost of three hundred and fifty dollars I had its exact replica made. No doubt, for a mere imitation, the price was high; but at the same time it was worth it, the fact of the matter being that not even an expert, unless he examined it closely, could have told it from the genuine. However, that it should deceive my husband was all I required; and in this it succeeded admirably. The remainder of his check—fourteen thousand six hundred and fifty dollars—I secretly deposited in a trust company.

Nor was this my only provision against the day that I now felt sure was inevitable. At the time, the value of my other possessions—my real gems, you understand—approximated twenty thousand dollars. These, too, I had copied, duplicated in the imitation; and, having stored the originals in a safe-deposit vault, I refilled my jewel case with the substitutes. The truth is, Mrs. Mosher's tearful confession had given me a strong hint of the possibilities. In her case the first knowledge of disaster was the fact that Mosher, without her knowledge, had pawned all her gems to remargin his tottering account.

There are many ways a Wall Street plunger's wife may lay an anchor to windward. I developed one and all. A rich field lay in the household accounts. Gradually they had arisen to a startling figure; we were, in fact, living at a rate of no less than ten thousand a year—ten thousand in the house alone—and at one stroke I cut a full third from this expense. My husband, however, knew nothing of this reduction, for all that I saved I also secretly deposited. My dress allowance added still further to my secret fund. Instead of paying for a gown a hundred dollars, a hundred and fifty, two hundred, as the case had formerly been, I now bought dresses that cost perhaps a third—though, of course, I omitted mentioning this economy to my husband. Whenever a new gown came home—and they began now, let me say, to be delivered with surprising frequency—I gouged out of him a check for three times the dress' value. Then, again, I made every out-of-town trip a source of saving—journeys to Atlantic City, Lakewood, Narragansett Pier. My husband never joined me now; for, submerged as he was, head over heels in the market, he dared hardly to leave it for a day. Consequently, instead of registering at the smart, higher-priced hotels, I began to frequent shabby, second-rate establishments. Leaving my maid at home I paid, say, three dollars a day, where formerly I'd laid out anywhere from ten to fifteen. To delude my husband, I gave him as my address one of the hotels I'd formerly frequented. Every day I went to this hotel for my mail; but once I was nearly caught. Steve wired he was coming to join me; and to this day I still graphically recall the dumfounded astonishment of the room clerk where I was staying when, just at the dinner hour, I fled frantically with all my baggage to the near-by establishment.

The first signal of impending trouble came through a dun, the collector for a certain fashionable dressmaking establishment. Foolishly I had put myself in the power of this concern, the head of which was a woman. To befool husbands was by no means a new side to her business; for, as seductively she had made known to me, it was her custom to advance money to her patrons, then to charge it on the bill—charge it at usurious interest, let me add. At any rate, when I began to lay out my anchor to windward I found this person a ready accomplice. She readily consented to charge on the bill whatever I suggested; and when the bills were paid she turned over the balance to me—that is, minus her interest for the accommodation.

Eventually the bill was not paid however. By now there had come a pause to the market's downward plunge. The bears who for months had been having an easy time of it, now no longer found things so much to their liking. The bull element—those whose effort it is to drive the market upward—had rallied and were making a desperate stand. Had my husband cashed in then he would have stood perhaps two hundred and fifty thousand to the good. But no! He was still inspired to make it half a million; and he still hung on. Moreover, since he had now more than doubled his holdings of stock, he required every cent of cash he possessed to maintain his margins. Consequently he had paid none of our current bills.

My situation was now, indeed, grotesque. Here I was, the wife of a man whose fortune, had he possessed the will-power to close out at that moment—would have amounted to no less than two hundred thousand dollars—two hundred thousand dollars! -yes! And still I was forced to stand at my door and lie to a dun—and for what? For a paltry six hundred dollars! Much worse—I had to lie, too, to that other dun, our grocer! His bill was only one hundred and ninety dollars.

Wait! I did not lie. The fact is, I had not yet come to that. When my husband said gruffly, "Aw, let those fellows wait!" I paid them off with checks drawn on that secret account of mine. Then I sat down at my desk, got all our bills together and figured to a dollar the exact sum total of all our outstanding indebtedness. It staggered me.

I did not pay those bills. Very few of them were ever paid. The crash came before I could do it.

Many of those who read this will recall Wall Street's now historic "red-necktie panic." The story of it involves a certain firm of brokers—themselves speculators—who overstayed their market. Like my husband, they went short at the top; by pyramiding their winnings they, too, had rolled up a fortune—profits that in the aggregate were enormous. Like my husband's, however, theirs as well was only a paper fortune. Greedy for more, they would not "realize," but hung on fatuously until the market turned against them; then, in the effort to save themselves, they sought to create a flurry that would again drive down prices and enable them to get out. The effort was engineered on the floor of the Exchange by the firm's senior member, who wore always a red necktie. Hence the name—"the red-necktie panic."

On a midsummer Saturday morning the trap was sprung. For an hour—two hours—chaos ruled; then the bulls rallied. The red-necktie firm went down with a crash; and in the pinch that followed every bear in the market was made to pay through the nose.

All that day our telephone rang and rang. My husband's brokers were calling him for margins. Where he was I do not know; but at seven o'clock Monday morning he slipped in while I was asleep and as secretly slipped out again. I knew, because my maid so informed me. Her tone was curious. At nine o'clock, though, he returned—and then I saw him.

I awoke from a doze to see his face staring at me over the footboard of my bed. His eyes were inflamed; he was unshorn, unkempt; and beneath the stubble of his beard the man's skin had taken on a startling, claylike pallor. His voice, when he spoke, was thick; it quavered with

Madam—Your Grocer Will Tell You the Facts About Heinz Tomato Soup

We believe, Madam, that you would have Tomato Soup more often in your home if tomato soup were easier to make. Or, if you knew just how Heinz Tomato Soup measures up to the very best home-made—with none of the bother and fuss.

Everyone likes Tomato Soup, and Heinz Tomato Soup needs only an introduction to make it a steady and welcome visitor to your home. It is ready to serve in next to no time—just heat.

Your grocer knows what the Heinz Pure Food Institution stands for, and what the Heinz label means on *any* food product.

He knows that on Heinz Tomato Soup it means choice tomatoes—picked at the prime of ripeness—prepared the very day they leave the vines—with the addition of rich cream and pure spices.

He knows the pains-taking *care* that has made Heinz quality possible. And he should tell you—for *his own interest* as well as ours—that he is satisfied to make a little less profit on Heinz 57 Varieties in order to give you more quality for your money.

These are the facts about Heinz Tomato Soup and it is the easiest thing in the world to satisfy yourself of its goodness. Just try one can.—If you do not like it your grocer will refund your money.

H. J. Heinz Co.—57 Varieties

Member of Association for the Promotion of Purity in Foods

Should Be in Every Kitchen

because that is the place where it is most essential to have perfectly clean hands, and also the place where this *new substitute* for the roller towel has the most uses, and where the convenience can be most readily appreciated.

ScotTissue Towels

"use like a blotter"

have a dozen different uses in the kitchen—first it can be used in place of the roller towel, which, no matter how often it is changed, can never be as clean as a ScotTissue Towel that is used but once and thrown away—next it does away with the washing of the fabric towel—again it is the very best thing that you can use for polishing glass and for removing the surplus fat from doughnuts, oysters and potatoes, etc., cooked in grease.

For drying the hands and face they are simply fine—absorb *all* of the moisture and leave the hands dry, clean and the skin delightfully soft.

After shaving they leave the skin smooth and perfectly dry—no danger of chafing.

Photographers—amateur and professional find "ScotTissue" towels absorb the surplus moisture from prints, drying them in the shortest possible time and without cracking or destroying the finish.

These are a few uses—in every household there will arise daily a dozen and one uses for these towels.

"ScotTissue" Towels are snow-white, the manufacture is guarded with the greatest care, gloved hands handling it at each operation and each roll of 150 towels is packed in a carton, keeping it free from dust until placed in the fixture for use.

The price of "ScotTissue" Towels is 15c. a roll—3 rolls for One Dollar—fixtures 25c. to $1.00.

They are carried in stock by the leading Druggists, Grocers and Department Stores.

SCOTT PAPER COMPANY

664 Glenwood Avenue, Philadelphia

Makers of Baltamized "SaniTissue," "Sc Waldorf," "SaniKombi" and other hygienic paper specialties.

rancor, violent and unrepressed; and in his hands he held my necklace, the imitation pearls. With a gasp I realized all.

"Tried to flimflam me, did you?" he rasped. "You wanted to make a fool of your husband, eh?"

I saw quite clearly what had happened. He had tried to dispose of the necklace and some pawnbroker or jeweler had revealed to him the cheat.

"Now what've you done with the money?—blown it in on yourself?" he rumbled.

"No," I said brazenly. "I thought I could make a little money too. Mrs. Gitsey does, you know." It was as I said. In New York there is more than one brokerage office and more than a few bucketshops, as well, that make a specialty of "ladies' accounts." I saw my husband start, then flinch as if I'd struck him. "Oh, yes," I said pitilessly. "I tried—but I lost it all!"

Do not think I relish the telling of all this. To this moment I cringe at the memory of the cry that burst from him.

"Oh, my God!" he said; then added: "Lost?—I'm ruined, then!"

Why prolong it? That gleam of cunning on my part availed nothing. Already overstraught, I weakened when I saw him begin stamping to and fro distressed, biting his fingers, beating his hands together. Arising, I sat down at my desk and from a secret drawer drew out my checkbook. I had decided now to let him have ten thousand—half the fund it was; the remainder I would save.

He snatched the checkbook from my hand. "Twenty thousand!" he gasped as he read the figures on the stub. I saw his face grow livid. "You'd cheat me, would you?" he demanded. "You'd try to hold out on me, would you? What were you doing anyway?" he inquired with a sudden change of tone—"Holding back enough to light out if I got busted?"

He flung down the checkbook as he spoke; and, without answering him, I filled out a check for the full amount. I was done for. I was "all in"—to use the vulgarism. Three days later my husband's brokers did for him what he had failed to do for himself. Regardless of the twenty thousand he had just added to his margins, they closed him out!

In the final adjustment of the account a balance of only three thousand dollars remained. In five weeks it, too, was gone—for the market had now turned "spotty" and irregular, so that the uncertainty of every deal now became fourfold.

Our first step was to dispose of the motor. The next was to move. We gave up our costly apartment—to be frank, the rent was so long overdue that we were asked to give it up. Ten blocks farther uptown, and in a dingy side street, we took a seventy-dollar flat.

Our life now, for these last few years, has been curious. Rather frequently we move. Sometimes we pay in rent as much as one hundred and fifty a month; once it was only forty. However, as to this—as to how we live or where—I no longer make objection. I move where I am told. Sometimes I am able to pay my bills promptly and sometimes I am not. At such times as the duns do not trouble me I sit at home and sew and read. When the duns become active, though, I leave the house early in the day and do not return until after nightfall. The new public library has become a great godsend to me. Often I spend the entire day there.

It all depends, however, on the market—on whether stocks are active or not. If they are active, and if my husband happens to guess right on his trades, the bills are fairly well paid; and, on occasions, I have even a little money to spend on myself; but not often. Always my husband seems to need cash to margin up his account. To deal in small lots does not interest him, though now and then—rather often, I may as well say frankly—he finds it necessary to do so. You see, like all the others that have his habit, he cannot rest even for a few days. He must always be active—always on the lookout for "action," as he says. Occasionally, as a result, he is compelled to trade in bucketshops. This is because a bucketshop will as gladly take a ten-dollar or a twenty-dollar bill as an Exchange broker will take your check for five hundred. As yet, however, my husband has not been reduced to becoming a "tout," a tipster. I am very glad for that.

Three months ago Fanny Mosher left her husband. Some of her relatives thought she ought to try another start in life; so they clubbed together and sent her out to Reno. I hear she has resolved courageously to begin afresh, as simply as when she and Mosher were married. Whether I should have courage enough to do as she has done I cannot say; but that is not the point. It is, instead, whether you love peace of mind more than you love your husband. I don't. I still love my husband.

THE SIGN OF THE WINDMILL

(Continued from Page 8)

minutes we was all out in that kitchen and facin' as mad a chief cook and bottle-washer as ever hailed from France or anywheres else. You see, 'twas time to put the lobsters and clams and all the rest of the truck on the fire, and we wa'n't willin' to see 'em put there.

The chief or "chef," or whatever they called him, fairly hopped up and down. The madder he got the less English he talked, and the less everybody else understood. Bill Bangs done most of the talkin' for our side and he had the common idea that *to* make furriners understand you must holler at 'em. Some of the other fellers put in their remarks to help along—all hollerin' too; and such a riot you never heard outside of a darky camp-meetin'. While the exercises was at their liveliest, the telephone bell rung. After it had rung five times I went into the other room to answer it. When I got back to that kitchen I got Alpheus to one side and says I:

"Al," I says, "this thing's gettin' more interestin' every minute. That telephone call was from the man that's ordered the big dinner here today. There's thirty-two in his party and they've got as far as Cohasset Narrows already. They'll be here in an hour and a half. He 'phoned just to let me know they was on the way."

"Humph!" says he. "What did he say when you told him there wouldn't be no dinner?"

"He didn't say nothin'," says I, "because I didn't tell him. The wire was a bad one and he couldn't hear plain, so he lost patience and run off—said I could tell him whatever I wanted to say when him and his party got here. I don't want to tell him anything. You can explain to thirty-two hungry folks that there's nothin' doin' in the grub line if you want to—I don't!"

"What had we better do?" he says.

"Well," says I, "I cal'late we'd better shorten sail and haul out of the race—for a spell anyhow. At any rate, we'd better clear out of this kitchen and leave that chef and the rest to get the dinner. I know it's our stuff that'll go to make that dinner, but I don't see's we can help it. A few dollars more won't ——"

He waved his hand for me to stop. "No use," he says solemn; "you're too late. The Frenchman's quit."

"Quit?" says I.

"Um-h'm!" says he. "Bill Bangs told him that we fellers had took charge of this roadhouse, and he and the rest of the kitchen help quit right then and there. They're out in the barn now, holdin' a council of war, I shouldn't wonder. Bill seems to think he's done a great piece of work; but I don't."

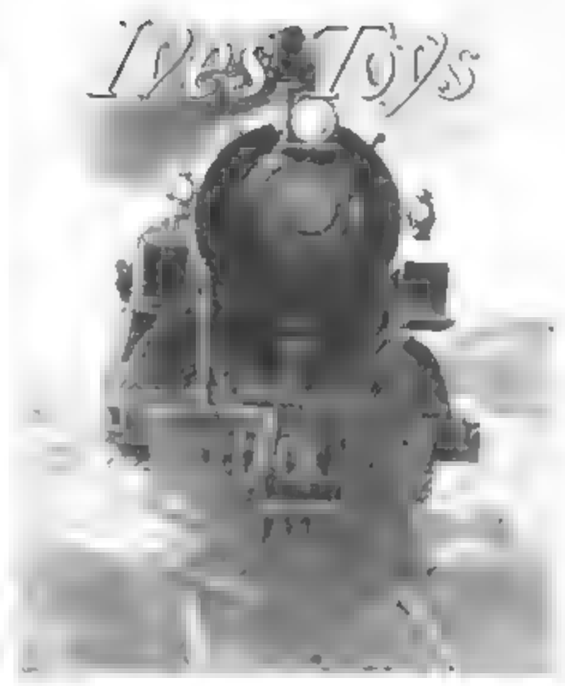
I didn't either; and, after I'd hotfooted it to the barn and tried to pump some reason and sense into that chef and his gang, I was surer of it than ever. They wouldn't listen to reason—not from us. They wanted to see the boss, meanin' Mr. Frank. He was the one that had hired 'em and they wouldn't have anything to say to anybody else.

I come back to the kitchen and found the boys all settin' round lookin' pretty solemn. My joke about the jail wa'n't half so funny as it had been. Bill Bangs, who's been the most savage outlaw of us all, was the meekest.

"Say, Cap'n," he says to me nervous-like, "hadn't we better clear out and go home? I don't want to meet them auto people when they get here. And—and I'm scared that stewardess has gone after the sheriff."

"I presume likely that's just where she's gone," says I.

"Wh-what'll we do?" says he.



Equipment for young railroad managers

Let that youngster expand. Develop his ingenuity with

An Ives Miniature Railway System

Just as playing with wooden blocks is laying the foundation by which to later solve the problems of Euclid—

So the Ives Miniature Railway, though extremely simple, teaches the fundamentals of Physics.

After he has constructed the elementary miniature railway system, add to it, from time to time, tracks, cars, tunnels, semaphores, or bumpers. Each new piece of trackage, turn table or tunnel presents a new problem.

If he has not an Ives Miniature Railway, buy one. It is splendid for his development. It affords unequaled pleasure for him and—

For the whole family.

Bank presidents, débutantes, college professors and other grown ups have caught the fascination in Ives Railways bought for youngsters in their families.

Invariably the miniature railway has become an institution in the house.

Mechanical and Electrical

We are the oldest and largest exclusive manufacturers of mini[illegible] the country. We don't claim to say that [illegible] People know that our railways are as well made as any can be.

Trains Complete $1 to $25

Engines are of iron.

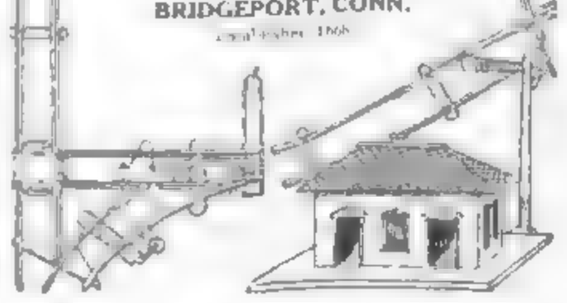
In the electrical we use the Third Rail System. The mechanical engines are operated by clock work.

Parts are interchangeable. Cars may be operated on either system, changing only the engines and trackage. Ives Railways are standard and may be added to other railways of standard gauge (miniature).

The best toy, hardware and department stores carry our goods. If you cannot obtain them readily in your town communicate with us direct. We will see that you are supplied. Our beautiful three-color illustrated catalog, showing these and other toys, free if you give the name of your toy dealer.

DEALERS: Toy, Hardware and Department Stores: If you are not now selling the Ives Miniature Railways communicate with us at once.

The Ives Mfg. Corporation
194 Holland Ave.
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.



"Don't know," says I; "but I do know that the time for backin' out is past and gone. We started out to be pirates and now it's too late to haul down the black flag. We've got to stand by our guns and fight to the finish—that's all I see. If the rest of you have got anything better to offer, I, for one, would be mighty glad to hear it."

Everybody looked at everybody else, but nobody said anything. 'Twas a glum creditors' meetin', now, I tell you. We set and stood round that kitchen for ten minutes; then we heard voices in the dinin' room.

"Heavens and earth!" sings out Ed Cahoon. "Who's that? It can't be the automobile gang so soon!"

It wa'n't. 'Twas a parcel of women. You see, some of the crowd had told their wives about the council at the store, and that more'n likely we'd pay a visit to the Sign of the Windmill. Church bein' over, they'd come to hunt us up. There was Alpheus' wife, and Cahoon's, and Bangs', and Bearse's, and Jerry Doane's daughter, and Mary Blaisdell. They was mighty excited and wanted to know what was up. We told 'em, but we didn't hurrah none while we was doin' it.

Then Mary Blaisdell took me by the arm. Her eyes were sparklin' and she looked excited.

"Cap'n Snow," she whispered, "come here a minute. I want to speak to you. I have an idea."

"Lord!" says I, groanin'; "I wish I had. What is it?"

What do you s'pose 'twas? Why, that we ourselves should get up the dinner for the auto people. Every woman there could cook, she said—and so could some of the men. We'd seized the stuff for the dinner already. It was ours—or, at any rate, it hadn't been paid for.

To make a long yarn a little mite shorter, that's what we done. Every one of them women could cook plain food, and Mrs. Cahoon was the best cake and pie maker in the county. We divided up the job. All hands had somethin' to do, includin' me, who undertook a clam chowder.

The last thing was ready and the last plate set when the autos six of 'em—purred and chugged up to the front door. We expected Frank, or the stewardess, or the constable—or all three of 'em—any minute; but they hadn't showed up. The dinner crowd piled in and set down at the tables; and the head man of 'em, the one who was givin' the party, come over to see me. And who should he turn out to be but the stout man I'd met at the store—the one who had told me he'd been waitin' for a chance to get even with Frank! I don't know which was the most surprised to meet each other in that place, he or I.

"Hello!" says he. "What are you doin' here? You joined the Forty Thieves? Where's the boss robber?"

I told him the boss was out: that there was some complications that would take too long to explain.

"But, at any rate," says I, "your meal's ready, and that's the main thing, ain't it?"

I told him not to expect too much, but to set down and be thankful for whatever he got. He didn't understand, of course: but he set down and we commenced servin' the dinner.

We started in with Little Neck quahogs and followed them up with my clam chowder. Then we jogged along with bluefish and hot biscuit and creamed potatoes. After them come the lobsters and corn and such. Eat! you never see anybody stow vittles the way them New Yorkers did!

In the middle of the lobster doin's I bent over my fleshy friend and asked him if they was satisfactory. He looked up with his mouth full.

"Great Scott!" says he. "Cap'n, this is the best feed I've had since I first struck the Cape, and that was ten years ago. What's happened to this hotel? Is it under new management?"

I didn't feel like grinnin', but I couldn't help it.

"Yes," says I; "it is—for the time bein'."

The final layer we loaded that crowd up with was blackberry dumplin', and they washed it down with coffee. Then the fat man—his name was Johnson—trotted out cigars and the males lit up and started puffin'. I went out to the kitchen to see how things was goin' there.

Mary Blaisdell, with a big apron tied over her Sunday gown, was washin' dishes. Her sleeves was rolled up, her hair was rumpled, and she looked pretty enough to eat—at least, I shouldn't have minded tryin'.

"How was it?" she asked. "Are they satisfied?"

"If they ain't they ought to be," says I. "And tomorrer the dyspepsy doctors'll do business enough to give us a commission. But where's our old college chum the chef, and the waiters and all?"

"They're in the barn," says she. "They tried to come in here and make trouble, but Mr. Perkins wouldn't let 'em. He drove 'em back to the barn again; but they're dreadfully cross."

"I shouldn't wonder," I says. "Well, goodness knows what'll come of this, Mary, but——"

Bill Bangs interrupted me. He come tearin' out of the dinin' room, white as a new tops'l and his eyes poppin' out of his head.

"My soul!" he panted. "Oh, my soul, Cap'n Zeb! They're comin'! They're comin'!"

"Who's comin'?" I wanted to know.

"Why, Mr. Francis and that stewardess! And John Bean, the constable, is with 'em. What shall I do? I'll have to go to jail!"

I hadn't any more than reached the dinin' room, where all the comp'ny was still settin' at the tables, than in through the front door marches Mr. Edwin Frank, of Pittsburgh, and the stewardess, and John Bean, the constable. The band had begun to play and 'twas time to face the music.

Frank looked round at the crowd at the tables, at Mrs. Cahoon and Alpheus, and the rest who'd done the waitin'; and then at me. His face was fire-red and he was ugly as a shark in a weir-net.

"Humph!" says he. "What does this mean? Snow, what high-handed outrage have you committed on these premises?"

I held up my hand. "Shh!" says I, tryin' to think quick and save a scene—"Shh, Mr. Frank!" I says. "If you'll come into your private cabin I'll explain best I can. Somebody had to get dinner for this crowd. Your Frenchmen wouldn't work; so we did. All we've used is our grub—that which ain't been paid for; and——"

His teeth snapped together and he was so mad he couldn't speak for a second. The stewardess was as mad as he was, but it took more'n that to keep her quiet.

"Fred!" says she—and even then, upset as I was, I noticed she didn't call him by the name he give Jacobs and me—"Fred, have him arrested. He's the guy that's responsible for it all. Officer, you do your duty. Arrest that Snow, there! Do you hear?"

She was p'intin' to me. Poor old Bean hadn't arrested anybody for so long that he'd forgot how, I cal'late. All he did was stammer and look silly.

"Cap'n Zeb," he says, "I—I'm dreadful sorry; but—but——"

Then he was interrupted. A big, tall, gray-haired chap, who was settin' about amidships of the table, got to his feet.

"Just a minute, officer," says he quiet, and never lettin' go of his cigar—"just a minute, please. The—er—lady and gentleman you have with you are old acquaintances of mine. Hello, Francis! I'm very glad to see you. We've missed you at the Conquilquit Club. This meetin' is unexpected, but not the less pleasant."

He was talkin' to the Frank man. And the Frank man—well, you should have seen him! The red went out of his face and he almost flopped over on to the floor. The stewardess went white too, and she grabbed his arm with both hands.

"My Lord!" she says in a whisper-like. "It's Mr. Washburn!"

For just about ten seconds the three of 'em looked at each other. Then Frank made a jump for the door—and the woman with him. They was out and down the steps afore poor old Bean could get his brains to workin'.

"Stop 'em!" shouts Washburn. "Officer, don't let 'em get away!"

But they'd got away already.

"Well!" says I. "Well!!"

Johnson pushed through the excited bunch and took the gray-haired feller by the arm.

"Say, Wash," he says, "you're havin' too good a time all by yourself. Let us in on it, won't you? Your friends are goin' some; no use to run after them. Who are they?"

"Well," he says, "the masculine member used to be called Fred Francis. He was

Aims Easy as Pointing Your Finger

Unseen Peril Menaces Burns
—*as it does You*

DETECTIVE WILLIAM J. BURNS carries in his hip pocket constantly a Savage Automatic.

During the detection of the Dynamiters, Burns had definite information that his life was in peril. Therefore, this greatest American Detective, whose moves were breathlessly watched by the whole country, protected his life with the greatest arm of defense—the Ten Shot Savage Automatic.

Every property owner knows in the bottom of his heart that the unseen peril of the burglar may become a reality any night. He knows, as well as Detective Burns knows, that if he has a Savage Automatic he is a match for any emergency. That even in his absence his wife and family are protected. That he has placed in his household "*the greatest weapon ever invented for the protection of the home*," as Detective Burns has stated.

The Savage Ten Shot Automatic aims easy as pointing your finger. Shoots eleven powerful shots, gets into action quick with the first vital shot. Follows with one shot to every trigger pull. Reloads and recocks itself automatically. When empty ten more shots are loaded in a second. Examine the Savage at your dealer's today.

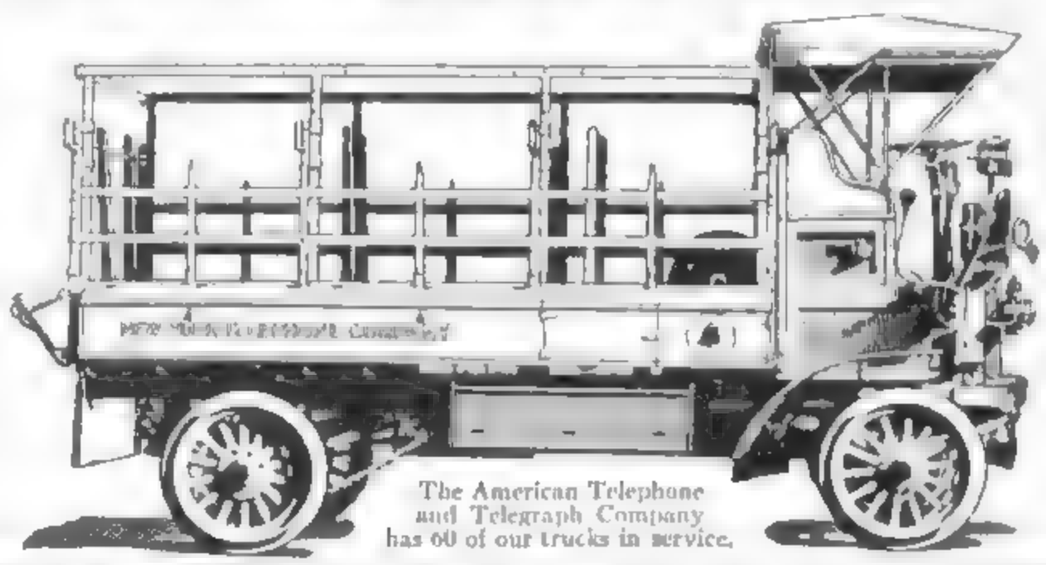
SEND FOR TWO BOOKS FREE

"Bandsha Fear" and "The Tenderfoot's Turn." Whether you fear burglars or not, you'll find them a [illegible] Savage Arms Company, 71 Savage Avenue, Utica, N. Y.

FAMOUS SAVAGE RIFLES

Send also for our handsome free ride catalogue, explaining all about the famous high power Savage rifles, and the well known line of Savage .22 caliber rifles.

THE NEW SAVAGE AUTOMATIC



The American Telephone and Telegraph Company has 60 of our trucks in service.

Mack and Saurer

This company was formed for the purpose of assisting the business public in solving its transportation problems, rather than to sell a particular kind of truck.

It is an association of the only truck manufacturers who have been in business long enough to justify the initial expense of their product by proved length of life and economy.

The only organization devoted exclusively to the manufacture and sale of motor-trucks, and offering trucks of sizes from 1 to 10 tons capacity, which is equipped to supply the most economical truck for every kind of merchandise, and to manufacture every type of body in its own plant.

Sales and Service Stations established in the most important centres and rapidly being extended. The strongest financial connections to insure stability of product and thoroughness of service.

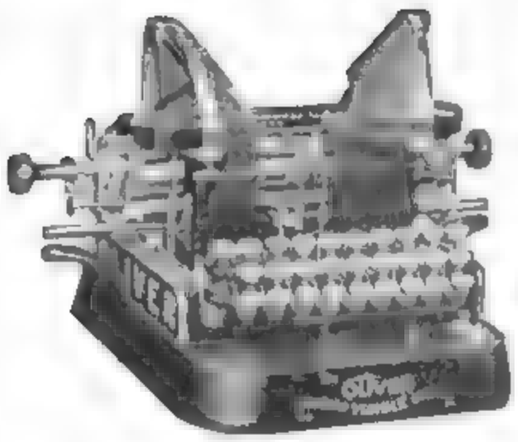
You cannot afford to settle your transportation problems without taking this organization into account.

Send for our literature

International Motor Company

General Offices: 57th and Broadway New York Works: Allentown Pa; Plainfield N J

Sales and Service Stations: New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, San Francisco and other large cities



Price $50 and Why?

We have undertaken to buy—to get the [illegible] price—1,000 Oliver Typewriters (Model N[illegible] month [illegible] quote the lowest price ever offered on Olivers in per fect condition.

We have selected for our purpose the No. 3 model, [illegible] utter simplicity [illegible] model is better [illegible] billing [illegible] everlasting, efficient No. 3 for the expert [illegible] It is the model we use ourselves. It was the [illegible] Oliver its world-wide [illegible]

[illegible] equal to the best machines of this model. Each machine [illegible] in the original factory—they are rebuilt [illegible] that they are actually as good as ever. The working parts, the pieces that wear, are replaced. There is no wear on the base or frame work of [illegible] when the [illegible] enameled, restores [illegible] tical with and equal to any [illegible] specting work is done by the same [illegible] the machine originally. [illegible] out the same work in the same manner and are just [illegible] They are sold and unconditionally guaranteed as perfect typewriters, free from [illegible] or workmanship. We have [illegible] machines, exact duplicates of the [illegible] saving approximately $250,000 for our customers.

Sent on 5 Days' Trial No Deposit

Our economy comes in our enormous selling, and in getting rid of agents [illegible] We ship the machine to you on five days' trial [illegible] and let it sell itself. If you don't want it, [illegible] our expense. If you find it the best machine [illegible] the market, send us $5 per month for ten months.

At this price you get every perfection, every device [illegible] went out with this model. You [illegible] case, baseboard, ribbon, tool [illegible] tion book [illegible]. Tens of thousands of people have paid to agents $100 for the Oliver No. 3.

Oliver Points

Over 350,000 Olivers have been sold to date. They are used by 183 railroads. They are used by the largest mail order concerns, two of whom use over 1,000 each. Its simple efficiency, lightness and durability have made it the choice of those who know typewriters best.

[illegible] In sight [illegible] without changing ribbon [illegible] Universal keyboard [illegible] The type is beautiful and nothing can [illegible] It is the lightest of all the standard machines [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Study this picture— There's a story in each face

HERE is an opportunity for ***you*** to write an advertisement that will be read by millions and millions of people. For the best advertisements ***written by amateurs*** on Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder for the illustration above

$400 will be awarded

First Award, $100 | Second, $50 | Third, $25 | 10 Awards, $10 Each | 25 Awards, $5 Each

Write your advertisement in your own way in simple terms and short sentences. You can get facts and arguments about

Dr. Lyon's PERFECT Tooth Powder

in the advertisements now appearing in The Ladies' Home Journal, Woman's Home Companion, Delineator, Designer, New Idea, McCall's, Everybody's, Munsey's and other publications, one of which you probably read. While it is not compulsory to buy Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder to enter this contest, the literature in the package, as sold everywhere, will give additional helpful information.

Do not tear out this page. Use it only as an inspiration and guide. Write your advertisement on one side of plain sheet or sheets of paper just as you would any composition. Avoid big words. Awards will be made on neatness, simple language, sound reasoning and brevity.

We suggest that you write a short introduction based on the ideas you get from the picture, such as the consequences of neglected teeth and the benefits of well-cared-for teeth, this to lead up to the highly efficient, beneficial and safeguarding qualities of Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder—in all 200 to 300 words. No person engaged in the advertising business or member of his or her family is invited to enter this contest.

Contest closes with last mails reaching New York March 1st; foreign entries April 1st. Mail your advertisement, signed with address, to Contest Dept. A, Dr. I.W. Lyon, New York City. Awards will be made by jury appointed from their advertising departments by the following publications: Everybody's, McClure's, Cosmopolitan, Munsey's, Delineator, McCall's, Woman's Home Companion, Collier's, Literary Digest. Winning advertisements will be published after May 1st with names of winners.

Sweeping Supremacy

Every tribute paid to superiority and every honor which belongs to the best, have gone to the Waltham Watch.

The United States, Canadian and Foreign Governments have officially selected the Waltham Watch for scientific work.

Waltham Watches have been awarded the gold medal at every international exhibition held in the United States since 1876, and highest honors in every world contest wherever entered.

WALTHAM WATCH

The Waltham was the first watch officially adopted by railroads here and abroad, and in this exacting service, as in all others, is universally recognized as the standard.

But more important than these or a score of other Waltham triumphs we might name, is the fact that there are more than eighteen million Waltham watches in use throughout the civilized world.

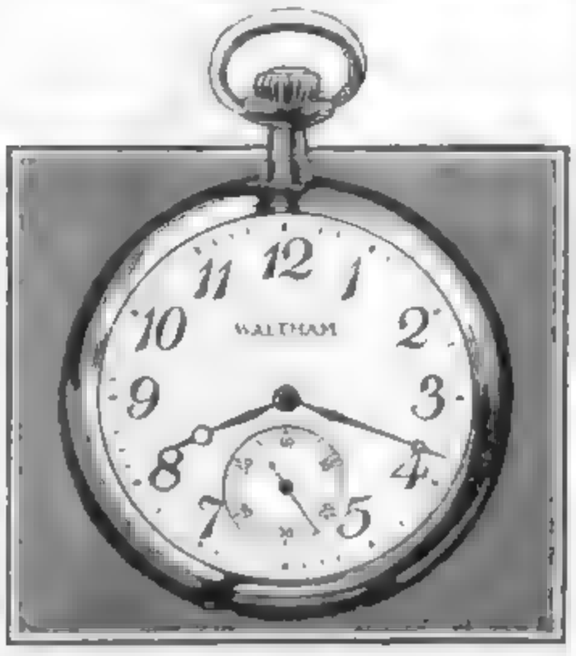
The *Colonial*, the thin Watch de Luxe, is a favorite for professional, business and social life. It is a graceful model, as thin as it is safe to make a reliable watch. We recommend a *Riverside* grade, which is carefully adjusted, cased and timed at the factory.

Riverside Colonial watches range in price from $50.00 to $100.00 according to the quality of the case selected.

"It's Time You Owned a WALTHAM"

Write for handsome booklet. Free upon request.

WALTHAM WATCH COMPANY
Waltham, Mass.



HOW PITTSBURGH GOT HALF A LOAF

(Concluded from Page 6)

the bill could not pass with the initiative and referendum in it. So the Pittsburghers, not wishing to beat the bill altogether, simply threw up their hands and accepted what they could get.

What they asked for was a conservative modification of the commission form of government. What they got was a council reduced to nine members who were to be selected at large, instead of by wards—without initiative or referendum or recall or non-partisan ballot. This new charter was not to be submitted to the people of Pittsburgh for their approval or disapproval, as under a genuine commission plan. The people were to have nothing whatever to say about it. Moreover, the first members of the new council were not even to be elected by the people. They were to be appointed by the governor, to hold office until January 1, 1912.

Thus, with no election, no initiative, referendum or recall, the whole legislative power of the city was absolutely at the mercy of the governor, who also, it is needless to say, belonged to the machine. Naturally this remarkable situation provoked some gloomy forebodings; but Governor Tener was both merciful and wise. There was to be an election in November; and if he had named unfit men they would undoubtedly have been turned out of office at that time. Governor Tener did, in fact, appoint nine excellent men, who were accepted with high satisfaction by the people of Pittsburgh. Two of them presently resigned, their places being filled by vote of the remaining seven.

With those changes the council consisted of E. V. Babcock, a big lumberman and several times a millionaire; W. A. Hoeveler, president of a warehouse company; W. G. Wilkins, a civil engineer; Enoch Rauh, manufacturer and wholesaler of men's furnishings; John M. Goehring, a lawyer and former state senator; Dr. S. S. Woodburn, a physician who had been identified with several movements for civic improvement; Dr. J. P. Kerr, physician; Robert Garland, president of a nut and rivet manufactory; and P. J. McArdle, president of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers—the big labor organization of the Pittsburgh district.

The new council took office on June tenth, by grace of the legislature and the governor, the people of Pittsburgh having no voice in the matter. However, the state has a direct primary law. I do not know just how the machine ever came to grant the people that one opportunity of participating effectually in their own government. The law is there, however, and because of it the voters of Pittsburgh were permitted, at the September primary election, to say for themselves whether or not they liked their new city council.

The Winning Nine

The nine stood solidly for reëlection and the decent citizenship which had fought for the new charter solidly backed them. The local press supported them unanimously; but twenty-five other candidates entered the field. Some were merely freaks; some were actually independent. It appeared, however, as the campaign progressed, that the machine hoped to break into the nine. If it could capture five places in the council—a majority—its grip upon the city government would be stronger than ever. If it captured only four places its strategic position would be vastly improved, because six votes in the council—two-thirds of the whole—were required to pass any ordinance over the mayor's veto. If the machine got a majority of the council the people, without initiative, referendum and recall, would be quite as helpless as under the old order.

It was one of the warmest campaigns ever fought in Western Pennsylvania. "Vote for the nine!" was the slogan of the reformers. The opposition took it up. "Vote for the nine!" it cried; but the nine it asked the people to vote for contained only one or two—or possibly in some instances three or four—of the genuine nine, the remaining names upon the ballots being those of friends of the machine.

When the votes were counted it was found that the genuine nine led their strongest opponents by more than two to one. In short, the people of Pittsburgh at the first opportunity overwhelmingly indorsed the new council: and at the November election the nine were continued in office without opposition.

When the votes were counted another significant thing was discovered—namely, that some of the candidates who were least acceptable to the reformers had carried their own wards. Under the old ward system these patently unfit men would have been returned to the city council. As to some wards in every city, a man may serve certain elements in the ward so well that, no matter how badly he serves the city as a whole, it is impossible to defeat him in a ward election. When the electorate of the whole city gets a chance at him, however, the ward boss falls.

The nine members of the Pittsburgh council are business and professional men. In the main, their political experience had been just that of the average intelligent, well-to-do citizen who is actively engaged in his own affairs. With the exception of Mr. Goehring, none of them, I believe, had been a candidate for an elective office. They took office in the middle of the city's fiscal year, when all the appropriations had been made and there was nothing to do on the fiscal side except carry through a program which their predecessors had made. When they came into office the primaries were little over three months ahead. They would then have to stand for reëlection and some or all of them might be defeated.

Moreover, they were very far from having a free hand. They had to reckon with the mayor, who retained all his old powers, including the power to veto any ordinance passed by them. It presently appeared, also, that two of the nine would resign and must be replaced by new men.

Pittsburgh's Political Plums

Under all these conditions important constructive work could hardly have been expected from the council up to this time, and it has produced none. It is natural that nine men, inexperienced in governmental affairs, possessing unspotted reputations which they are anxious to keep in that condition, and more or less surrounded by a vigilant foe, should wish to move cautiously for some time.

Possibly the council has erred on the side of being too careful. However, the people of Pittsburgh—looking back to a time when their city was governed by a council which no prudent man would have trusted with a red-hot stove—feel that this is a small matter as weighed against universal confidence in the new council's integrity.

The situation of the nine is illustrated by one of the first matters they took up. Pittsburgh has a treasurer to collect taxes before they become delinquent and then a delinquent-tax collector to collect them afterward. The delinquent-tax collectorship is merely a political plum and is said to net the incumbent twenty thousand dollars or more a year. It is generally understood, however, that the collector retains only a portion of this for his personal use, turning the remainder into the machine's warchest. Of course any honest and intelligent board of directors of a business concern discovering such a situation would at once abolish the sinecure. This the new city council has been unable to do. It passed an ordinance empowering the mayor to turn the collection of delinquent taxes over to the city treasurer, but the mayor desired no such power. It then sought to cut down the collector's compensation, with the result that the matter has now landed in the courts.

Pittsburgh's city controller is vested with considerable power quite independent of mayor and council. E. S. Morrow, the present incumbent, has been in the office as deputy and as controller for many years, and—no matter what the rest of the city government might be—he has always possessed the confidence of the people. In the worst times, indeed, Controller Morrow has been regarded as a sort of lonesome but stanch rock in a stormy sea. Thus Pittsburgh's finances have not fallen into the disorder which frequently characterizes inefficient and corrupt city government; and on the purely fiscal side the new council has had little to do.

Stepping into the wholesale establishment of one of these councilmen, you at once notice a large placard that reads: "Mr. Enoch Rauh will be pleased to see citizens in reference to city business on Tuesday and Wednesday of each week, at two-thirty P. M., in the council chamber on the second floor of the City Hall." That is one of the signs of the new order. The other councilmen make similar arrangements. The city's legislative business is aboveboard and in the open. Not only council meetings but committee meetings are public. Everybody knows that nine honest, intelligent, public-spirited men are giving their best abilities to the city's affair. Probably, indeed, these men give more time and thought to the city's affairs than they do to their own; for in a formal way they spend three to five hours a day about five days a week on city duties, and nobody knows how much municipal thinking and figuring they do at other times.

As part of the new charter fight an act was obtained from the legislature abolishing the old system of school government—so beautifully "democratic" in theory, but so absurd in practice—by which three hundred and odd members of schoolboards were elected in many petty subdivisions of the city.

The new act created a single board of education of fifteen members, to be appointed by the county court, in which control of the schools should be vested. The new board, comprising twelve men and three women, took office in November, greatly to the satisfaction of good citizens.

The legislature also created a new court, modeled upon the municipal court in Chicago; but here again it was necessary to compromise. Each ward elects an alderman, who is a petty magistrate with about the same powers and of about the same ability and character as a justice of the peace in other cities. When the justices' courts became intolerable in Chicago that city procured an act abolishing them and creating a single municipal court. In Pittsburgh, however, the aldermen were not disturbed and the new court merely facilitates appeals.

Pittsburgh by no means succeeded in overthrowing the "Chinese Wall to keep out the great wave of municipal reform." By hard fighting she did make a breach in it—demonstrating that even in Pennsylvania an aroused and determined city can regain some measure of actual self-government.

When the legislature next meets Pittsburgh will undoubtedly renew the attack, demanding at least initiative, referendum and recall. Meanwhile Philadelphia has elected an independent reform mayor and Senator Penrose has spoken very kindly of the commission form of city government.

Model Management

THE big street-railroad companies across the country have stood abreast of the steam roads in their endeavors to find methods of keeping in touch with the men. Paying much less than their steam brethren for men in similar classes of service, their problem has been the more acute.

One big city system recognized this problem eight or ten years ago and met it by establishing employees' clubs, very much after the pattern of those on the Harriman lines. These, in turn, were followed by insurance and pension systems, and even lunchrooms at the carbarns on the outskirts of the town, where the saloon problem was as imminent as the steam transcontinentals have found it at some of their more forlorn division points.

An abandoned carbarn was transformed almost over night into a model theater. That theater runs all winter—and yet its seats are never sold, for the street-railroad company not only hires the talent but distributes the seats among the sixty-five thousand men and women who are directly or indirectly dependent upon it for their living.

Sometimes the performances are strictly amateur, for the company has discovered that it has latent talent among its own people. A big, husky-voiced starter, who directs travelers in one of its terminals, has made a splendid Marc Antony upon that little stage; while two conductors, whose runs were regularly through the Jewish portions of the town, developed a "backfire talk" that has since become a feature of the vaudeville circuits.

Dioxogen

An Advertisement to Druggists

YOU, who know chemistry, realize the great harm that can come through impure drugs.

You know, too, that many druggists—with no technical training—no realization of the harm they are doing—sell *substitutes* for the really worthy articles which you handle.

You have found that in many cases these cheap stores have taken business away from you that ought to have been yours.

Taken it away by selling at a lower price (even without the knowledge of the buyer) some imitation of the product that has been called for.

You may feel that ultimately it will result in loss of business to them, for the substitute disappoints the buyer

It does not do what had been expected of the genuine article, but

People will go on believing other things are "just as good" until they are told what the real thing does.

For the good of your own business may we suggest that you who have the confidence of your community—

Tell to your customers that *Dioxogen is a positive germicide*

Tell them that Dioxogen prevents and relieves sore throat—by killing the germs that cause it.

Tell them Dioxogen prevents poisonous wounds by killing the germs that cause infection and blood poisoning.

Tell them Dioxogen is an invaluable mouth wash and nasal douche—because it kills the disease germs that enter the body through these passages.

Tell them Dioxogen positively kills disease germs and harmful bacteria whenever it touches them.

Tell them Dioxogen is the "first aid always" for cuts, burns and wounds of every description, because it makes the wound-surgically clean—so nature can do her healing work quickly—completely

Tell your customers Dioxogen should be in every home—every office—every factory.

Tell them Dioxogen is the ounce of prevention.

Tell them Dioxogen is absolutely harmless—a child can use it freely.

When you have told them all these things, your customers will realize why you sell Dioxogen at less profit to yourself, and not a substitute

You may intimate if you like that any one who trifles with health by offering a substitute for mere profit is a pretty dangerous citizen.

This sort of talk will help you.

It will help your business more.

It will help your customers most of all.

And if—by your exploitation of Purity and Honesty—we are slightly the gainers too—What harm?

Dioxogen is a germicide—a germ destroyer—not merely an antiseptic. It is absolutely harmless too.

THREE SIZES:

Small (5⅓ oz.) 25c. Medium (10⅔ oz.) 50c. Large (20 oz.) 75c.

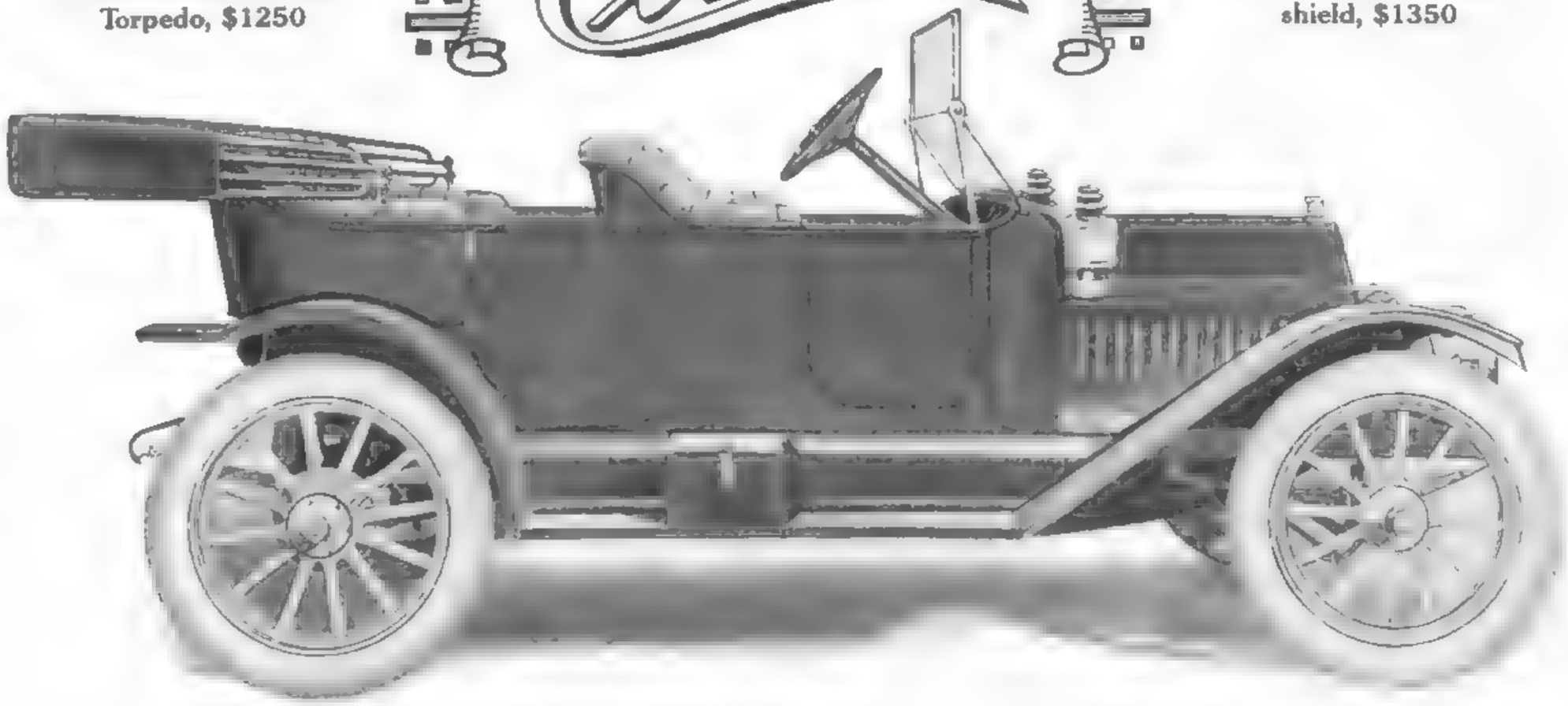
Dioxogen

98 Front Street **New York City**

Five-Passenger Light Torpedo, $1250

Elmore

With Top and Windshield, $1350



Elmore Owners Today are Saying: *"I Told You So"*

THOUSANDS of Elmore owners are noting with satisfaction the wave of enthusiasm for the valveless construction which is sweeping over the motor world. The Elmore valveless two-cycle motor is the one valveless engine which has proved itself and stood the test of a dozen years of successful use on American roads. Elmore owners have long enjoyed the advantages of a highly-efficient motor, free from the valve-troubles which beset the owners of even the highest-priced cars with poppet-valve engines. And during all these years they have been preaching enthusiastically the merit of the valveless principle.

Best of all the Elmore has been and is today offering in a car at a moderate price, a ***demonstrated*** efficiency in valveless construction which is now being ***claimed*** as a wonderful feature in a few of the high-priced cars.

The Elmore is the One Proven Successful Valveless Motor

We were the pioneers in valveless engine construction. We have advocated it since the inception of the automobile industry in America. And we have not stood still. The Elmore motor—a success from its inception—has been refined and simplified until today we believe it to be as perfect a piece of mechanism as human ingenuity can devise.

That is one reason why the output of Elmore cars, though increasing each year, has never come near to satisfying the demand. And it is no secret in the trade that for years other manufacturers have spent thousands of dollars in the effort to devise an automobile gas engine that would equal in efficiency the patented exclusive valveless two-cycle Elmore.

So nowadays when the merits of valveless construction are being trumpeted everywhere, remember that in the Elmore alone will you find a valveless motor which has stood the tests of experience and long usage.

A Car that is Worthy of the Elmore Motor

In every construction detail, Elmore cars are the product of the highest mechanical skill working under the most expert supervision. No detail is too small to receive the most watchful care and attention.

The result is a car mechanically perfect; and the graceful, roomy bodies will favorably compare in style and finish with those of any car at any price.

Interesting Booklet Free on Request

Write for the fascinating story of the Elmore motor and the Elmore car. You'll be interested in noting the development of an idea that today is being acclaimed by the whole motoring world.

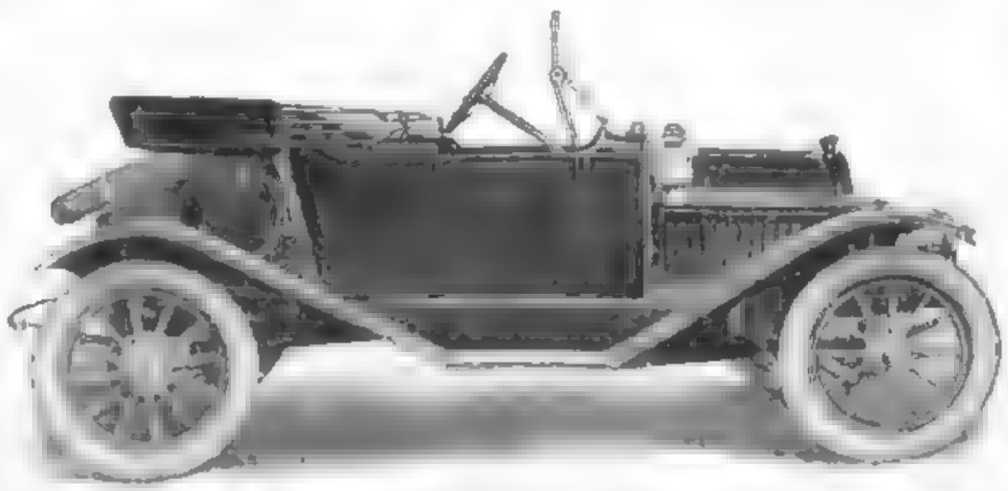
The Elmore Manufacturing Company

Factory, **CLYDE, OHIO**

Address all communications to

General Sales Office, 80 Congress St., East, Detroit, Mich.

Dealers: We want a few additional dealers in certain sections. Everybody in 1912 will be interested in valveless motors—the Elmore has the tried and tested one, and is the *only* popular-priced car with the valveless motor construction. Write us for proposition.



Torpedo Roadster, $1150—Top and Windshield Extra

BILLY FORTUNE AND THAT YOUNG FEELING

Continued from Page 14

pitch-dark when I stumbled up against the place. I'll never tell you how it happened. Mebbe it was just my fool luck; or mebbe it was the swearin' I done; or mebbe it was the prayin'. Did you ever know a cow-puncher could pray? Well, he can, if you put him in a pinch and it ain't himself he's prayin' for.

Anyway, I made it, and there she was, settin' huddled up over the stove with just a little glimmer of firelight. You'd have figured she was right thankful for company, the way she acted, because when I come to after a bit, she had me by the stove, layin' on the floor with my head in her lap, and was rubbin' my face and hands and arms with snow. I expect she'd read that in a book somewheres. It was just exactly the right thing to do; it sure saved me a few ears and fingers. And while she was rubbin' she was makin' funny little soft sounds in her throat, like I was a kid that had got a splinter in its thumb. I didn't make any holler for her to quit, neither; I just laid there with my eyes shut and listened at her till I got ashamed, and then in a minute I got up.

Well, I needn't have bothered, she told me. She was half laughin' and half cryin', and scoldin' and fussin' at me. Did I think she hadn't a bit of sense? Did I believe she didn't know enough to keep in out of the wet? The way she explained it to me, it looked pretty reasonable too. It was just the first day of school and she'd sent the kids home early, and then she'd stayed to get their lessons strung out for 'em, and then when the storm struck she hadn't moved a step outside the door, nor she didn't mean to till it was over. That was what she said. She hadn't been afraid a mite; but all the same she wasn't sorry for company.

The storm didn't let up till away along next day; and then it was just the wind that quit, with the snow keepin' right on thick and heavy, pilin' up deeper and deeper. That didn't matter though. By noon we'd eat all the grub I'd brought from the shack—just a loaf of bread and a couple cans of truck—so I started off to get some more. She wasn't goin' to try to go home yet; it wasn't any use, anyway, because the schoolhouse was a heap more comfortable than her shanty. I fixed it up with her that she wasn't to say nothin' to nobody about my havin' been there. The boys would just have deviled the life out of me; and besides I had somethin' in my mind. When I'd got her convinced I struck off through the drifts.

The rest of it sounds as ridiculous as one of these song-and-dance shows. You won't hardly believe it, I expect. The first place I headed for was the next ranch down the cañon, where Red McGee was horse-wrangler. When I got there he was out with the boss and another lad, tryin' to look after some of the critters and fussin' round. After we'd talked some about what a blazer it had been I coaxed Red off to one side beyond the alfalfa stack.

"Red," I says, "I'm right worried about that schoolma'am, ain't you? What do you reckon has happened to her off there by herself on her claim?"

Red's eyes commenced to pop out. "Well, great snakes!" he says; "I never once thought about her. The poor little thing!" She was a good half a head taller than Red. "The poor little thing!" he says. "It's a darned shame, so it is, us leavin' her that way. She just never come into my head, with the wrastlin' round we've had to do with the stock here."

"Listen, Red," I says to him, gettin' him up closer to me by his sleeve. "Listen the man that rescues her is goin' to stand ace-high with her, ain't he? She's a fine woman, ain't she? I expect I'd have tried it myself if I'd been a marryin' man. But you know I ain't, like you are. Why don't you go and make a try for it?"

It sure caught him by the attention. He stood there silent for a minute, shiftin' from one foot to the other one and broodin' over it.

"Do you reckon so, Billy?" he says "I don't know; I never had no luck with wives." They said he'd had three or four of 'em, scattered round different places. "But she's different. Mebbe it would work better. Do you reckon so?"

"Why, certainly it would," I told him. "Go on, Red! Her shack ain't more than six miles away. You can make it by dark. Go on!"

After he'd lit out I got some grub at the house and packed it over to the schoolhouse, and when I'd fixed her up comfortable I started off the other way to get some more of 'em converted. It was terrible easy. I had to use different ways with different ones, but there wasn't one of 'em that wasn't right willin'. By the middle of the second day when the snow quit there was seven of 'em at the schoolhouse, and three more had blew in by night. A couple of 'em had thought of it by theirselves, but the rest I'd got. All but one of 'em had gone over to her claim first, like I'd told 'em, but they'd wound up at the school ten of 'em by dark, that had come to rescue her and save her life and make her grateful to 'em.

Only they couldn't work at it none, could they? You can see they couldn't, can't you? All they could do was just to bunch up round the hot stove and tell her different things about what a terrible storm it had been, and the time they'd had gettin' there, and how horrible anxious they'd been about her, and keepin' their eyes on each other till mebbe the rest would go away and give 'em a chance. Yes, only there wasn't none of 'em that would pull out. We'd most of us brought her a mess of truck to keep her from starvin' to death, and she fixed supper for us and we eat it; and then every last man went out and begun to root out a bed-ground for himself in the snow and get ready for night. Not one of 'em quit. The girl, I guess she was enjoyin' herself fine, because I'd slipped her word about what I'd been up to and it had tickled her most to death. She certainly had a good eye for fun.

A couple of days afterward it had been turned to a rank picnic. The news had got circulated all over the country about how we was rescuin' the school-teacher, and everybody commenced to take a hand at it. There was trails wore to the schoolhouse from twenty ways, packed so hard you could ride 'em on a dead run for miles and miles, and the boys was comin' from everywhere. You'd have thought the girl was some kind of a queen. The inside of the schoolhouse looked like Christmas, with the loads and loads of stuff that was brought to her. I expect she never did have no better time, and she wasn't in a speck of a hurry to have it quit. Yes, sir, she certainly enjoyed it. There's no tellin' how long it would have lasted if it hadn't been for the professor.

I'd rode down to Sunrise on Friday, on account of her sayin' how good a box of chocolate candy would taste after a whole week of canned stuff and such, and I run up on him just as I was leavin' the commissary. I judged it had been a sort of a fretful week with him, because he was lookin' peaked and frayed out, with a couple of bright red spots in the middle of his cheeks and his eyes excited as a couple of hot coals. He was right glad to see me, by the way he laid hold of me.

"Mr. Fortune!" says he; "I have been in torment, sir. What a frightful week! Tell me: do you know—can you give me any information—have you any news concerning ——" He was gettin' all tangled up.

"Who?" says I. "Teacher? Why, yes, professor. I guess you might say she's one of the survivors. She's snowed in the schoolhouse up in the cañon; but she's livin' yet."

He gripped hold of my arm with both hands. "Thank Heaven!" he says; and then this: "I'm going to save her! I must, sir. Take me to her at once—at once, sir! Can we reach the schoolhouse by conveyance from Sunrise?"

Wasn't that just exactly like him? It sent a laugh all through me; but I was holdin' my face straight. "Well, Billy," I says, "what do you think? Will we let him do it?" "Oh, why not?" says I, "it can't do no hurt to have one more workin' at it, can it? And don't you reckon it'll help out with the fun? Let's let him go." And then I spoke to him.

"Which?" I says. "Conveyance? You mean a buggy? Why, not hardly, professor,

Rexall

"93" SHAMPOO PASTE

Thoroughly cleanses hair and scalp. Removes dandruff and discourages its return. Promotes head comfort. Tends to prevent premature loss of hair by its cleansing, antiseptic effect upon the scalp

A favorite with women because it aids to make the hair soft, silky, fluffy and easy to dress Price, 25c. a jar

Rexall products are sold by only one druggist in a place, the leading druggist whose store is known as

The Rexall Store

There are nearly 5,000 of these stores in the United States and Canada

UNITED DRUG CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Branches: Chicago St. Louis San Francisco Toronto London and Paris

Tired Out!

IT sometimes happens that a woman, on the death of her husband, is left without any means of support. Her duties have not fitted her to meet the problems of making a living for herself and her children, and she has to fall back upon her skill with a needle. Such skill is so poorly paid that poverty and privation stare her in the face.

No man has any excuse for subjecting his wife to such a future. Whatever he earns, a part of it should be used to guarantee her against it.

The Travelers Insurance Company in its Guaranteed Low Cost Monthly Income Policy has the best safeguard ever devised for just this emergency.

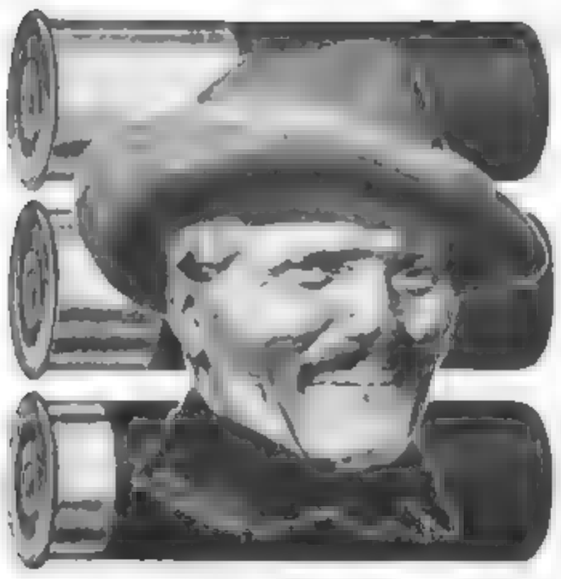
The Travelers Insurance Company

HARTFORD, CONN.

Please send me particulars regarding Guaranteed Low Cost Monthly Income Policy.

Name _____ Business Address

Date of Birth City State



I Want Some of

The Black Shells

Stand in front of your dealer and say that. Take what he hands you and give 'em a trial.

You will not "guess they're all right." You will say, "Crackee! those BLACK SHELLS are the quickest and surest that ever came my way." That's what they all say.

The improvements in the BLACK SHELLS are big enough to count. Here are a few—think 'em over:

The ***Non-Mercuric Primer*** is better than the old mercury-and-ground-glass kind, because it's uniform, sure and quick. The United States Government has discovered this and no longer uses mercuric primers for high explosives, fuses or small-arms ammunition.

The ***Flash Passage*** (the hole in the head through which the flame passes from the primer to the charge) is 100% larger than in ordinary shells. That means *speed*, and a fraction of a second counts when you're stopping a bird on the wing

The BLACK SHELLS are really waterproof—even a ducking won't hurt them. They'll not stick in the barrel and they'll not cut off.

There are *three* classes of BLACK SHELLS.

ROMAX, a black powder shell with 5/16-inch brass.

CLIMAX, the most popular smokeless (both dense and bulk) shell made. Has one-half-inch brass.

AJAX is the highest grade smokeless (both dense and bulk) shell made. Has long, one-inch brass.

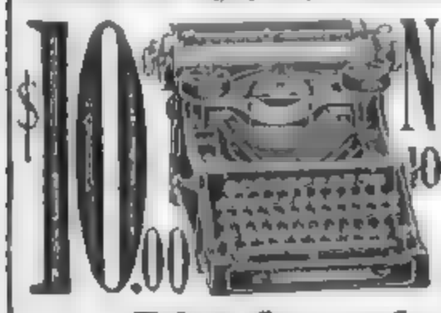
Send for book about shells. It contains [illegible] 10 cents we will send a [illegible] Calendar Dial. Sure to please every shooter.

U.S. CARTRIDGE CO

Dept. S LOWELL, MASS., U. S. A.

SAVE $35

By sending your order now you will do so. And you're buying a typewriter that's the latest and best [illegible] and [illegible] at the [illegible] [illegible] Each [illegible] is fully guaranteed. Everything is visible at all times. It's mighty easy to secure [illegible] just pay



$10.00 NOW 10 CENTS A DAY

Pittsburgh Visible Typewriter

We are sending [illegible] of any number of typewriters [illegible] OF COURSE to people who are operating them [illegible] with great effect. These names will be sent upon request.

If you will do us a small service, which we will explain, we will

GIVE ONE AWAY

For full particulars of this splendid offer just write us a letter and say: "Mail Your Free Offer."

Pittsburgh Visible Typewriter Co.

Established 20 Years

Dept. 29, Union Bank Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

up through the cañon. Can't you ride horseback?"

"I cannot," says he, "but I will. Will you be good enough to secure a mount for me? Please make haste, sir, won't you? This suspense is becoming more than I can endure. Another hour of it would make a nervous wreck of me. Be quick!"

So we went over to the sheds where they kept the mine stock and I started negotiatin' with Snub Harrison. "Somethin' for the professor, Snub," I says—"somethin' safe and reliable."

"Oh—reliable!" says Snub, with his eye on me. "You mean it, Billy? Well, what's the matter with Old Reliable himself? He ain't doin' nothin', with the snow on."

"That's him!" says I; and in a minute here he come, with the saddle on him and his ears droopin', meek as Moses. Old Reliable, they called him, because you never could tell what he was goin' to do. He was the big, hide-worn roan mule that run one of the dumpcarts at the mine. I couldn't help feelin' real pleased with the look of him somehow, without knowin' just why.

We boosted the professor up onto him and then I started ahead on my pony; but I didn't get far. "Wait!" says the professor. "Geddap! Go on, sir. Wait, Mr. Fortune, please. Geddap!" That's what he was sayin', because Old Reliable was just standin' there with his head down and his eyes half shut and his big ears wavin', not stirrin' a step. Nor he wouldn't either. Snub tried several different ways, with me lookin' on; and then I tried some more, with Snub lookin' on, and a couple of the Greeks from the mine stoppin' to look on, and the big yellow tomcat that used to hang round the place comin' up to rub against Snub's legs and look on. It didn't matter; that mule wouldn't budge.

"Well, Billy," says Snub, sort of casual, with his eyes rovin' round—he didn't have a real responsible mind, Snub didn't—"Billy," says he, "here's this cat. We don't exactly need this cat."

"Why, sure!" says I. "That's the very thing." And then Snub caught the cat and took it and tied it to the mule by their two tails, with the professor screwin' round in his saddle and doin' the lookin' on. Askin' questions too, he was. It seemed to be a kind of a new notion to him. But Snub he explained it real reasonable. Snub's one of these scientific liars; if you give him half a chance he can make anything in this world sound right, if there's any devilment in it.

"It's just one of Old Reliable's funny ways, professor," he says, workin' away with a piece of balin' wire, wrappin' their tails up. "He was brought up this way, because they done it the first time he was broke and he got sort of used to it. We've got to keep doin' it with him regular. Only it uses up an awful lot o' cats. We have to keep bringin' 'em up from Hartville by the dozen, and they been costin' us four bits apiece, till we got this old Tom. He's lasted three trips already, and I guess he's good for another one. All set, professor?" And then he let the cat loose.

Oh, I know what you're thinkin'—you're wonderin' how far off it was the professor lit. It wouldn't have done any hurt if he had, with the snow layin' three foot deep; but he didn't. That mule was a bad disappointment to me. There the cat was, hangin' head downward, spittin' and yowlin', and pretty soon he reached out and got hold of the mule's hindleg and started to climb up. And what do you reckon the mule done? He just stood there and turned his head backward to see what the trouble was, and then he didn't do a thing but sit right down. Yes, sir, he sat down. And then he got up again and started off, slow and steady, with the cat danglin' along behind him, just exactly as if Snub had been tellin' the solemn truth. The cat, he was considerable out of shape, but you could tell he was a cat yet. It surprised me so I couldn't do a thing but tag after the mule up the trail; and when I looked back once, there was Snub in the yard with his mouth wide open and his hands in his pockets, starin'. The professor, I couldn't tell what he was thinkin'.

We was quite a ways out before the talk started, and then it didn't amount to nothin'—just limped along. I don't remember a word of it, except once the professor made his mule stop and twisted round to look behind. "Most extraordinary!" says he. "But really, Mr. Fortune, don't you think you might remove that object now? It would be very embarrassing to appear thus in the presence of a lady." So I got down and untied the cat and threw it away. And then what do you think? Well, sir, I'm a liar if that mule didn't just stand stock still and refuse to stir another step till I went and got the remains and tied 'em back on again. You don't believe me, do you? I don't care a hoot whether you do or not; it's the truth. The cat, he was pretty shabby by then with draggin' along through the snow, but it seemed as if havin' that thing knockin' against his legs kind of kept the mule's mind distracted from balkin'. Don't that sound likely to you? Anyway that's just exactly the way we got to the schoolhouse. You can ask anybody in the country if it ain't so.

When we come near the place I don't know where the boys had gone to. There wasn't one of 'em there. It was right early in the afternoon and the day had turned off fine, pretty near as warm as before the storm.

"Yonder she is," I says. "That's the schoolhouse right there. You go ahead now and save her. I'm goin' to just kind of drag along behind." And there he went, straddlin' his old mule and danglin' his old cat. I wish I had a picture of him.

If I couldn't hear it all from where I was, I could hear some of it and I could see a-plenty. When he got up closer she opened the door and studied him for quite a spell, leanin' forward and shadin' her eyes with her hand tryin' to make him out; and then all of a sudden she got to her feet and took a couple steps toward him with her arms stretched out.

"*Alexander!*" she sung out; "why, what in this world!"

I couldn't hear a word of what he said. It looked as if he made a try to get down off his mule and couldn't. I expect he was plumb saddle weary. She had to go and reach up and help him; and then I saw her duck back to the step and set down again, hidin' her face on her arm against the post. If he hadn't liked bein' laughed at before I wonder how he relished it now. She certainly did laugh—laughed and laughed and laughed, and then dropped her head on her knees and laughed some more, and set up and rocked herself backward and forward and laughed some more; and all the while there he stood in front of her, straight and stiff and solemn as a telegraph pole, with his arms folded, lookin' down at her and waitin' till she'd get through. She took her time to it, but by-and-by she stuffed her handkerchief in her mouth to choke it off; and then he commenced. I don't know what he was sayin'; he was makin' her an oration, I expect, by the look of it, because he was makin' the motions. Anyway, he made her quit her laughin'.

In a minute she was just settin' with her hands in her lap and her pretty head droopin' over; and after that, all of a sudden she lifted her head and put out her hand to him, and what did the professor do but take it and bend in the middle and stoop down and kiss it. That was all I wanted to see. I just jerked my pony's head round and slapped in the spurs.

You tell me this, now—you wouldn't have picked out the professor for one of the bouncin' kind, would you? You'd have figured that the bounce had all oozed out of him years and years before he was born. But there's where you'd have been fooled, because he sure had it in him. Yes, sir, that solemn old beanpole was just as young as anybody.

HERE IS PROOF OF SOLID WORTH

THE NEW YORK TIMES, THU

BOGUS MONEY MILL FOUND ON A FARM

Secret Service Agents Pounce Down on a Connecticut Place, Capturing Three Men.

PLANT COMPLETE, THEY SAY

Three Other Prisoners Taken Here and a Large Amount of Silver Confiscated.

Following the arrest of three men in this city last night on charges of counterfeiting, Capt. Flynn of the Secret Service told of a raid that he and six of the Secret Service agents made yesterday on an alleged counterfeiting plant on a lonely farm four miles from [illegible]

The paper used in the National Currency is considered the strongest and most durable possible to manufacture for the purpose, and at the same time possesses such qualities as are capable of producing the highest type of engraving. So when counterfeiters, having hundreds of papers to choose from, select

COUPON BOND

Fac simile Water-mark

The De Luxe Business Paper

as the best substitute for the Government's paper, it's a mighty high tribute to the printing qualities, engraving qualities and wear-resisting qualities of COUPON BOND.

COUPON BOND is [illegible] one of the 34 High Grade Writing Papers [illegible]

Send for the new portfolio of COUPON BOND Specimen Business Forms, Printed, Lithographed and Die stamped. It's a complete guide to good stationery.

American Writing Paper Company

27 Main Street (29 Mills) Holyoke, Mass.

Lenox Guaranteed Goods NOT Sold at Stores

A DOLLAR BILL will bring to your door, all charges prepaid, a "LENOX" Combination Box, containing the biggest kind of surprises in merchandise values.

$1.00

FOR THE WOMAN:

2 pairs guaranteed elastic garter welt Ladies' "LENOX" HOSE, [illegible] Value $0.75

[illegible] Value 1.00

ALL FOR ONE DOLLAR [illegible] Value $[illegible]

FOR THE MAN

[illegible] pairs guaranteed [illegible] "LENOX" Light [illegible] Value $1.00

[illegible] Value $1.00

[illegible] about silkweb garters carrying the "LENOX" guarantee, [illegible] Value [illegible]

ALL FOR ONE DOLLAR Total Retail Value $3.75

[illegible] with the distinct understanding that you to be sole judge in the matter [illegible]

Please remember that the "LENOX" line IS NOT SOLD AT STORES but can only be purchased from us direct or through our accredited agents. This protects you against substitution

We refer to any bank or commercial agency in N. Y. City.

LENOX SILK WORKS, Clerk 1, 5 W. 31st St., New York

We need some good Agents, men and women

Oriole Go-Basket

[illegible] all the requirements of [illegible] Baskets and [illegible] Carriages. [illegible] Made with [illegible] Reed Body, [illegible] Rattan Trimmings. [illegible] Will not [illegible] Write us for [illegible] Catalog [illegible]

THE WITHROW MFG. CO.

2731 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, O.

QUEEN QUALITY
TOBACCO

Just take a whiff of Queen Quality—you'll realize at once that you've got *your* brand at last!

The first whiff of ***Queen Quality*** will *get* you. What's more important, all the other whiffs will *hold* you.

You will taste a tobacco that is *all* tobacco and a real man's smoke.

All dealers have it—it comes in the ***Big Blue Bag.***

Queen Quality is *granulated*. You know what it is best for.

The flavor! All that goes into the ***Big Blue Bag*** is straight, unadulterated, *tasty* tobacco—no bites or bitters or scratchy spots.

When you smoke Queen Quality you don't mutter things about "hay" or "brown paper" or "baby-food."

You linger over Queen Quality. You hang on to its spice and fragrance as long as you can—you *taste* it.

That's the proof! Now then—here's our tip:

You simply can't be unhappy with the Big Blue Bag in your pocket and the strings hanging over the edge.

Ship some at the next tobacco shop. It costs a nickel, Boston to San Francisco, and the quicker you are, the sooner the joy.

F. R. Penn Tobacco Co.
Reidsville
N. C.

A Real Man's Smoke

No-Rim-Cut Tires Proved Average Oversize, 16.7%

Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires are advertised as "10% oversize." And we claim that this oversize adds 25% to the tire mileage.

The actual oversize, over six leading makes, was lately *found to average 16.7%*. Note the table below.

Comparison of Sizes Between Six Leading Makes of Tires

Rated Size		Make	Cubic Capacity	No-Rim-Cut Oversize
30 x 3	1	No-Rim-Cut	489 in.	
"	2		402 "	21.5%
"	3		384 "	25.3 "
"	4		471 "	4.8 "
"	5		385 "	27.5 "
"	6		365 "	34.0 "
32 x 3½	1	No-Rim-Cut	637 "	
"	2		603 "	5.5%
"	3		577 "	10.4%
"	4		536 "	18.6%
"	5		577 "	10.4%
"	6		546 "	16.5%

Rated Size		Make	Cubic Capacity	No-Rim-Cut Oversize
34 x 4	1	No-Rim-Cut	858 in.	
"	2		762 "	12.5%
"	3		760 "	12.7 "
"	4		733 "	17.0 "
"	5		832 "	4.3%
"	6		794 "	8.0%
36 x 4½	1	No-Rim-Cut	1190 "	
"	2		966 "	23.0%
"	3		1064 "	11.8%
"	4		1025 "	16.0%
"	5		1055 "	12.8%
"	6		1080 "	10.1%

Average No-Rim-Cut Oversize, 16.7%

Oversize is not measured by calipers. It is measured by air capacity. Air carries the load.

The figures here show the cubic capacities.

Only three tires in these twenty comparisons came within 10% of our size.

That's because No-Rim-Cut tires have the hookless base. Your removable rim flanges, with these tires, turn outward instead of inward. Thus the tire has an extra flare.

Oversize means over-tired. It means extra carrying capacity without overloading.

It means to save blow-outs—to increase tire mileage—to cut down tire expense.

Yet these oversize tires, which can't rim-cut, cost no more than other standard tires.

That's why they outsell all others.

Adopted This Year by 127 Leading Makers

For the year 1910, 44 leading motor car makers contracted for Goodyear tires.

For the year 1911, 64 makers came to them.

For this year we have contracts from the makers of **108 leading cars.**

Last year we sold more automobile tires than in **the previous 12 years put together.**

The sales in late years have doubled over and over, as users have found the tires out

Goodyear No Rim-Cut tires now far outsell any other tires in existence. Our present capacity is **3,800 tires daily.**

Done by Users

This overwhelming demand has been quickly created by the men who have used these tires.

Tens of thousands of users told tens of thousands of others how their tire bills were cut in two.

And last year we sold enough of these tires to **completely equip 102,000 cars.**

Average Saving, $20 Per Tire

We don't intend to make overclaims regarding these patented tires. The facts alone are sufficient.

With these, as with all tires, the service rendered depends on proper use.

But these tires can't be rim-cut. And statistics show that 23 per cent of all ruined clincher tires have been rim cut

That saving is sure.

It is also a known fact that 10 per cent oversize, under average conditions, adds 25 per cent to the tire mileage

And No-Rim-Cut tires, as shown above, average more than 10 per cent oversize.

It is safe to say that these two features together, under average conditions, save $20 per tire.

What We Control

We control by patent the only practical way to get rid of the hooked-base tire.

No-Rim-Cut tires are not hooked to the rims. So you simply reverse your removable rim flanges and let them curve outward

That gives a resting edge which cannot cut the tire, even when run flat.

It gives an extra flare which permits the oversize

And it doubles the ease of removing the tire when you need to

---

But back of these features lies a tire perfected by 13 years of tests

Year after year, on a tire testing machine, we have compared formulas and fabrics, methods and processes, until the Goodyear tire has been brought close to perfection

By actually wearing out tires under every road condition, we have learned how to make the most durable tires.

Double-Thick Treads

Now these tires, if wanted, come with double-thick Non-Skid treads.

That means an extra tread of very tough rubber, vulcanized onto the regular.

This extra tread consists of deep-cut, sharp-cut blocks. They present to the road surface countless edges and angles, causing a bulldog grip.

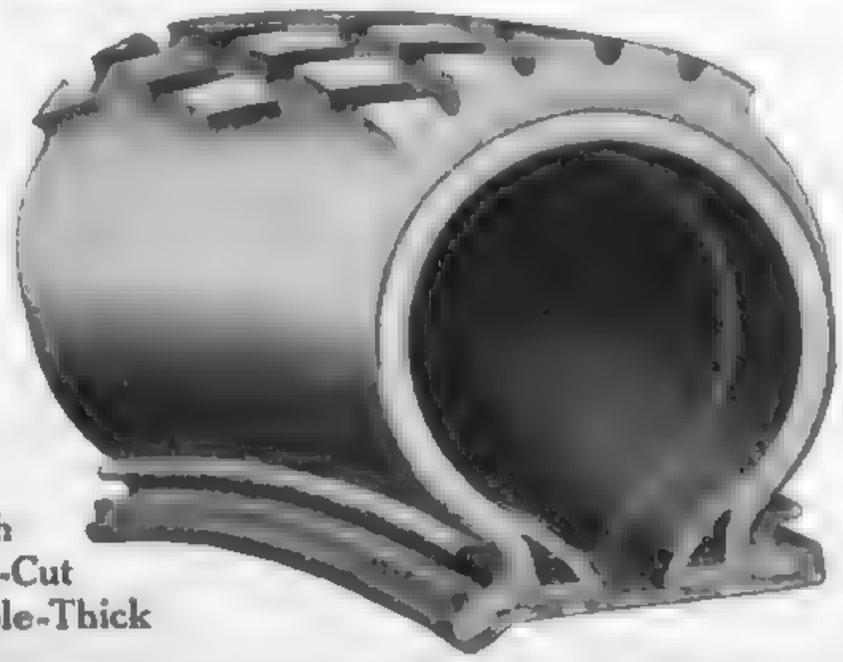
A moment's comparison with other non-skids will show the Goodyear's enormous advantage.

All of these features—each the best of its kind—are found in Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires.

That's why these tires now dominate the field. Every motor car owner who makes a comparison is simply bound to insist on them.

Our new Tire Book is ready. It is filled with facts, based on 13 years of tire making, which every tire user should know. Ask us to mail it to you.

THE NEW GOODYEAR NON-SKID TREAD



Tough
Deep-Cut
Double-Thick

GOODYEAR

No-Rim-Cut Tires

With or Without Non-Skid Treads

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities

We Make All Kinds of Rubber Tires, Tire Accessories and Repair Outfits

Main Canadian Office, Toronto, Ont.

Canadian Factory, Bowmanville, Ont.

(463)

THE LIGHTED WAY

(Continued from Page 21

little more natural, but she still clung to him. Arnold felt his head dizzy as though with strong wine.

"Fenella," he said, using her name boldly, "your brother has been talking to me tonight. All that he said I can understand from his point of view, but what may be well for him is not well for others who are weaker. If you have been foolish, if the love of adventure has led you into any folly, think now and ask yourself whether it is worth while. Give it up before it is too late."

"It is because I have so little courage," she murmured, looking at him with swimming eyes, "and one must do something. I must live, or the tugging of the chain is there all the time."

"There are many things in life that are worth while," he declared. "You are young and rich and you have a husband who would do anything in the world for you. It isn't worth while to get mixed up in these dangerous schemes."

"What do you know of them?" she asked curiously.

"Not much," he admitted. "Your brother was talking tonight a little recklessly. One gathered ——"

"Andrea sometimes talks wildly because it amuses him to deceive people, to make them think that he is worse than he really is," she interrupted. "He loves danger, but it is because he is a brave man."

"I am sure of it," Arnold replied, "but it does not follow that he is a wise one."

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Tell me one of those many ways of living that are worth while?" she whispered. "Point out one of them only. Remember that I, too, have the spirit of restlessness in my veins. I must have excitement at any cost."

He sighed. She was, indeed, in a strange place.

"It seems so hopeless," he said, "to try to interest you in the ordinary things of life."

"No one could do it," she admitted. "I was not made for domesticity. Sometimes I think that I was not made to be wife to any man. I am a gambler at heart. I love the fierce draughts of life. Without them I should die."

"Yet you married Samuel Weatherley!" Arnold exclaimed.

She laughed bitterly.

"Yes; I was in a prison-house," she answered, "and I should have welcomed any jailer who had come to set me free. I married him and sometimes I try to do my duty. Then the other longings come, and Hampstead and my house and my husband and my parties and my silly friends seem like part of a dream. Mr. Chetwode—Arnold!"

"Fenella!"

"We were to be friends, we were to help one another. Tonight I am afraid and I think that I am a little remorseful. It was my doing that you dined tonight with Andrea. I have wanted to bring you, too, into the life that my brother lives, into the life where I also make excursions sometimes. It is not a wicked life, but I do not know that it is a wise one. I was foolish. It was wrong of me to disturb you. After all you are good and solid and British. You were meant for the other ways. Forget everything. It is less than a week since you came first to dine with us. Blot out those few days. Can you?"

"Not while I live!" Arnold replied. "You forget that it was during those few days that I met you."

"But you are foolish," she declared, laying her hand upon his and smiling into his face, so that the madness came back and burned in his blood. "There is no need for you to be a gambler; there is no need for you to stake everything upon these single *coups*. You haven't felt the call. Don't listen for it."

"Fenella," he whispered hoarsely, "what was I doing when Samuel Weatherley was shipwrecked on your island!"

She laughed.

"Oh, you stupid boy!" she cried. "What difference would it have made?"

"You can't tell," he answered. "Has no one ever moved you, Fenella? Have you never known what it is to care for any one?"

"Never," she replied. "I only hope that I never shall."

"Why not?"

"Because I am a gambler," she declared; "because to me it would mean risking everything. And I have seen no man in the whole world strong enough and big enough for that. You are my very dear friend, Arnold, and you are feeling very sentimental and your head is turned just a little, but after all you are only a boy. The taste of life is not yet between your teeth."

He leaned closer toward her. She put his arm gently away, shaking her head all the time. She was looking up at him, her eyes filled with a curious light, her lips slightly parted. She was so close that the perfume in which her clothes had lain, faint though it was, came to him.

"I don't think that you have a heart at all!" he exclaimed.

"It is the old selfish cry, that," she answered. "Please do not be foolish, Arnold. Do not be like those silly boys who only plague one. With you and me things are more serious."

The car came to a standstill before the portals of Pelham Lodge. Arnold held her fingers for a moment or two after he had rung the bell. Then he turned away. She called him back.

"Come in with me for a moment," she murmured. "Tonight I am afraid. Mr. Weatherley will be in bed. Come in and sit with me for a little time until my courage returns."

He followed her into the house. There seemed to Arnold to be a curious silence everywhere. She looked in at several rooms and nodded.

"Mr. Weatherley has gone to bed," she announced. "Come into my sitting room. We will stay there for five minutes at least."

She led the way across the hall toward the little room into which she had taken Arnold on his first visit. She tried the door and came to a sudden standstill, shook the handle, and looked up at Arnold in amazement.

"It seems as though it were locked," she remarked. "It's my own sitting room. No one else is allowed to enter it. Groves!"

She turned round. The butler had hastened to her side.

"What is the meaning of this?" she asked. "My sitting room is locked on the inside."

The man tried the handle incredulously. He, too, was dumfounded.

"Where is your master?" asked Mrs. Weatherley.

"He retired an hour ago, madam," the man replied. "It is most extraordinary, this."

She began to shiver. Groves leaned down and tried to peer through the keyhole. He rose to his feet hastily.

"The lights are burning in the room, madam," he exclaimed, "and the key is not in the door on the other side! It looks very much as though burglars were at work there. If you will allow me I will go round to the window outside. There is no one else up."

"I will go with you," Arnold said.

"If you please, sir," the man replied.

They hurried out of the front door and round to the side of the house. The lights were certainly burning in the room, and the blind was half drawn up. Arnold reached the window-sill with a spring and peered in.

"I can see nothing," he said to Groves. "There doesn't seem to be any one in the room."

"Can you get in, sir?" the man asked from below. "The sash seems to be unfastened."

Arnold tried it and found it yielded to his touch. He pushed it up and vaulted lightly into the room. Then he saw that a table was overturned and a key was lying on the floor. He picked it up and fitted it into the door. Fenella was waiting outside.

"I can see nothing here," he announced, "but a table has been upset."

She pointed to the sofa and gripped his arm.

"Look!" she cried. "What is that?"

Arnold felt a thrill of horror and for a moment the room swam before his eyes. Then he saw clearly again. From underneath the upholstery of the sofa a man's hand was visible, stretching into the room almost as far as his elbow. They both stared, Arnold stupefied with horror. On the little finger of the hand was a ring with a blood-red seal!

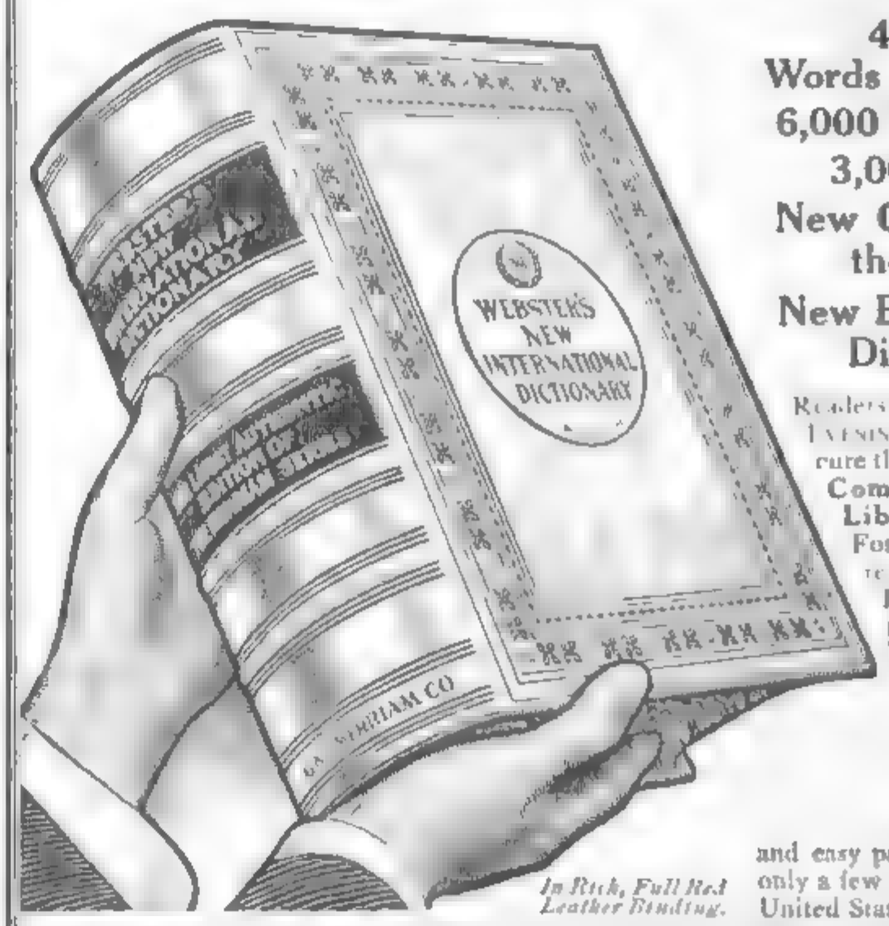
(TO BE CONTINUED)

1912 Atlas WITH NEW CENSUS GIVEN

To the readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST who take advantage of this **Offer** now made in connection with

Webster's NEW International

New from cover to cover



In Rich, Full Red Leather Binding.

400,000 Words and Phrases
6,000 Illustrations
3,000 Pages
New Gazetteer of the World
New Biographical Dictionary

Readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST can now secure this **Newest** and **Most Complete Reference Library** in Dictionary Form on the following remarkable easy terms. The entire work in full leather (with Atlas)

Delivered for $1.00

and easy payment thereafter of only a few cents a week in the United States or Canada.

WHAT EMINENT AUTHORITIES SAY

United States Court of Claims: "We consider the work a distinct advance over other dictionaries which have come under our observation."

Nicholas Murray Butler, President Columbia University: "Marks new advances even upon its excellent predecessor."

Dr. C. H. Parkhurst, New York City: "It is a marvel of completeness and an indispensable feature of the library of every man who cares to know of words."

New York Sun: "Not a word or a definition in which some change for improvement has not been made."

"To have this work in the home is like sending the whole family to college."

To those who respond at once we will send a copy of an amusing "Test in Pronunciation" (with key), entitled "The Americanization of Carver," and also a "Red Face-simile Booklet" of interesting questions, with references to their answers.

The ATLAS

is the New Census 1912 "New Reference Atlas of the World," containing 128 pages of maps beautifully printed in colors with marginal reference indexes, besides illustrated description of **PANAMA CANAL**, all handsomely bound in red cloth, size 10¼ x 13½. Mail this coupon at once to

G. & C. MERRIAM CO.
Springfield, Mass.
Publishers of GENUINE Webster Dictionaries for over 68 Years

Home Office (Coupon)

G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Springfield, Mass.:

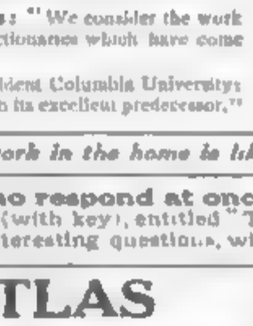
Please send me, free of all charges or expense, a copy of "Test in Pronunciation" and also "Red Face-simile Booklet," with special terms of your SATURDAY EVENING POST Free Atlas offer on the enlarged edition of "Webster's NEW International Dictionary."

Name _____

Address _____

The Interlock
WINTER UNDERWEARS

All the warmth without the weight of ordinary winter underwear. Get Interlock and have real comfort. Made on patented Interlock machines by several leading manufacturers. Whether their labels appear or not be sure you see the name Interlock and the metal lock.



For Men and Boys—cotton, merino
For Infants
Write us for booklet and sample
General Knit Fabric Company Utica N Y

The Light of Kings; The King of Lights

PYRO (Denatured Alcohol) **Lamps**

Are used exclusively in Cuba
Why not use them in YOUR palace?
Brighter than Electricity, Cheaper than Kerosene
Special Inducements NOW
The Alcohol Utilities Co.
40 East 21st St., New York

OFFICE SPACE IS MONEY
Don't Waste It!

Every square foot of space in your office has value. Use it to the best advantage by installing

CHL ART STEEL
TYPEWRITER STAND AND CABINET
SAVES TIME, RENT and MATERIALS and INCREASES EFFICIENCY

DESCRIPTION: Rigid steel frame, absolutely indestructible, ample space for full week's supply of stationery. Wood platforms—silent under operation, and easily moved when on casters, half turn of lever makes it rigid and immovable. Closes and locks at night.

Include in your letter [illegible] 15 days' [illegible] state what [illegible] dealer or through [illegible] you will give us [illegible] free trial return to dealer [illegible]

15 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

Office Supply Dealers who will handle the line write us for a special proposition

Closed *Open*

The Toledo Metal Furniture Co., 2173 Dorr St., Toledo, Ohio
Makers of Famous Chl Art Steel Furniture

WIN-SUM
Summer weight from waist up and winter weight from waist down. No side seams

SEEM LESS
Thinner at waist line without sacrificing strength. No side seams to rub, nip or ravel.

PRIZE WINNERS

Women wearing fine-ribbed, knitted-to-form Richelieu Union Suits having no side seams to cause irritation beneath snug corsets, enjoy comfort and style impossible in other underwear.

If you are not enjoying this comfort, ask your dealer for

Richelieu

All styles of cut. Priced from $1 to $3

PRIZE CONTEST AWARDS

Following are the winners of the principal prizes offered for the best reasons why Richelieu underwear surpasses all other:

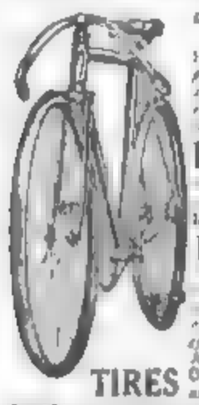
1st prize: Miss Bertha M. Barber, Hawarden, Ia.
2nd " Mrs. John M. Kent, Glastonbury, Conn.
3rd " Mrs. D. J. Murphy, Toledo, O.
4th " Mrs. J. V. Durree, Denver, Colo.
5th " Mrs. Elizabeth Pelton, Erie, Pa., St. Clair Jennings, Washington, D. C., Mrs. Catherine Jewett, East Brownfield, Me., Miss Harriet A. White, Ithaca, N. Y., Albertine G. Nohler, Cleveland, O.

6th prize: S. A. Leadley, Graniteville, S. I., Mrs. Ella M. Bach, Hammond, Ind.; Nora V. Gill, Cincinnati, O., Mrs. Ada H. Wright, Keene, N. H., Miss Virginia B. McGrath, Louisville, Ky., Miss Anna M. E. Carlson, Evanston, Ill., Margaret Scott Wesson, Chicago, Ill., Mrs. Jane Stanley, Victor, N. Y., Mrs. G. F. Roddy, Roswell, New Mexico, Miss Mildred Montrose, Pierce, Neb.

Seventy-five participants in seventh prize have been notified by mail. The judges were three advertising men of New York

RICHELIEU KNITTING CO.

60 Broad Street *Send for Unusual Booklet.* **Utica, New York**



"RANGER" BICYCLES

Have imported roller chains, sprockets and pedals, New Departure Coaster Brakes and [illegible]

FACTORY PRICES [illegible] A few good second-hand machines $3 to $8

10 Days' Free Trial We ship on approval [illegible] DO NOT BUY [illegible] special prices and a marvelous new offer. A postal brings everything. Write it now.

TIRES Coaster Brake Rear Wheels, lamps, parts and sundries half usual prices. Rider Agents [illegible] and sundries. Write today

MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. P-55 CHICAGO

It's Moth-Proof

This Red Cedar Chest on 15 Days' Free Trial! Freight Prepaid!

A Piedmont Southern Red Cedar Chest [illegible] Beautiful, decorative, unique, useful [illegible] Perfect Storage [illegible] Moth, Mouse, Dust and Damp Proof. The [illegible] handsome catalog [illegible]

PIEDMONT RED CEDAR CHEST CO., Dept. 58, Statesville, N. C.

LAW

Study at Home

Graduate correspondence instruction [illegible] Wis., Mich., Ia., Stanford [illegible] others. Very low cost and easy terms. Also business law [illegible]

La Salle Extension University, Box 3284, Chicago, Ill.

MARVEL SOLDER

INSTANTLY MENDS ALL LEAKS

In all kinds of household utensils—enameled, tin, iron, copper, brass or [illegible] Just squeeze [illegible] over hole or crack and it's repaired. Hardening. It makes solid, smooth surface. Patches all machinery. Fine for motorists. Send 10c for trial tube.

MARVEL SOLDER CO. 1937 Broadway, Dept. 9, New York

AGENTS WANTED QUICK SALES BIG PROFITS

Fluffy Ruffles

In the Swinging Compartment Box

"One Dollar the Pound" Expressed Prepaid Everywhere

The very latest attraction in both confection and package. A full assortment of rarest, most select *fruit and nut-meat delicacies*—dipped in *Ceylon Creamery Chocolate.*

One Two Three and Five Pound Boxes

[illegible] ply you send to us.

The Pyramid Cabinet [illegible] without touching any of the others

Benedetto Allegretti Co.

Makers of World-Famous Chocolates 220-224 Randolph St., Chicago, U. S. A.

The Bally Little Bottles

PARADOXICAL as it may seem, there is no better custodian of a secret than a newspaperman. Any one of a dozen reporters, by betraying a state secret, might have caused serious international complications between England and Europe during the Spanish-American War. The story is an old one now, known perhaps to a hundred newspapermen; so there can be no harm in making it public. In substance, it follows.

When George Dewey, commanding the American fleet, received word at Hongkong to take Manila, Admiral Sir Edward Hobart Seymour's flag flew from a British man-of-war in the harbor. The day before Dewey sailed on his mission a flag officer from Admiral Seymour's ship visited the Olympia. He was met by a subaltern of equal rank.

"I just came over to make a little call," the Britisher explained.

The American and the Englishman went to the wardroom, where each drank to the other's health. The Britisher after a while called the American aside.

"I say, old chap," he said, "my old man told me to tell your old man that if you need any supplies or anything he would be most delighted to outfit you with them. You know we have some good Scotch, some most excellent mineral water and a good many other bally little things you are likely to need on a cruise of this kind."

The American didn't have to be hit between the eyes.

"Well," he replied, "what we need most are six-inch bottles. If you have more of those than you require we would be glad to borrow a few."

The American was told that he could have all the "six-inch bottles" desired if he would send a vessel to a certain deserted little cove. An expedition was sent to the described spot and there the American gunners found the "six-inch bottles" they sought. They took them aboard, sailed the next day, and history has told just how effective those "bottles" were in silencing the Spanish guns!

A Collector's Luck

THE collector of antiques changes his taste as he advances, of course, and collectors differ in their fancy. You will find people who will go into ecstasies over plain pieces of undoubted age. The truth is that in the old times, as today, some furniture was made for persons of means and taste, and other furniture for persons of moderate circumstances. The distinction between gentlemen's stuff and peasant stuff has remained through all these years. Eventually you will lean toward the former in your preference if you are collecting, as the writer always has, not for the purpose of sale but for personal use or, rather, personal ownership. Beautiful things always have cost money.

Sometimes gentlemen's stuff got into peasant use, and sometimes it has gone back again to the homes of gentlefolk. No one can tell the history of some of the good old pieces which he finds offered for sale in dealers' collections, or even in private ownership. The most unhappy moment I ever spent in my life was in the presence of two absolutely splendid Sheffield trays which rested in the dining room of a Southern lady's home.

"I see you envy me, sir," said she, smiling.

"Yes!" I sobbed.

"Do you know what I gave for those two fine trays?" she asked.

"Oh, I suppose about two dollars each, maybe—it is just the luck of some people!"

"You are very nearly right," said she. "I found them out in the country at an old farmhouse; and how do you think they were being used? The man had a stone wall round his front yard, and he used these two big trays as gates to keep the pigs from running through gaps in the wall! Of course I had them all replated."

What are pieces such as these worth to the owner? No one can tell. To be sure, they had to be replated—electroplated in this case—and electroplate is not the old rolled plate; but they were copper, not white metal. These trays were almost four feet long, the largest and finest I ever saw.

"Now, will I make them as beautiful as they are practical," said O. H. L. Wernicke—the father of Sectional Bookcases—when he became president of The Macey Co.

Macey
Book Cabinets

Do Not Look Sectional—
But They Are

They have the style of Old Master furniture. You can see it yourself; it stands out so you can't help seeing it.

You may have them in Colonial, Chippendale, Sheraton, Arts-and-Crafts or Mission design, any size; any finish; and they actually cost less than *ordinary* bookcases.

You would like them in your home!

Macey Book Cabinets are on sale with merchants in every locality and are warranted to give complete satisfaction.

A 72-page style book and price list which is full of helpful information, may be had for the asking by addressing the designers and makers *The Macey Co., No. 940 So. Division St., Grand Rapids, Mich.—"The Home of Good Furniture."*

By the way—
that story
of
three generations
is on
page 47

You Can Sell Oil

[illegible] hours a day [illegible]

THE VAN CLEVE COMPANY, 250 Fifth Avenue, New York City

The real value of the

Cadillac

is not adequately expressed by its price

If you are familiar with motor car conditions you know that the Cadillac dealer is practically outside the zone of competition.

Almost everybody is Cadillac-convinced—almost everybody concedes its unique reputation.

But have you realized the full and splendid extent of that reputation?

It was brought home to us (for the thousandth time) in a new way, the other day, when we banteringly asked one of the most prominent dealers in the Cadillac organization:

"Don't your customers *ever* speak of other cars in comparison with the Cadillac?"

And he answered in all seriousness: "Only those of the very highest price—*and then not in disparagement of the Cadillac.*"

Conditions in your own locality will confirm this.

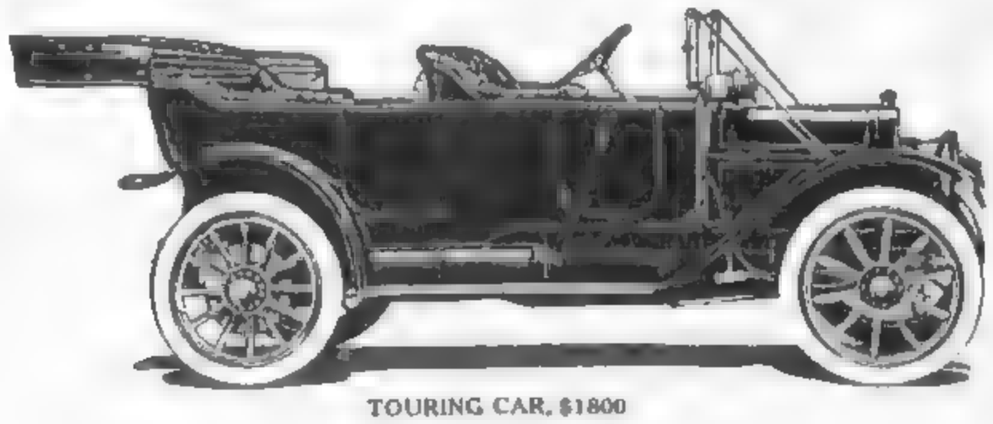
And you can probably recall several instances—as nearly everyone can—in which the ownership of much higher priced cars has been exchanged for Cadillac ownership.

Taken together, the two sets of facts constitute a profession of confidence in the integrity of Cadillac construction which should be conclusive in establishing its value to you.

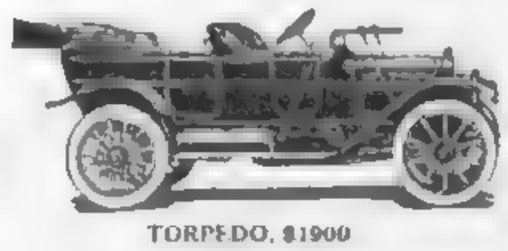
You know what a dependable car the Cadillac is. You will appreciate, therefore, how much it means when we say that there are now more than five thousand 1912 Cadillacs in the hands of more than five thousand enthusiastic users, who without exception are every day having demonstrated to them that the Delco system of automatic electric starting and electric lighting is precisely as dependable as every other feature of the Cadillac car.

Intensified by the luxury of the system which performs the triple function of starting, lighting and igniting, the *PERFECTEDNESS* of the Cadillac has reached a point which is not adequately expressed by the money cost of the car in comparison with existing price standards.

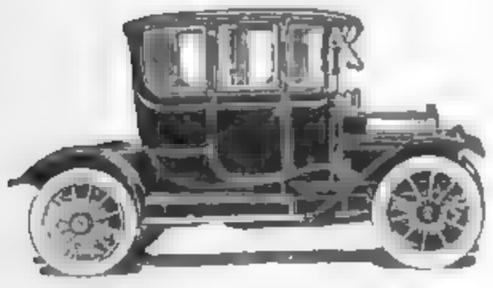
PHAETON, $1800



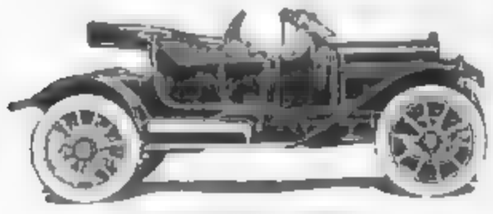
TOURING CAR, $1800



TORPEDO, $1900

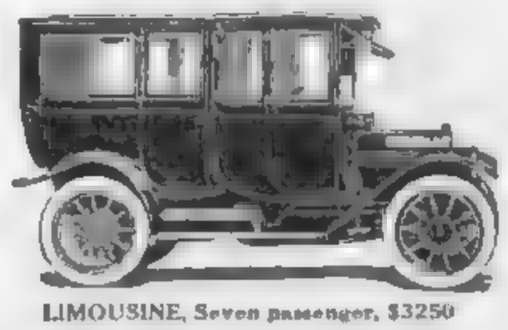


COUPE, Four passenger, $2250



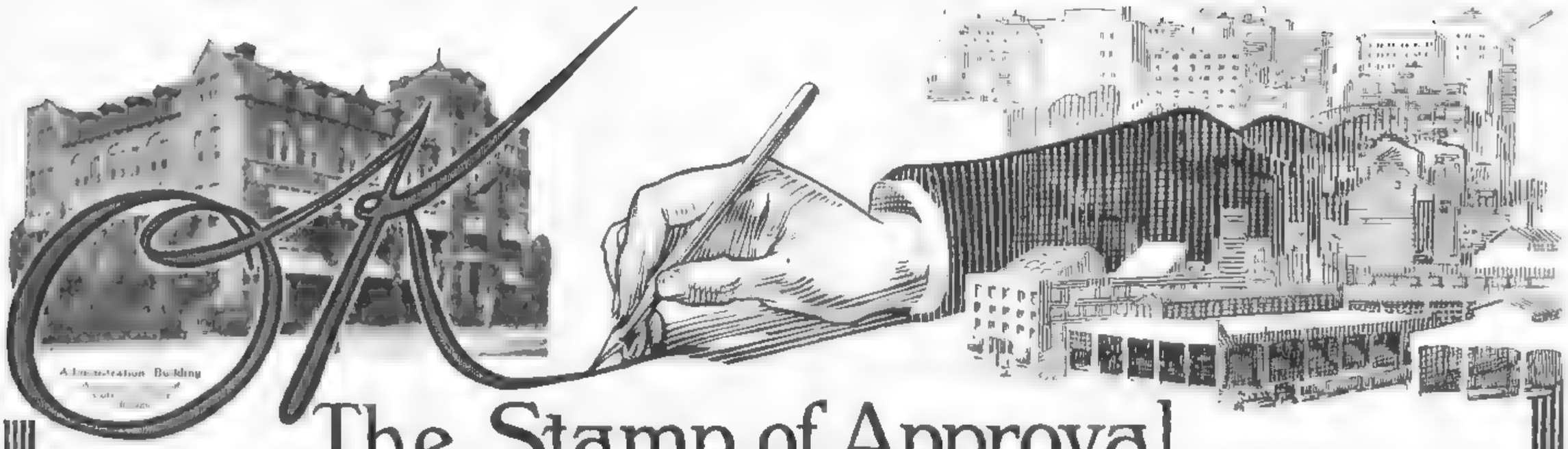
ROADSTER, $1800

Prices are F. O. B. Detroit, and include standard equipment.



LIMOUSINE, Seven passenger, $3250

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR CO. DETROIT, MICH.



The Stamp of Approval

NEARLY half the students of the American School of Correspondence are directed to it by those who have already taken its courses, by those who have put its training to the ***hard, practical tests,*** who ***know*** the value of its training, ***because they are holding better positions and drawing bigger salaries, as the direct result.*** Only a short time ago these men were right where you are now. They were discontented and drawing small salaries. They saw men around them holding good positions and ***they*** wanted good positions. They saw men drawing good salaries and ***they*** wanted good salaries. When the American School offered them a way to make themselves ***worth more*** by ***knowing more*** they jumped at the chance.

They made a start—they signed the coupon

and mailed it. In spare moments and without great effort each one acquired ***special knowledge and training*** that made him ***more valuable*** to his employer, that fitted him to step into a better position at the first opportunity.

These men have done nothing that ***you*** can't do. There isn't anything difficult or mysterious about it. It costs you nothing to sign the coupon and we'll send no agents to see you, for we don't want one. We'll simply send you information as to ***how you can make yourself worth a bigger salary and get it.***

The American School is one of the largest educational institutions in the world. It is the largest correspondence school that secures its students entirely by correspondence and upon its reputation.

The American School is a "quality" school, in the class of students it enrolls, the instruction it offers, the success of its graduates and the influential men who recommend it. The instructors of the American School are men pre-eminent in the various subjects they teach.

The American School stands back of every student, encouraging him to do his best and giving him instruction equal to that of the largest residence schools.

You can make ***your*** start to-day by signing and mailing the coupon. Remember—an agent will not bother you in your home or at your work—we'll simply mail complete information about the course you want to take up.

American School of Correspondence, Chicago, U. S. A.

Your Opportunity Coupon

American School of Correspondence, Chicago, U. S. A.

Please send me your Bulletin and tell me how I qualify for the position marked "X"

Automobile Operator	Lawyer
Draftsman	Fire Ins. Engineer
Architect	Telephone Expert
Building Contractor	Moving Picture Op'r
Structural Engineer	Bookkeeper
Civil Engineer	Stenographer
Electrical Engineer	Accountant
Elec. Light and Power Supt.	Cost Accountant
Practical Mechanic	Cert'd Public Accountant
Sanitary Engineer	Auditor
Steam Engineer	Business Manager
Reclamation Engineer	College Preparatory

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

OCCUPATION _____

112 PAGE POULTRY BOOK FREE

Tells how to succeed with poultry and eggs. How to feed for eggs. How to breed for eggs. How to mate. How to raise chicks. How to feed chicks. How to make money with poultry. Describes Prairie State Incubators and Brooders. Contains Low Factory Prices. Send for your copy today.

PRAIRIE STATE Incubators and Brooders

You will be surprised at the information it contains. It's free. Write a postal for copy today.

Prairie State Incubator Co., 434 Main St., Homer City, Pa.

Get This Bargain Offer

Big 1912 surprise on quality and price. Hatchers backed by my 25 years' experience. If not satisfied, money back.

MILLER'S IDEAL

Incubators and brooders are better than ever. Send for my new catalog and bargain offer.

Send Your Name Now

J. W. Miller Co., Box 110, Freeport, Ill.

Don't Start Poultry Keeping

till you have read the Six Free Chapters written by Robert Essex after a Quarter Century's Experience in the business. They tell *How to Make Money With Poultry, How to Start, Cost of Poultry Houses, Contents of Houses and Yards, Methods of Feeding, Secrets of Success, Diseases and Remedies, How to Breed for EGGS RIGHT, How to Hatch and Rear Chicks, Capacity of Incubators and Brooders.* The book is FREE. Write today. Address

ROBERT ESSEX INCUBATOR CO., 165 Henry St., Buffalo, N.Y.

GALBRAITH TREES

Buy direct from grower—big saving on every order—better trees. Freight paid. Apple, 1 year tops on 3 year roots, 80c per 10, $70 per M. Everything equally low. 5 new Strawberry Plants for testing, free.

GALBRAITH NURSERY CO., Box 48, Fairbury, Neb.

FINE GARDEN FOR 94c

Cut down cost of living by growing vegetables in yard. This splendid assortment of vegetable and flower seeds, a big value at $1.50—our special introductory price only 94c. Complete directions for planting, cultivating and harvesting, *free*. Write today for catalog. O. B. Jones Seed Co., Box 733 A, Sioux Falls, S. D.

125-Egg Incubator and Brooder

Freight Paid East of Rockies Both for $10

Hot water; double walls, copper tank, Calif. Redwood—best construction. Guaranteed. Order direct or write for Free Catalog. Wisconsin Incubator Co., Box 157, Racine, Wis.

140 Egg Incubator and 140 Chick Brooder both for $10

Made of California Redwood, covered with asbestos and galvanized iron, copper tanks, [illegible]

Ironclad Incubator Co., Box 84, Racine, Wis.

Aid for Poultrymen A New Book By Geo. H. Lee,

poultry authority and builder of Mandy Lee Incubators and Brooders. Solves hatching and brooding problems, gives plain rules vital to success. Great aid to beginners, pointers for every lucky and every wise[illegible] authoritative. One copy free.

GEO. H. LEE CO. 1160 Harney St., Omaha, Neb.

YOUR GRANDFATHER WAS A BOY

when "Peter Henderson Seeds" began to establish a reputation for high quality and dependability. "Sterling" on **Silver**, "18k" on **Gold** and "Henderson" on **Seeds** are the marks which stand for **Best.**

START RIGHT. The success of your garden depends on the reputation behind the **Seeds.** By the time poor seeds have proved themselves worthless it is usually too late in the season to start all over with **good Seeds. Start right,** and prevent disappointment.

What We Want to Send You

One copy "Everything for the Garden," a real [illegible] Weight one pound, [illegible] complete catalogue [illegible]

One copy "Garden Guide and Record," a book that should be in the hands of everyone whether planting for pleasure or profit. Tells just "How and Why." Planting schedules, cultural directions, "Tricks of the Trade" and even cooking recipes which will be appreciated by every housekeeper.

One packet Ponderosa Tomato
One packet Big Boston Lettuce
One packet Scarlet Globe Radish
One packet Invincible Asters
One packet Mammoth Butterfly Pansies
One packet Giant Spencer Sweet Peas

[Packed in a Coupon Envelope, which will be accepted as 25 cents in cash toward payment on your next order amounting to $1.00 or over.]

All we ask is—tell us where you saw this advertisement and enclose 10 cents in stamps to only help pay cost of sending *all the above to you.*

PETER HENDERSON & CO. 35 & 37 CORTLANDT ST. NEW YORK CITY **EST. 1847**

The story of a muslin sack is on page 47

A Bright New Book of 178 Pages for 1912

Telling the Plain Truth about BURPEE-QUALITY SEEDS, is mailed Free of Cost, to Gardeners everywhere, upon Application to

W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO., Burpee Buildings, Philadelphia

The Roosevelt Gun

To any boy or newsdealer that sells *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* or *The Country Gentleman,* a Fox Sterlingworth Hammerless Shotgun will be given for 745 Brown Vouchers.

This is the famous Roosevelt gun which the ex-President used in Africa. In the Arena Gun Catalogue Mr. Roosevelt says: "I had a Fox No. 12 Shotgun. No better gun was ever made." Full particulars, including an explanation of our Rebate-Voucher Plan, sent upon request. Write to

Desk A, Sales Division
The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Penna.

Have You a Home Acre?

Do you grow vegetables, fruit and flowers in a small garden to supply your home needs? Are you interested in how to get a living from [illegible]? Have you had experiences which would be helpful to others? Will you write about them for the benefit of others?

Articles presenting helpful details of the plan, care and results of intensive gardening and fruit growing, whether on the farm or in the village, will be carefully considered and, when available, will be paid for at current rates.

Address The Editors, The Country Gentleman
The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Penna.

Where Opportunities Abound

—Come to the Southeast and Grow Wealthy—

Buy farm land at $10 an acre up and watch it quickly double [illegible] The first year's crop often returns purchase price. Plenty of rain—no expensive irrigation necessary, no droughts—no ice storms. Winters mild, summers [illegible]

Rapidly growing cities demand more farm produce.

Beef, pork, poultry, sheep and dairying pay handsomely. Truck crops, alfalfa, corn, cotton, nuts, fruits and apples are making Southern farmers rich. Subject of book is "Southern Field" and state booklets, FREE.

M. V. RICHARDS, L. and I. Agt. Sa. Ry., Room 83, Washington, D. C.

Foy's Big Book MONEY IN POULTRY and SQUABS

Tells how to start small and grow big. Describes world's largest pure-bred poultry farm and gives a great mass of useful poultry information. Low prices on fowls, eggs, incubators and brooders. Mailed free.

F. FOY, Box 4, Des Moines, Iowa.

CHOCOLATES
"To Suit Every Taste"

Swiss Style Milk Chocolate Creams
Swiss Style Milk Chocolate Almonds
Original Dutch Bitter Sweets
Chocolates Extraordinary
T-R-I-A-D Chocolates
Innovation Sweets

If your dealer cannot supply you, we will send any of the above 80c or $1.00 packages, express prepaid, upon receipt of stamps or money order.

The better dealers everywhere sell Johnston's.

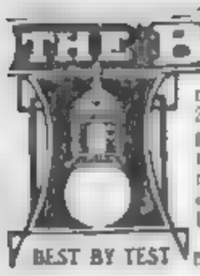
Sample Box

For five 2-cent stamps to pay postage and packing, we will send to your address a generous free sample box of any of the Johnston favorites.

Johnston's
MILWAUKEE

The story of the greatest "institution" of its kind is on page 47

THE BEST LIGHT



makes and burns its own gas. Costs 2c. a week to operate. No dirt, grease nor odor. A pure white light, more brilliant than electricity or acetylene. None other so cheap or effective. Agents wanted. Write for catalogue and prices.

BEST BY TEST

THE BEST LIGHT CO.
5-25 E. 5th Street Canton, O

Bulwarks of Business Policy

(Continued from Page 15)

In making customers the same dislike of change has always governed him. He would work three times as hard to hang on to the merchant who had bought goods once as to persuade some dealer who had never bought at all. In the early days of the business serious distrust of the goods had to be overcome in the trade, for even merchants who were disposed to order a small stock were afraid that the public might not take them off their hands. That led to a policy whereby goods were made returnable, so that each sale really became a connection. The same assurance was extended to consumers—when anybody bought that device the company stood back of it, ready to repair, alter, exchange or give the customer's money back, just as he pleased. On this basis the article that was making its way slowly as a novelty soon became a tried staple of the trade.

In hiring employees the same dislike of change leads him to select people who will stay with the business, grow with it and be loyal; and employees are expected to make connections along the line of the general policy. One morning the boss became much interested in the newspaper report of a dinner given by dealers in his trade. The speeches had touched on important business questions. It was the third dinner of that sort within a month. Retailers, wholesalers and factory men all through the industry seemed to be getting together for discussion and associations were being formed to abolish trade evils. None of his people had been present, however, and the reason was an odd one—salespeople and factory men did not possess evening clothes. The president immediately bought evening clothes for every salesman at the home office and all the branches, and for heads of factory departments, with the suggestion that they get in touch with the "joiners" in their respective lines and do what they could to help along any work for the betterment of the trade, without reference to business. And the increase of sales within a few weeks more than covered the tailors' bills.

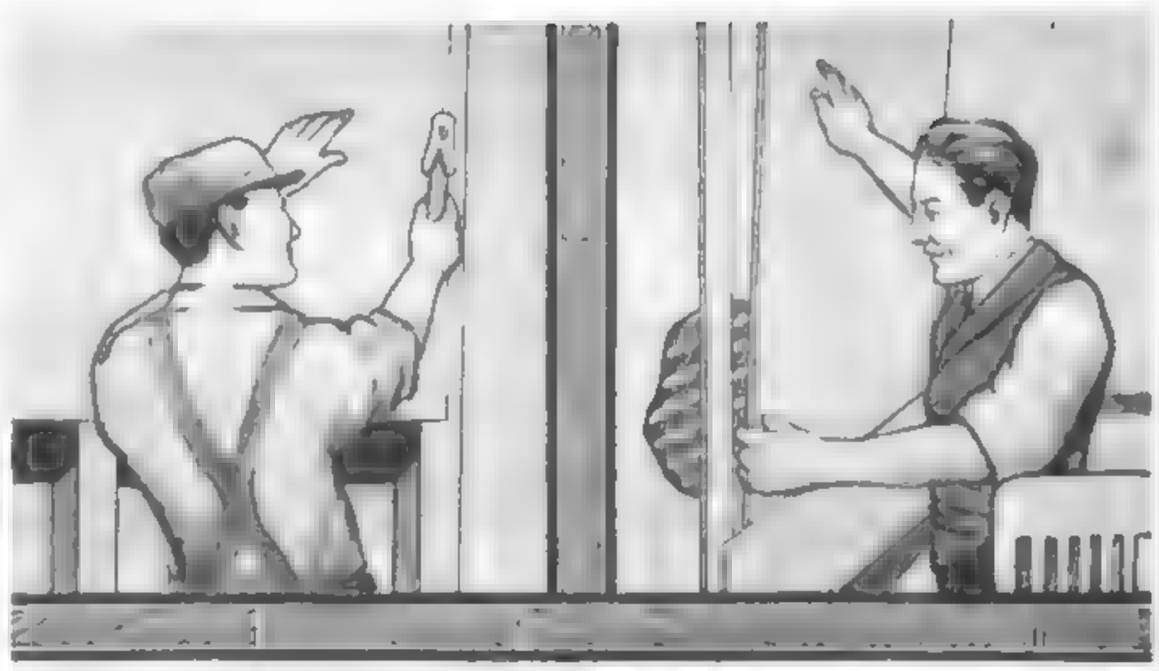
The Cost of Conceit

In contrast with an executive of this type it is easy enough to find in almost any line of business the man who not merely neglects connections but even goes out of his way to break them and make enemies.

Some years ago an ambitious young man left the employ of a large brokerage concern and started business for himself. During his first year he was remarkably successful. Resources were slender, but he had fresh ideas; and his negotiation of several difficult deals during the first twelvemonth set him up solidly. At that period he went out of his way to make friends. There were any number of business men ready to give him information, suggestions, references or backing. Clerks and subordinates in different lines knew him and liked him because success had not puffed him up, and they were on the lookout for him. Newspaper reporters kept track of his progress and he was always free to give them information touching his line of business.

During the next two years, however, his success was so much greater that it began to turn his head. The ideas with which he started led to new methods that were almost irresistible. Old concerns, following old methods, apparently could not compete with him. Prosperity made it easy to execute his projects. Success followed success, and one big deal came on the heels of another. By-and-by he became cocksure and unapproachable. Instead of keeping old friends and making new ones, his whole energy went into putting through bold deals, irrespective of the other fellow's side of the bargain—let the other fellow look out for himself! He played the magnate, chilled former allies, big and little, and was too busy and great to see the humble newspaper reporter. People began camping on his trail. Instead of giving him useful information, they quietly gathered facts that could be brought against him. Customers who had got the short end of some spectacular transaction through overvaluation, or misrepresentation that was as legal as it was shrewd, resolved to go gunning for that young man.

Today, after five years, he is still prosperous; but he does business with strangers.



Before You Build or Remodel Learn About

Compo-Board

The Modern Wall Lining

WOULDN'T it be worth while to put walls and ceilings in your house that will last as long as the house; that will never peel, sag or crumble; that will keep your rooms comfortably warm in winter and delightfully cool in summer and dry and sanitary at all times; walls and ceilings that can be beautifully decorated by stencilling, water colors, oil paints, kalsomine or wall paper, or that can be artistically paneled if desired?

Compo-Board, as its name implies, is a composition board. It has three principal parts: its surfaces of heavy paper, the wood fiber and the cement. The paper is heavy, close pressed. The cement is of very great strength, and the slats thoroughly dried and put in indiscriminately as to grain, which prevents warping.

The whole, after the parts are assembled, being subjected to very heavy pressure and intense heat, makes a smooth straight sheet of very great strength—one quarter of an inch thick, and four feet wide.

While Compo-Board is extensively used as wall lining, many of our customers are using it for numerous other purposes with equal success.

It is ideal for partitions—for making extra rooms in the attic or basement, for summer cottages, for making dry and vermin proof walls in the barn or chicken house, for making any number of useful articles such as wardrobes, shelves, lap boards, and dressing boxes, etc. You can save money by using Compo-Board under the rugs with parquet flooring around it. Many manufacturers use it around their factories and in their products.

Compo-Board is sold by dealers in most every town. It can be bought in sheets 4 feet wide up to 18 feet in length. Write us if you can't find a dealer in your town.

Sample Free

Send for our illustrated booklet and sample. The booklet will tell you of some of the many uses and advantages of Compo-Board; the sample will show just what it is.

Northwestern Compo-Board Company
4303 Lyndale Avenue, N.
Minneapolis, Minn.

THOROUGH SPRAYING MAKES QUALITY FRUIT

You cannot get it any other way. We make the pump you need; bucket and barrel outfits for little orchards, power machines for big ones.

Deming SPRAY PUMPS

are substantial and durable; brass parts wherever liquid touches; cannot rust. Special valves, making high pressure easy. Ask dealer or write us

THE DEMING COMPANY
325 Success Bldg., Salem, O

A Beautiful California Bungalow

7 rooms, but $2700

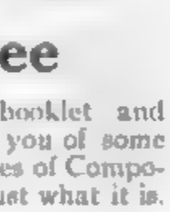
BIG Special OFFER 50¢

Blue print plans of any home [illegible] to build [illegible] own a home that will be the pride of any neighborhood.

LOS ANGELES INVESTMENT COMPANY
owners of 3000 Homes
337 P Hill Street, Los Angeles, California

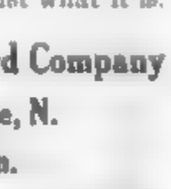
CONGRESS CARDS

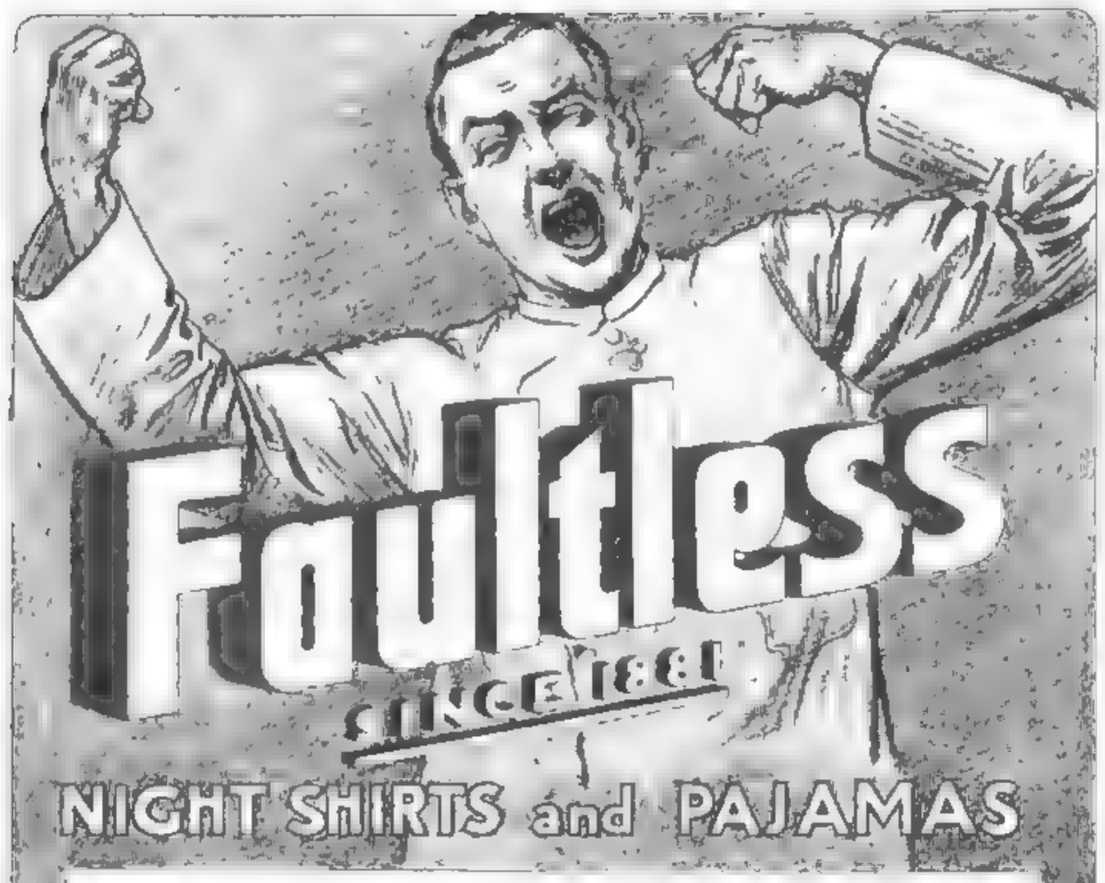
Special Play—Art Backs—Exquisite Colors—High Quality
New Designs—Club Indexes—Ideal for Bridge
Gold Edges—Air-Cushion or Ivory Finish



OFFICIAL RULES OF CARD GAMES — HOYLE UP TO DATE
ISSUED YEARLY - SENT FOR 15 CENTS IN STAMPS
THE U S PLAYING CARD CO. CINCINNATI, U.S.A.

BICYCLE CARDS





There's more than roomy comfort in Faultless Nightwear. There's recognized *style* as well—shapeliness, good fit and beauty of finish.

The first Faultless slumber garments were made by us thirty-one years ago, and ever since their careful manufacture, tested fabrics and exclusive styles have maintained their supremacy. At the best dealers' everywhere. Identify them by this label·

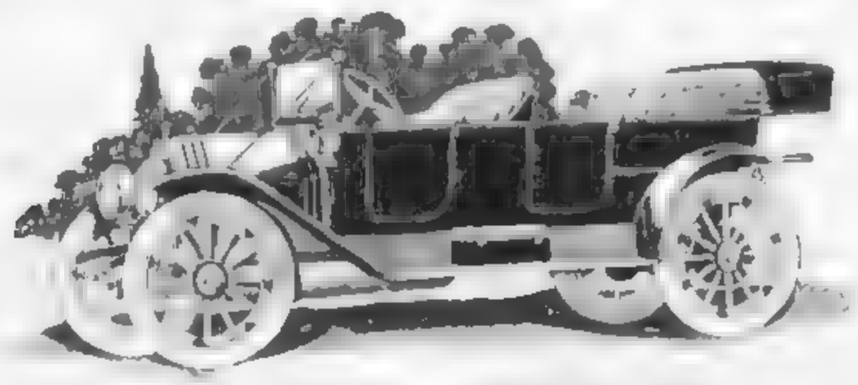
Faultless SINCE 1881

E. ROSENFELD & CO., Dept. S Baltimore, Md.

The COZYDOZY KIND

Makers of FAULTLESS (Nek-Gard) DAY SHIRTS

HAYNES



The Haynes Line for 1912 Is Complete

WITH the unquestioned reliability of Haynes cars—established through eighteen years of service—we have combined for 1912 the utmost in style and luxury. The many models offer a wide range of selection.

The two standard Haynes chasses, Model 21, 40-horsepower, 4½ x 5½ motor, 46 in. x 4 in. tires, 120 in. wheel base, and Model Y, 50-60-horsepower, 5 x 5 ½ motor, 37 in. x 5 in. tires, 127½ in. wheel base, are built with the following body designs:

Model 21: Five-passenger fore-door Touring, $2100 (see illustration); Four-passenger Suburban, $2100; Colonial Coupé, $2450; Limousine, $2750.

Model Y Seven-passenger fore-door Touring, $3000. Four passenger Suburban, $3000; Newport Limousine, $3800; Berlin Limousine, $3900.

Regular equipment includes Eisemann dual magneto, Stromberg Model B carburetor, silk mohair top, wind shield, Prest-O-Lite tank, five lamps, Warner 60-mile speedometer, extra Dorian remountable rim, automatic gasoline gauge. Lighting for closed car is combination electric and oil, but all models are designed to accommodate dynamo electric lighting equipment.

Write today for catalogue and name of nearest Haynes dealer

HAYNES AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, Dept. A, Kokomo, Indiana

1715 Broadway, New York 1702 Michigan Ave., Chicago

The whole weight of his community is against him. Some day he will venture upon a step that is not wholly legal. He will put one foot slightly over the line and his foot will slip—and instantly the pent-up resentment in his town will be upon him. It will put him down and out, and will rejoice if a way can be found to send him to jail.

Sometimes a very slight rootlet of stability and right intention will have a long life. At the head of a Wall Street bondhouse is a man who insists upon lasting connections as the main policy of his business. When a subordinate leans to the quick, profitable thing instead of the lasting one he tells a favorite story.

In Civil War days paper currency depreciated. State governments were hard pressed financially, as a rule. When they had an issue of bonds coming to maturity they paid them off in depreciated paper, so that the holder got less than the state had borrowed originally. The state of Massachusetts had some bonds to pay off. Instead of following the easy plan, it sent to London, bought gold at a stiff premium and paid bondholders at par. It is said that the London investment market has never forgotten this. An understanding of our state differences is apt to be rather vague in Threadneedle and Lombard streets. It is taken for granted that cowboys are as picturesque a feature of the streets in New Jersey as they are supposed to be in Texas, while the little distinctions between a New York corporation and one in Nevada may not be understood; but one point is clear to London, it's said—that a Massachusetts security has some special excellence and stability. London may not know why. The Civil War episode has been forgotten. Yet tradition whispers; and a definite something in the make-up of the British banker, the broker and the family solicitor leads them to put more confidence in even the bonds of a trolley company doing business in Massachusetts.

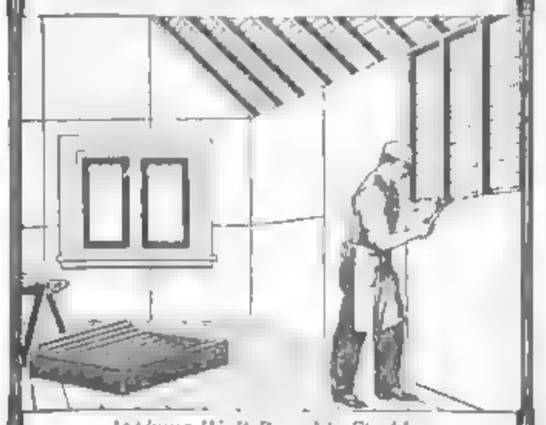
The Passing of the Parish Pump

Business confidence is a good deal like capital. Nowadays few men are rich enough to finance an important enterprise on their own capital. The savings of other people must be got behind it. The combined savings of the world perform the world's big work. A manufacturer raises capital, organizes a company, equips a factory and makes goods. When they are ready for market he must begin raising confidence. Confidence accumulates like savings. The grocery-consumer's confidence in a town will be on deposit chiefly with a few capable retail grocers; and drygoods confidence, jewelry confidence, and so forth, are massed in the same way. The retail merchant doesn't shut up this confidence in his office safe. He deposits it, in turn, with the wholesale houses, so that all the trade confidence in a state will be centered in a few solid jobbing concerns. In the market, confidence is as powerful a buying force as unlimited cash, because it represents outlets for goods, very often built up by more than one generation of fair dealing and service. The manufacturer with goods to sell must draw upon those reserves of confidence. He must demonstrate his own fairness in dealing, his integrity in maintaining quality, his willingness to put principle before profit.

The present era in American business life is peculiarly one in which reserves of confidence are being put behind square business through attention to the making and maintaining of good connections. Not so long ago the general conception of business was warfare—each man carried on an independent rough-and-tumble fight for himself; but that notion began to die out when it was discovered that business did not center round the parish pump. Increase of capital brought increase of production. National distribution followed. The manufacturer found himself tied up with the jobber, the retailer and the consumer. Today all are banded together to bring about economies of distribution. According to the extent, strength and stability of connections, goods move through the national distributing machinery with the least friction, waste and expense. Buyer and seller, big concern and little one, are being drawn closer and closer; and the policy-maker of a business who is working in harmony with the times loses no opportunity to further the understanding, open dealing and coöperation that make connections.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth and last of a series of articles by James H. Collins.

Finest Walls Half Cost of Plaster



Applying Wall Board to Studding

Send for Free Book and Big Free Sample

BISHOPRIC WALL BOARD comes to you in sheets 4x4 feet, all ready to nail on studs. Any man can put it on.

Build right through the winter and save a month's time. Ready at once for paper, paint or burlap. Makes handsomest walls, ceilings and partitions in residences or cottages. Cool attic or cellar. Proof against cold, wind, dampness, rats or other vermin.

BISHOPRIC WALL BOARD

Better Than Plaster and Costs Less

Bishopric Wall Board is asphalt mastic (toughened asphalt in which kiln-dried dressed lath are imbedded). Surfaced with strong, well-sized cardboard. Lath is the only thing that makes wall board rigid and keeps it flat. Bishopric Wall Board is the only wall board made with lath.

Bishopric Sheathing Saves 75 Per Cent

of the cost of application and is far better. No knot holes, no cracks. Made of the same material as Bishopric Wall Board. Ideal [illegible] and sides.

Makes rat-proof, heat proof, moisture-proof silos, storehouses, barns, stables, dairy buildings.

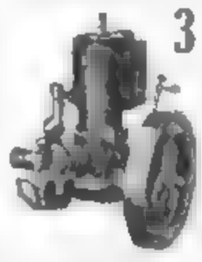
Price of Bishopric Wall Board.—Each crate contains 16 sheets, 4 x 4 feet, making a total of 256 square feet. Price, $6.40 per crate of 256 square feet, or $2 50 per square of 100 square feet, f. o. b. Cincinnati.

Price of Bishopric Sheathing.—Each crate contains 16 sheets, 4 x 4 feet, making a total of 256 square feet. Price, $6 00 per crate of 256 square feet, or $2 35 per square of 100 square feet, f. o. b. Cincinnati.

Write Us—We Will Tell You How Much You Need

Tell us the length, width and height of the rooms you want to use it in and we will figure cost. Address

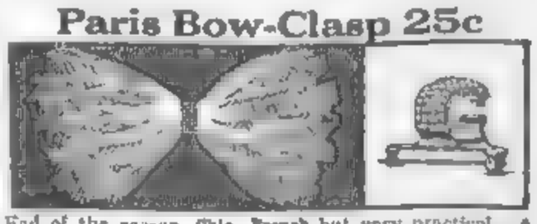
The Mastic Wall Board and Roofing Mfg. Co.
18 Este Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio (3)



3 H. P. GILE $45

Brake Test Warranted. Furnished with Warranted [illegible] Equipment. Also furnished with propeller, shaft and stuffing boxes. Has ground cylinders, pistons, rings and shafts [illegible] reversed with one lever. Neat in design. Send in your order, try one for a month, and if it is not just as we told you, box it up, send it back and back comes the cash. No quibbling! Other sizes in proportion. Send NOW for illustrated catalogue! GILE BOAT & ENGINE CO., 398 Filer St., Ludington, Mich.

Paris Bow-Clasp 25c



Fad of the season. Chic, French but very practical. A PEARL CLASP PIN and suitable to any bow. What every woman needs, saves ribbon, time and patience, assures a perfect bow. Send us 25c for FRENCH PEARL CLASP or 50c for Maline or Velvet bow (any color) with CLASP all in strong box, prepaid. Best Silver Co., Dept. C. S., 83 Chambers St., N. Y. City

MOVING WEST?

Don't sell your Household Goods. Ship them at Reduced Rates in Through Cars, avoiding transfer, to and from Western points. Write today for colored maps and information.

TRANSCONTINENTAL FREIGHT COMPANY
505 Bedford Bldg. Chicago. 39 Broadway New York
1003 Old South Bldg. Boston, Mass.

Salesmen Wanted

New Office Specialty. Sells for cash. As indispensable as a typewriter. First-class salesmen only need apply. Sales Manager, Box 14, Newton, Iowa.

Private or Business STATIONERY 100 sheets with envelopes to match, latest style linen finish with printed matter desired—all for $1. Up-to-date printing of all kinds at lowest prices. ROSENTHAL BROS., 314 S. Canal Street, Chicago

The story of a muslin sack

THE real wonder-story of the tobacco that is smoked by *more millions of men* than all other high grade tobaccos *combined*—

GENUINE "BULL" DURHAM SMOKING TOBACCO

In quaint old Durham, North Carolina—that's where the story starts.

That's where those golden leaves first grew in the sunny fields of Greene's farm. That's where they first filled those simple muslin sacks with good, sweet, native tobacco—fifty-two years ago.

No thought then of fancy packages—or of "processes" for improving on Nature.

Just surprisingly good tobacco! *That* was what they had *discovered*—that was what interested those critical Southern smokers who gave a rousing welcome to "Bull" Durham as the greatest tobacco they had ever tasted.

And then the soldiers came. They came—and smoked—and were captured!

Scattering to their homes all over the nation they carried the fame of this wonderful smoke.

Wasn't that Durham postmaster busy with letters from up and down the land asking how to get *more* of that "Bull" Durham!

And—for over half a century, just because it's so down-right *good*—it's been *earning* and *winning* and *holding* new friends faster than any other tobacco ever grown.

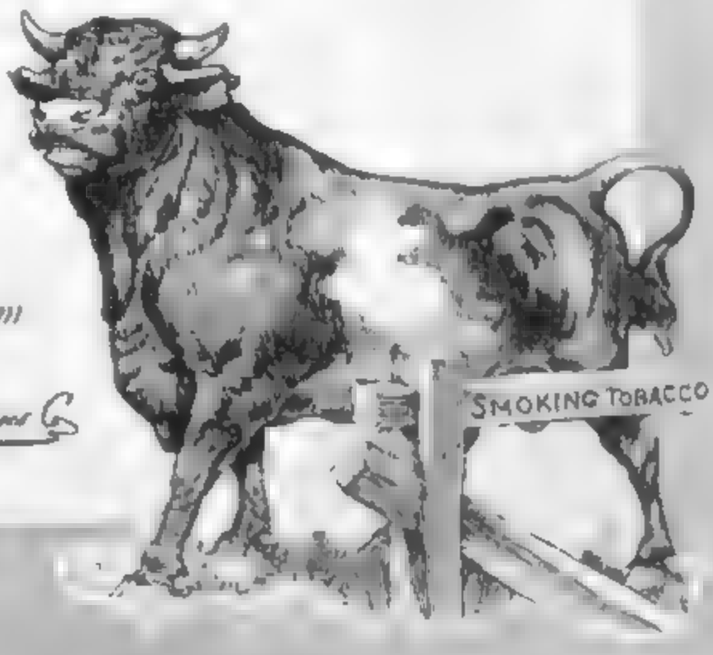
Faster! Twenty-two million pounds—352,000,000 packages—were sold and smoked last year! Yet this was merely the normal growth over the year before.

That sack might have been displaced by a fancy box. But the increasing millions of smokers who have an affection for this plain, convenient muslin cover have shown that *they* want the value where it belongs—in the tobacco. You can't smoke the cover!

"Bull" Durham has stood the long test. Its purity—its natural, undoctored goodness as a smoke have held and splendidly multiplied its friends—have won for it the leadership over all the tobaccos of the world.

Wherever they sell tobacco you can buy "Bull" Durham

Washington Duke Sons & Co.



YOU Can Rise to a Position of Power

To hold a position of power you need to know more about *your particular business*.

The secret of power and success is to KNOW EVERYTHING ABOUT SOMETHING.

Right along these lines the International Correspondence Schools train men for Positions of Power.

The I. C. S. gives you "concentrated" knowledge—specialized training—that enables you to *master* easily and quickly everything you need to know to advance.

If you can read and write, the I. C. S. can help you to succeed in the occupation of your own selection. To be convinced of this, just mark and mail the coupon—the I. C. S. will send you detailed information as to just how you can be qualified for promotion.

Marking the coupon involves no obligation on your part—do it now.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 1171, SCRANTON, PA

Please explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for the position before which I mark X

Automobile Running	Civil Service
Mine Superintendent	Arch'l Asst.
Mine Foreman	Chemist
Plumbing, Steam Fitting	Languages
Gas Engine Construction	Commercial English
Civil Engineer	Building Contractor
Textile Manufacturing	Industrial Designing
Stationary Engineer	Commercial Illustrating
Telephone Expert	Window Trimming
Mechanical Engineer	Show Card Writing
Mechanical Draftsman	Advertising Man
Architectural Draftsman	Stenographer
Electrical Engineer	Bookkeeper
Electric Lighting Supt.	Poultry Farming

Name

Present Occupation

Street and No.

City State

The story of the millions — just turn to page 47

An Old Woman and a New One In the Old World

(Continued from Page 16)

agents. An American girl who married an Italian Count was among the first to protect the peasant women on her husband's estates from becoming the prey of these agents. For this reason it has been claimed by some of us that American women started, fostered this enterprise, and are chiefly responsible for the better condition of women in Italy. But this claim is scarcely justified by the facts. Nevertheless, we have the result that in Italy the women have made the most consistent advance all along the line and in every walk of life—and that without antagonism to any class of society. The new woman in Italy is rarely a suffragist, but a worker in her own behalf, a strictly domestic being still, who is rapidly becoming the mistress of every conceivable feminine fine-arts trade.

But mere thrift and trade could not do for any woman what has been accomplished among these in Italy; what has so quickly and noiselessly loosened the coils from round her, so that she is now trembling joyfully in the very doorway of a broader life and liberty. For once I could not fix the blame upon the men. There, as well as everywhere else, they are the same creatures, quizzically blind to the real situation as far as women are concerned. But there is something wonderful about this when you consider it. Within the last two or three years the various unions organized in all the large cities for the purpose of disposing of women's work have become flourishing industries incorporated, and the stock is owned by the women! There are so many schools for the industrial training of girls that in this particular the women in Italy bid fair to rival the manual-training school system of Germany—and besides all this we must not forget those who are crowding into the universities. Meanwhile, the men are rocking along as usual. It is queer to see only the women stirring to a new impetus. Peggy declared that she believed it was due to the "spirit of the times."

After the Earthquake

"In that case," I replied, "what is the matter with the men? I never heard before of the spirit of the times skipping the men when things had to be stirred up. And these men are not changing any."

Besides, I have observed this about the spirit of the times—it will remain just over the border in some other country forever and never cross it, unless something happens, something as definite and startling as if Jove had made a fuss scratching a match on the seat of his pants. Then it flares up and spreads. Now the whole world thinks that the earthquake at Messina a few years ago was the greatest calamity that has happened in Italy in a thousand years. And it was. But besides being merely a calamity, I reckon it was God shaking the folds of fate to awaken His people. And it is always the women who are soonest aroused to the needs of those who have suffered a great and literal misfortune. This is what happened in Italy. The hearts of her women were touched by the frightful privation and losses and distress of the helpless women and children who survived at Messina. Something womanly and effective had to be done, and done at once. And they have been doing it—everything to provide employment, shelter, food, clothes for these people. They have enlarged themselves accordingly. The unions have become organized business corporations, capable of handling the greatly increased amount of hand work done by the rescued women. The charity schools that had existed as mere fads became serious, well-equipped institutions, which are today filled by the Messina orphan girls, and lately with girls from everywhere in Italy. Hospitals for the training of nurses have been opened. Everything that can offer bread and security to a woman in such a country was placed within her reach almost before the earth quit shaking at Messina.

There is no doubt about one thing. The Lord knows how to manage the men and women He has made. He takes His time, but He does it. If they do not pay attention at once, He gets it at last and their obedience, even if He has to kick the crust off of a volcano and spill fire and brimstone over the whole countryside to do it. You may call it "personal providence" or the "forces of nature"—anything you please—but something always happens when it is time for a nation to wake up and move along in the scale of things, and it generally moves. If it does not, something else happens.

One day Peggy and I were invited to meet Signora G. More than once we had received such invitations, each time supposing that we should have an Italian matron for our hostess, only to discover that she had been born in England or America. But Signora G.'s husband is a senator and a famous professor in the University of Rome, and as we ascended the stairs of the old palace where the G.'s lived Peggy was confident that at last she was to talk with a real Italian suffragist.

Signora was very cordial, and if her accent was foreign, we were too foreign ourselves to notice. I thought I recognized something Teutonic in her ample waistline, in the broad, fair head staircased with furrows of thought, in the straight blond hair so severely drawn back from the gracious open face with its wide, friendly smile. But I held my peace, while she and Peggy discussed the present and future outlook of suffrage for women in Italy. The men were less amused, better impressed by the idea as time passed, she explained. They had eighteen of them—some senators and deputies—on their committees, yea. But the women, many of whom at first had been favorable to the idea, had even worked for it, were now withdrawn or indifferent, and so forth and so forth.

Finally I could no longer restrain my curiosity.

"Signora, are you an Italian?" I asked.

"Oh, yes!" she answered. "I have lived in Italy thirty years." Obviously she was at least fifty.

"But you were born——"

"In Heidelberg," she replied, smiling.

That accounted for her wide, detached grasp of conditions, for her long perspective and patient faith in the future of the cause. She was a German married to an Italian, accustomed to wait patiently and think far into the future while she waited.

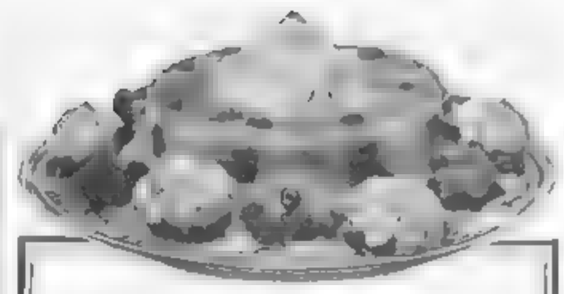
As we descended into the street and made our way home through the golden sunlit city, I was far from suspecting that this interview concluded our last study of women in the Old World. I supposed my niece was contemplating a tour of Denmark and Norway. And it would not have surprised me if she had made up her little eaglet-clawed suffrage mind to take in New Zealand and Australia. But if you are a woman you cannot trust anything but the honor and respectability of another good woman, especially if she is a young one. Her heart is still in Nature's keeping. And Nature usually disposes of it in the end to your utter bewilderment and confoundment.

Peggy's Surprise Party

I had observed a subtle change in Peggy after that night in Paris, when with so many tears she had confessed her mistake about Philip Ring. When a young girl starts out merely as Miss Peggy March, and becomes in quick succession "Fraulein Peggy," "Mademoiselle Peggy," "Señorita Peggy" and then "Signorina Peggy," so many changes of titles are apt to affect her nervous system. And that was what I noticed more particularly. She was nervous, often abstracted, as if she had sneaked off privately into some one of her many rôles to act a part behind the scenes in her own mind. She would start violently and sometimes change color when the maid knocked at the door.

"Peggy, you are nervous; you are not sleeping enough," I would say.

"Oh, yes, I am; I am all right." Then she would begin the same old feverish discussion of the woman question, which was very tiresome to me. All my long life I have had the good sense of a normal mind to be more interested in men than in women, and it was a great trial to be obliged to fix my poor old faculties day after day upon these new wildcat women, bent upon clawing the world wrong-end-to, just to see what they could do with it hindpart before.



One of Many Dishes Prepared with Dates

There are almost as many recipes for preparing dates as there are for eggs. And what finer food could you ask—so rich in nourishment and so sweet to the taste?

As with everything else, there is a wide variation of quality in dates. Those sold from open boxes are never as fresh, as clean or as good as

Dromedary Dates

From the Garden of Eden

Layered and wrapped in waxed paper, they are packed in a dust-proof carton. The original flavor and moisture are retained so that you get the fruit almost as rich as when picked from the palm in Arabia

If you knew the many extra-choice dishes it is possible to make with dates, you would see why they should be one of the most used foods in your house. Write for our

Free Cook Book

Unique and valuable in every respect, giving over a hundred prize recipes for preparing Dromedary Dates, Currants, Figs, etc. If you will mention your dealer's name (a postal is sufficient), we will send it free. And besides, if you wish us to, we will send a sample-size packet of the dates for 10c to cover expenses.

THE HILLS BROTHERS COMPANY
Dept. K, Beach and Washington Sts., New York

Start Right! GET A "BUCKEYE"

A good start is a sure advantage in the poultry business, as well as any other. If you are a beginner, [illegible] the most successful operators. Buckeyes are made in three sizes and are sold by more than 1,000 responsible dealers in every State in the Union, as low as $9.00. Be sure to see a "Buckeye" before you buy an incubator.

Send for our free book called "Incubator Facts" [illegible] how the chickens are hatched. Also learn all about our guarantee and the name of your nearest dealer. "Buckeye" brooders are just as sure to please you. Write today.

The Buckeye Incubator Co., 567 Euclid Ave., Springfield, Ohio

CHALLENGE Brand WATERPROOF COLLARS & CUFFS

A perfect collar for the busy man—Linen style, linen fit, linen appearance, and no laundry bills. At dealers—Style Book Free on request. The Arlington Co., 729 Broadway, N. Y.

SHORT-STORY WRITING

A course of forty lessons in the history, form, structure and writing of the Short Story taught by J. Berg Esenwein, Editor, Lippincott's Magazine. 96-page catalog free. Write today.

THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
66 Myrick Building, Springfield, Mass.

Bake Better Cake Save Money Too

With your *usual* effort and the same degree of skill—with but *half* the usual quantity of shortening—you can bake *lighter, finer-textured, more delicious* cake, using

SWANS DOWN
Prepared
CAKE FLOUR

It actually *pays for itself* in the *shortening it saves*. It is prepared *purposely* for cake baking. Only *special* wheat is used—ideal by nature for cake baking. All the fibrous gluten, which ordinary flour contains, is removed. No corn starch or other ingredient added. You buy it clean and fresh in a sanitary package, containing enough for ten to twelve superior cakes.

FREE— IGLEHEART'S BOOK OF CAKE RECIPES

Tells how to make better, the cakes you've been accustomed to bake, by using **Swans Down Prepared Cake Flour.** Gives dozens of *new* cake recipes. Simply send us your grocer's name and address on a postal card and state whether or not he sells Swans Down. We'll at once send the book free.

IGLEHEART BROTHERS
2217 First Avenue, Evansville, Ind.
Southern Gateway Advantageous Shipping Center
Unlimited Coal Supply

Holstein Cows' Milk Will Help Your Baby

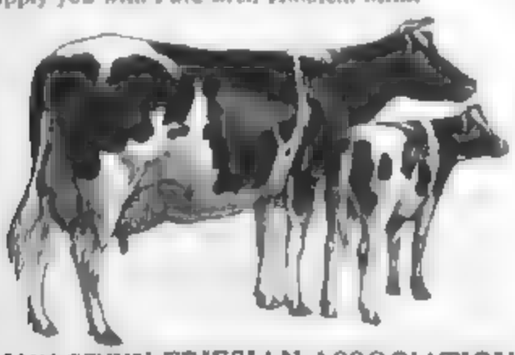
Is your baby happy and contented gaining ground every day? Don't be satisfied if baby is only "pretty well" but bear in mind that the first few months decide baby's whole future. If baby is poorly nourished now, he will be handicapped for life.

Though [illegible] milk is the only food that can properly sustain baby's life, [illegible] baby's digestion [illegible] Holstein Cow Milk which [illegible] the curds of cow's milk [illegible]

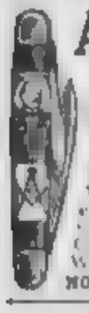
Then too, in Holstein Milk the fat globules which contain the butter fat yield readily to the digestive fluids instead of forming tough, greasy curds to disturb baby's delicate digestive processes.

Holstein Milk has Pure Bred Holstein strength and vitality that will help build up baby's power of resistance and carry him triumphantly through all the dangers of infancy.

Send for our free booklet, "The Story of Holstein Milk," and let us know if your milkman is unable to supply you with Pure Bred Holstein Milk.



HOLSTEIN-FRIESIAN ASSOCIATION
13-B American Building, Brattleboro, Vermont



AGENTS—100% Profit

Hundreds are offering money-making Novelty [illegible] Transparent handles decorated with [illegible] Hundreds of [illegible] Big profits [illegible]

NOVELTY CUTLERY CO., 209 Bar Street, CANTON, O

"THE FAITH OF A FREE CHURCH"
and other liberal religious publications SENT FREE
POST OFFICE MISSION, WORCESTER, MASS.

On this particular evening, after our visit to Signora G., we were sitting in the little drawing room of our hotel, blissfully digesting a good dinner—at least this was what I was doing—when we heard a commotion in the hall. As usual Peggy started up, pressed one hand to her heart, turned a consistent tea-rose color all over her face and fixed her eyes upon the open door. The next moment this door framed the figure of a tall young man in gray traveling clothes. His red hair stood up in a stiff militant pompadour, his eyes were shining, his lips parted in the longest smile I ever saw on a man's face. At the sight of Peggy—he did not appear to see me at all! he dropped the bulging suitcase that he carried in one hand, made a stride forward and caught my niece in his arms.

I stumbled to my feet and glared furiously. Neither of them noticed me. Peggy could not. She was partially buried in the young man's coat, nothing but the back of her head showing at the top. I began to circle round them, wringing my hands.

"What does this mean?" I cried.

A Wedding in Sight

The young man turned his head slowly toward me with a great effort, as if he had a crick in his neck. I realized that this was Philip Ring. But still I thought I must be dreaming. It flashed through my mind that I ought not to have eaten creamed carrots for supper. Then in my sleep I called out again:

"Philip! Philip Ring, is that you? And what does this mean?"

"It means a wedding!" he answered, still smiling.

Peggy began to snicker, but without lifting her shameful little head. I backed off and sat down. I began to whimper. I realized that I was not always asleep, that Peggy was not a new woman, that she was the kind of irresponsible young female who always winds up by betraying her trusting elders in this fashion.

"But it does not mean anything of the kind. I will not have it!" I sobbed.

Peggy turned round, showed her face glistening like a rose that has been kissed by the stars in the moonlight.

"I thought you liked Philip, Aunt Peg!"

"I do," I wailed; "that is, I did—but I do not like a bandit! This is scandalous! Peggy, come here!"

She refused to budge, stood there with his arm round her as serenely unembarrassed as if he'd been a nightingale.

"It's all settled," he began; "we'll be married at once, tonight in the ——"

"You'll do no such thing!" I stammered.

"I've brought my wedding garments and the ring—both rings!" he laughed.

"But Peggy isn't ready to be married. She hasn't got any wedding things."

Then I held my breath, shocked by a sudden new realization of my niece's perfidy. For more than a month she had been buying all manner of frocks and expensive lingerie. I had done what I could to restrain her extravagance, but never once had a suspicion of her purpose entered my mind.

I stared at the two guilty young wretches smiling at me. Then Peggy rushed forward, fell upon her deceitful knees, put her arms round me and began to laugh and cry all in the same breath. Philip stood over us in a cheerfully blessing attitude.

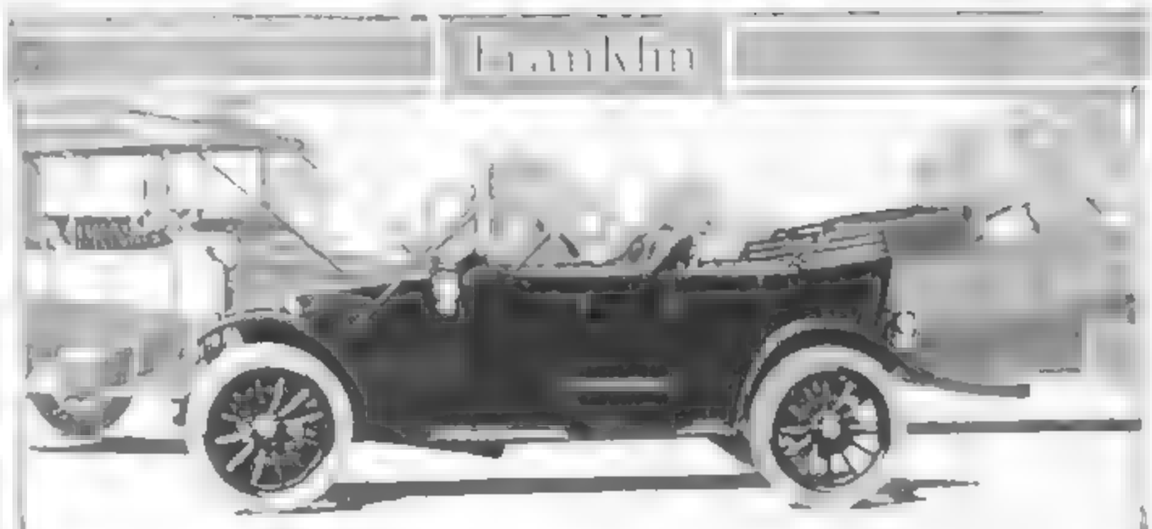
"Well," I gasped at last, "Philip may have his wedding suit and *you* have cheated me into seeing you buy your trousseau, but *I* haven't got anything suitable for such an occasion. And I will not see my niece married, in an old bombazine silk that I have worn for two years! You will have to wait at least till I get ready!"

"Oh, my darling, you will look perfectly lovely in that new crêpe de chine gown that you got in Paris, and that you have never had on—don't you remember?"

Yes, I had forgotten, but now I remembered Peggy had wheedled me into buying a beautiful black gown the day before we started to Madrid, with the plea that it would be the very thing to wear at the annual reception of the Daughters of the Confederacy, which would take place in January after we returned home. I looked down at the mischievously smiling face on my shoulder.

"Peggy," I exclaimed, deeply wounded, "I'll never trust you again!"

Editor's Note—This is the seventh of a series of articles by Corra Harris. The eighth and last will appear in an early issue.



Franklin Little Six

30 H.P. $2800

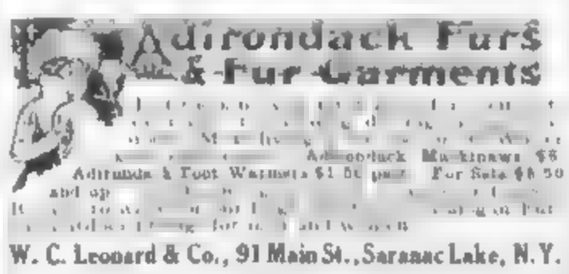
Six cylinders in a small car—that is the story.

A car with the snap and flexibility of the big "sixes" without their expense.

A "six" of this type has been universally desired. The Franklin "Little Six" meets the requirements so fully that it is the car of the year.

Write for new catalogue

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY
Syracuse N Y



Adirondack Furs & Fur Garments

[illegible] Adirondack Mackinaws $6
Adirondack Foot Warmers $1.50 [illegible] For Sale $6.50 and up [illegible]

W. C. Leonard & Co., 91 Main St., Saranac Lake, N.Y.

TYPEWRITERS FACTORY REBUILT

Save $25 to $50 [illegible]

We guarantee for one year [illegible]

American Writing Machine Co.
346 Broadway New York

BEAUTIFUL!—and only 25c

No. 412—in 3 mixed colors

You have worn NOTHING like this before. You'll say "Beautiful!" when you see it. Not a heavy sock, nor a light one (though lighter than No. 212). Warm enough for winter, yet perfectly comfortable in spring or fall. In wear, comfort and beauty, this sock is equal to many sold at 50c.

SIZES—9½, 10, 10½, 11, 11½.

COLORS—Olive Mix, Grey Mix and Blue Mix.

Get acquainted with this fine Iron Clad NOW. If your dealer cannot supply you, send us 25c for each pair wanted (stating size and colors) and we will PREPAY POSTAGE to get them to you. Order TODAY.

Our fine catalogue, in full colors, shows Iron Clads for the whole family—send for it.

Iron Clad

Cooper, Wells & Co.
212 Vine Street
St. Joseph, Mich.

"Not Iron, but lots of hard wear in them"

Why Wait a Month?

Why wait a month for the continuation of a story? You don't have to do it now. We have just brought out an all-fiction WEEKLY MAGAZINE in which you can get the continuation of your story every week.

A month is too long to wait. The thread of the story gets lost in the mesh of events. The WEEKLY is the ideal periodical for continued stories.

THE CAVALIER

is the name of this new WEEKLY MAGAZINE. It will publish *52 full-length book stories a year.*

A new serial begins every week—stories that make you sit up and take notice.

On sale at all news-stands at 10 cents a copy, $4. a year—a great big magazine—192 pages

THE MUNSEY COMPANY, New York

PATENT YOUR IDEAS Book "How to Obtain a Patent" and "What to Invent" sent free. Send rough sketch for free report as to patentability. Patents Obtained or Fee Returned.
CHANDLEE & CHANDLEE, Patent Attorneys
923 F Street, Washington, D. C. Established 15 years

PATENTS SECURED OR OUR FEE RETURNED
Send sketch for free search. Patent Office Records. How to Obtain a Patent and What to Invent with list of inventions wanted and prizes offered for inventions sent free. Patents advertised free. VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., Washington, D. C.

PATENTS That Protect and Pay
Send Sketch or Model for FREE SEARCH
Books, Advice, Searches, and Big List of Inventions Wanted **FREE**
WATSON E. COLEMAN, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D. C.

PATENTS How to GET Every Dollar Your Invention is Worth
Send 8 cents stamps for new 128 page book of Vital Interest to Inventors.
R. S. & A. B. LACEY, Dept. 85, Washington, D. C.

Without Door $1.00 PER SECTION With Door $1.75

IT FITS ANY SPACE

On Approval, Freight Paid

Lundstrom

IT GROWS WITH YOUR LIBRARY

SECTIONAL BOOKCASE

Endorsed "THE BEST" by Over Fifty Thousand Users

MADE under our own patents, in our own factory, and the entire production sold direct to the home and office. That is the reason we can offer them at such *reasonable prices.* Our Sectional Bookcases are the product of years of undivided attention to this one line of manufacture. They are *non binding, disappearing glass doors,* and are highly finished in Sanitary Oak, Mahogany, Fumed Oak or Golden Oak at correspondingly low prices. Write for New Catalogue No. 25.

THE C. J. LUNDSTROM MFG. CO., Little Falls, N.Y.
Manufacturers of Sectional Bookcases and Filing Cabinets
New York Office: Flatiron Bldg.

The Senator's Secretary

A VERY wise and perhaps somewhat cynical man sat in his office in Washington on March 4, 1909, and looked out at the snow. President Taft had just gone by on his way to the stand where he was to review his inaugural parade. Former President Roosevelt, escorted by Troop A, of New York, had clattered to the railroad station and was on his way to Oyster Bay.

This very wise and perhaps somewhat cynical man had lived a long time in Washington and he had known Taft from boyhood. Moreover, he had a good working knowledge of Roosevelt. He was meditating on presidents, present and past—and mayhap future.

"There he goes!" he said. "There he goes—Big Bill Taft; happy, elated, full of the joy of achievement and unconscious of the troubles that are before him. And there goes Roosevelt too—the man who nominated Taft. He nominated Taft, and I presume Taft is grateful to him. Anyhow, Taft should be grateful to him in the light of Taft's understanding of the situation; but, if he only knew—if he only knew!"

"What in thunder are you driving at?" asked a friend.

"Why," replied the wise man, "just think what Roosevelt has done to Taft!"

"Well, what has he done? Nominated and elected him president—a pretty tidy little service, I should say."

"My boy," continued the wise man, "you haven't a glimmer of the circumstances! To be sure, Roosevelt nominated Taft and, to be sure, Roosevelt elected him; but what did he do to him? Think it over."

"Nothing that I can see beyond putting him in the biggest place in the world."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed the wise man. "Nothing? Why, Roosevelt has killed him—politically, I mean—killed him! Roosevelt has left Taft the tariff and the tariff will break his back."

The Sleeping Dog Wakened

That was a wise man. Roosevelt left Taft the tariff. There never was a moment during the seven and a half years Roosevelt was in the White House when he fussed about the tariff. He was too wise for that. His only known utterance about the tariff—officially—was not an utterance at all. In one of his messages—in the advance copy—he put in this line: "I shall treat of the tariff in a future message." They heard about that up at the capitol, and Senator Aldrich and Senator Hale and Uncle Joe Cannon and others hurried to the White House and besought Roosevelt to let the sleeping dog of the tariff lie—and he did. The sentence was cut out of the message; and when Mr. Roosevelt left Washington he left Mr. Taft the tariff. A few days after Mr. Taft's inauguration the Congress began talking tariff—and the Congress is still talking tariff and will be talking tariff for many months to come.

There is no escape. The country is tired of the tariff. The Congress is tired of the tariff. Mr. Taft is sick of it. So is everybody else; but there it is and there it will continue to be—ubiquitous, unsettled, perplexing—and the first campaign orator after the nominations will shout tariff, and so will the one who makes the last speech before election day. It is inevitable. Mr. Roosevelt, cagey citizen, left Mr. Taft the tariff, and Mr. Taft's inheritance will vex and harass him until the end of his term.

Congress has begun the third grind at this depressing subject since Mr. Taft went into the White House. The Tariff Board sent in a bunch of reports that you couldn't crowd into a freight car and carefully neglected to make any recommendations as to what should be done in conformance with this mass of knowledge. Mr. Taft has contented himself with the general recommendation that there should be revision downward in some of the present schedules; and the dry-as-dust but most important discussion is on. The Democrats in the House are making their own tariff bills. The Republicans in the House are making theirs. The Republicans in the Senate—the standpatters—are going to make theirs. We shall have plenty of tariff bills.

Now comes the information that Mr. Taft's kind of a tariff bill will be the tariff

How I Get My Repeat Orders

Nearly every one of my customers sent me his first order for cigars in doubt. In other words, my claims sounded good, he read them month after month, and they puzzled him. "Can they be true?" he questioned. And one day he picks up a magazine, reads my advertisement and says to himself:

"Hang it all, I am a good judge of cigars. I know the taste of Havana, and I know a hand-made cigar. Now I am going to accept this fellow's offer and let him send me a box, and if they don't make good, I'll fire them back so quick it will make his head swim."

That is the sort of mental attitude I have to contend with. I have to send this man a cigar that will not only sell itself to him, but will be so much superior to what he has been smoking that he will re-order as fast as his supply runs low. Else I lose money.

And I get that repeat order because—

I can and do sell the 10c cigar of the retail trade for five dollars per hundred. I can do it because I sell from my factory to the smoker. I get in touch with my customers by advertising. And this advertising costs me no more than the advertising of any regular retail cigar.

I import Cuban grown Havana tobacco and make up my cigars in my clean Philadelphia factory, employing only skilled adult men cigarmakers. The wrapper of my Panatela is genuine Sumatra.

I sell this Panatela on a plan that is all my own, a plan that has [illegible] I am proud of [illegible] something to me and, I believe, to you.

HERE IS MY OFFER: I will, upon request, send fifty Shivers' Panatela Cigars on approval to a reader of *The Saturday Evening Post*, express prepaid. He may smoke ten cigars and return the remaining forty at my expense if he is not pleased with them. If he is pleased, and keeps them, he agrees to remit the price, $2.50, within ten days.

In ordering please use business stationery or give reference, and state whether mild, medium or strong cigars are desired.

HERBERT D. SHIVERS
913 Filbert Street Philadelphia, Pa.

Ten-Pinnett—A Money-Making "Ten-Strike"

Do you want a business? Here's one for you—Ten Pinnett [illegible] an automatic bowling game with ten [illegible] unlimited combination plays. A healthy, up-to-[illegible] fun-producing exercise that [illegible] an [illegible] when there's a chance to [illegible] Many users [illegible] expenses other [illegible] fly. You have [illegible]

Nothing to Do but Pocket the Money!

You have wanted [illegible] at times to be in business for [illegible] Grasp the opportunity [illegible] the every day [illegible] Our pay is [illegible] plan is the most [illegible] record. If you want that [illegible] money [illegible] Let us [illegible]

Ten-Pinnett Company
401 Draper St., Indianapolis, Ind.

I TEACH Penmanship BY MAIL

I [illegible] World's First Prize in Penmanship to my new system many are becoming expert penmen. Am placing my students as instructors in colleges, business colleges, [illegible] Favorite Pens and [illegible]

C. W. RANSOM,
340 Minor Building, Kansas City, Missouri

CALIFORNIA'S Santa Clara Valley [illegible] SUNNYVALE [illegible] Sunnyvale Chamber of Commerce, 36 Crossman Bldg., Sunnyvale, California

PATENTS INVENTORS OF WIDE EXPERIENCE [illegible] Patents. [illegible] WM. T. JONES, 301 G St., Washington, D. C.

Chewing Gum Sell to dealers in your town. Be our agent. Clean, profitable business built up quickly with our new brands. Four flavors, novel packages. Write today. Helmet Gum Factory, Cincinnati. We make Vending, Slot, Premium and Specialty Gums.

An Open Break

One ball in—and good position! It looks like a run, but the slightest inaccuracy will change the entire situation and give the other man his chance.

Billiards and Pool are good, clean, wholesome games for the whole family—games that inspire keen, friendly rivalry. You can play them now without frequenting a public poolroom. You can have in your own home a

BURROWES
Billiard and Pool Table

and play while you are paying for it. No special room is needed. The Burrowes Table can be set on your dining-room or library table or mounted on its own legs or compactly folding stand. Only a moment is required to set it up or to take it down and set it out of the way. Sizes range up to 4½ x 9 feet (standard). Complete Playing equipment of balls, cues, etc., free with each Table.

Burrowes Tables are used for home practice by some of the foremost professionals. Every Table of whatever size is scientifically accurate in proportions to the smallest detail and adapted to the most expert play. The most delicate shots, calling for skill of the highest type, can be executed with the utmost precision.

$1.00 DOWN

Prices are $6, $15, $25, $35, $45, $55, $75, etc., on terms of $1 or more down and a small amount each month.

FREE TRIAL—NO RED TAPE

On receipt of first installment we will ship Table. Play on it one week. If unsatisfactory return it, and on its receipt we will refund your deposit. This ensures you a free trial. Write today for illustrated catalog, giving prices, terms, etc.

E. T. BURROWES CO., 817 Center Street, Portland, Me.

That's a big business story on page 47

One-Dollar-Only

First Payment.

10 CENTS-A-DAY thereafter, until paid for. A fraction of what others charge. **Don't Even Pay $20** for any typewriter made, until after we send you an EMERSON for your thorough trial.

Many of our customers pronounce the EMERSON by far **the best typewriter made—wholly visible; universal key-board, tabulator, back spacer, two-color ribbon, rapid, strong, lightest touch.**

YOU CAN EARN ONE, for a slight service, without paying us one cent. We will mail you names of people in your town or state who have recently earned EMERSONS without cost, or you may exchange your old typewriter, or have a sample, or MAKE BIG MONEY representing us. Liberal reward for your spare time. Reference—McHenry Co. State Bank, Woodstock. For all our offers, on a postal card or in a letter to us, say: "Mail me your offers."

The Emerson Typewriter Co., Box 208, Woodstock, Ill.

bill the Republican regulars in the House and Senate decide upon—and not any other kind. Senator Smoot, who is the present tariff sharp in the Senate, announced that he intends to frame a bill, or a series of bills, that will revise but maintain the sacred principle of protection. Whereupon Sereno E. Payne clambered up to the White House to inquire in frenzied tones where Reed Smoot got any authority to make any tariff bills until the members of the House of Representatives had their first whack at it, it being the right of the House to originate revenue bills as per the Constitution—et cetera and so forth. The Democrats are framing their bills in absolute disregard of what the Tariff Board has reported and there is enough tariff round and about to make one's head ache.

The curious thing about it all is that the reports of the Tariff Board were merely compilations of information without deductions therefrom. Some day, I suppose somebody will find out what the Tariff Board reported about. Somebody may have the patience to dig into this mass of stuff and see what it is all about. Somebody is sure to do this. Former Senator Peffer, of Kansas, has sat for ten or twelve years in the Congressional Library digging out and classifying something from the files of the Congressional Record, and it is quite probable that somebody will do the same thing to the report of the Tariff Board.

A Wicked Insinuation

There are wicked persons in Washington who say the Tariff Board was ready enough to put in the conclusions it had arrived at as regards wool and the other exciting subjects it had been investigating; but there came a warning cry of "Desist! Desist!" from the White House. These wicked persons say the reason the White House was so anxious to have the report go in without deductions and summaries and conclusions and recommendations was because, if the natural and proper and legitimate and correct recommendations, based on the knowledge concealed in the mass of stuff the Tariff Board sent to the Congress, had been made, two big and illuminating facts would have stood forth:

First: That Mr. Taft had absolutely no excuse for signing the Payne-Aldrich tariff law, and did have every excuse—both political and economic—for vetoing it; and

Second: That Mr. Taft had no excuse for vetoing the tariff bills presented to him by the Congress last summer, and did have every excuse, as per the results of the investigations of the Tariff Board, for signing those bills.

Anyhow, the reports were made without public recommendations and Mr. Taft made no specific recommendations in his message. And now comes another tiresome, long-drawn tariff fight—a fight that will extend to the next campaign, and a fight that will be bitter and intense. The Democrats will do as they please. Mr. Taft will have the Republicans do as he pleases. The result will be conversation, computation, conglomeration and chaos.

That was a wise man who said Mr. Roosevelt had left Mr. Taft the tariff and the tariff would break Mr. Taft's back. Up to date it hasn't quite broken his back, but it has bent it—and the break is bound to come. Meantime Mr. Roosevelt is using whichever sleeve he favors for laughing purposes and the business of the country is waiting to see what will turn up. Any way you look at it, the business of the country is getting the worst of it. The business of this country is a vital and vigorous institution—else it would have perished long ago. Any country that can stand four years of almost incessant tariff agitation and not come out of it with souphouses is doing pretty well.

Meantime, if there isn't enough tariff to keep things stirred up there certainly is enough politics. Always political, Washington is now so political that the man who takes your ticket on the street car wants to discuss with you the probabilities of Teddy's running again, of Taft's getting the nomination and of whom the Democrats will name. The waiters in the restaurants ask what you think of it and the barbers cease trying to sell you hair restorer in their eagerness to cite their opinions as to the situation.

I have seen a good deal of politics in my time and have mixed in many exciting campaigns; but if this coming campaign is as feverish as the symptoms now are hectic it will be just as well for everybody to quit

THE SILENT
Waverley Electric

THE drive from the Sheridan Rhodes' home to the theatre and back was a pleasure quite equal to the play and the supper.

Within the long, broad Silent Waverley Electric Limousine there was ample room for the Misses Rhodes and their three guests.

There was no anxiety as to the crushing of delicate gowns, for each had ample room on the deeply upholstered seats.

Miss Evelyn Rhodes drove the car both ways. The full view ahead through the large front window, and the instant response of the car to the pearl handles of the controller and steering lever, completed a charm which she insisted was the 20th century improvement over the magic carpet.

The car sped along silently. Beneath, a powerful motor obeyed the mystic current—steel and bronze were busy—long, full elliptic springs took up every shock—and the machinery gave forth no sound. So perfect is modern electric carriage building.

Send for the beautiful Waverley Art Book on Town and Suburban Cars. It shows ten models. Prices $3,500 down to $1,225. Also the Waverley Catalog of Commercial Vehicles. Exide, Waverley, National, Ironclad or Edison Battery.

The Waverley Company

Factory and Home Office, 201 South East Street, Indianapolis, Ind.

New York, 1010 Broadway — Philadelphia, 1043 Market Street — Boston, 25 Irvington Place — Chicago Branch, 1005 Michigan Blvd.

WINSLOW'S Skates

THE BEST ICE AND ROLLER SKATES

For sharp turns, quick stops and sudden starts—for cross-tag, and hockey, and racing, and general skating—no skates can surpass Winslow's Skates.

Made in the world's largest skate factory by an original process of steel tempering developed through fifty years of experiment, they are strongest, sharpest and fastest. Models for every kind of skater.

Winslow's Hockey Skates excel the most celebrated Canadian.

Winslow's Roller Skates are famous everywhere.

Catalogues free

THE SAMUEL WINSLOW SKATE MFG. CO.

Factory and Main Offices: Worcester, Mass., U. S. A.

Sales Rooms: New York, 84 Chambers St.

Stocks to be found at LONDON, 8 Long Lane, E. C.; PARIS, 64 Avenue de la Grande Armee; BERLIN; SYDNEY and BRISBANE, Australia; DUNEDIN, AUCKLAND and WELLINGTON, New Zealand.

For Travelers Especially

PRICE **$6.50**

THIS is the Gillette Safety Razor Combination Set No. 00, such a popular "edition" that we have almost been unable to keep up with the demand for it during the past year.

Set No. 00 includes Triple Silver Plated Razor; Two Metal Plated Blade Boxes with 12 double edged Blades; Gillette Shaving Brush and Soap in Silver Plated Cases. Handsome velvet lined Morocco case. Price, $6.50.

Tourists, travelers and men who shave at home—all find the Gillette No. 00 the perfect shaving outfit.

Gillette Standard Set, $5.00; Other Styles $6.00 to $50.00

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO., 22 WEST SECOND ST. BOSTON MASS.

Factories and Offices: New York, Chicago, Montreal, London, Leicester, Paris, Hamburg, Shanghai

NO STROPPING ~ NO HONING

THERE'S Gillette WAY KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

Ask your dealer to show you the Gillette Line.

"If it's a Gillette—it's The Safety Razor."

King Gillette

HAVE YOU A DOG?

If so, send for Polk Miller's great illustrated book on "DOGS." Tells how to successfully cure for them from puppyhood to old age. Also how to secure Free Medical Advice; it may save your dog's life. Contains Senator Vest's "Eloquent Tribute to a Dog," and the celebrated poem "The Yaller Dog's Love for a Nigger." This 50 cent book for 10 cents just to advertise

"Sergeant's Famous Dog Remedies"

POLK MILLER DRUG COMPANY
804 E. Main Street Richmond, Va.

The Angle-Stroke **$2**

Sharpens perfectly *All* Razors

The *Angle-Stroke* alone supplies the correct sharpening stroke which every blade must have to cut with an easy diagonal motion. Prepaid and guaranteed, $2. Excels the most expert hand work. Gives perfect blades and you cannot cut the strop.

Delighted users everywhere make this a great proposition for agents. Write today.

THE VICTOR SPECIALTY CO., 601 E. Seventh St., Canton, O.

1912 Pratt-Forty

Starts From Seat

40 Horse Power

Fourth Successful Year

BACKED BY 39 YEARS' MANUFACTURING EXPERIENCE

Guaranteed for one year. Self-Starter, 120-inch Wheel Base, Unit Power Plant, Three-point Suspension, Bosch Magneto, Demountable Rims, 36 x 4-inch Tires, Inside Control Levers, Electric Side and Tail Lamps. List price Model H," $2,000, fully equipped, Mohair Top, Windshield, Speedometer, Prest-O-Lite Tank, etc.

There are many localities where we have no agent, and if you will write us, we will send you our catalog and interesting proposition on a car for your own use. We also make a full line of carriages and harness.

ELKHART CARRIAGE & HARNESS MFG. CO., ELKHART, INDIANA

business for a few months and get into the game. There will be no business done. We have heard the old complaint that a presidential campaign "unsettles" business. This coming one and its preliminaries will do more than that if it takes hold of the people with anything like the grip that the advance skirmishes indicate.

When you come to look at it, it is a lovely situation! You can get any angle on it you like by stopping for fifteen minutes in any hotel lobby or by talking to any statesman you meet. You can hear more absolute inside, straight, copper-riveted information about the thoughts, aspirations, purposes and intentions of any given candidate in half an hour than you could get if that candidate should unbosom himself to you unreservedly for half a day. The town is so crowded with persons who know exactly what is going to happen, and why, that you have to be careful to avoid stepping on them when you move about.

Take the position of Mr. Taft, for example. In the confines of one hotel lobby on any evening you can discover—from absolutely authentic inside sources: that Mr. Taft intends to withdraw; that nothing but death can keep him out of the race; that he is assured Mr. Roosevelt will not be a candidate; that he is certain Mr. Roosevelt will be a candidate; that he has demanded that Mr. Roosevelt shall state his position; that such a demand is beneath the dignity of a president and will not be made; that he is certain of enough votes to control the convention; that he is already beaten; that he will go on if he only has one vote; that unless he is certain of enough votes he will quit at the last moment; that he would quit if he could get the promise of a place on the Supreme Bench—and so on.

And, if there is some talk about Taft there is forty times as much about Roosevelt. Washington is jammed with people who know Mr. Roosevelt's innermost thoughts. There are five hundred expert mind-readers here who practice exclusively on the Colonel. You can find out what he is going to do and what he is not going to do by consulting your newsboy or your bootblack. Everybody knows—especially the correspondents. They know differently every day, too, which adds to the gayety of the occasion. And La Follette! He will and will not—must and must not—retire from the race. He is a stalking horse for Roosevelt—and he is not any such a blamed thing! And Cummins is double-crossing La Follette; and Roosevelt is triple-crossing everybody else—and all is lost save conjecture.

When to Dig Cyclone Cellars

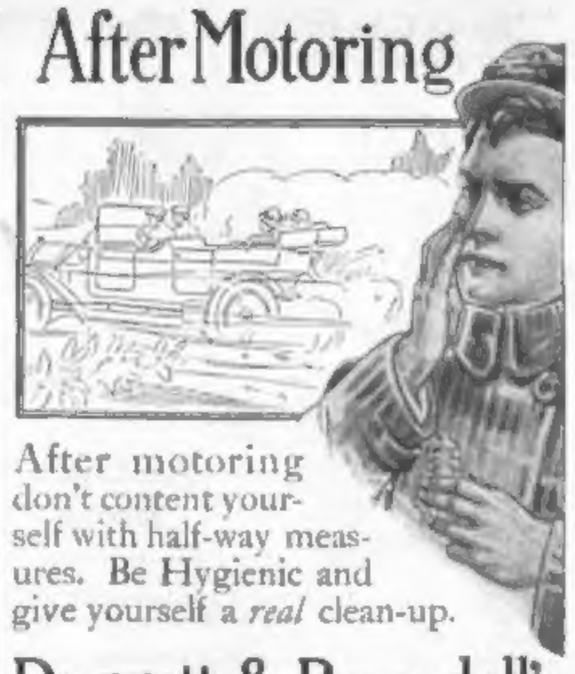
Nor have the Republican prognosticators any patent on this sort of talk. There are just as many Democratic seers as Republican. One set of delvers into the mysteries of the motives and minds of men devotes its attentions to Mr. Bryan. Mr. Bryan would have to be sixteen different persons to do all the things scheduled for him to do. Likewise the hidden recesses of the Harmon boom and the Wilson boom, and the ultimate intentions of Tammany Hall, and the way the West will swing and where the Progressives will land—and all the rest of it—are discounted five hundred times a day. If it keeps up this way everybody will be crazy before next November!

There is a head bellman at the Arlington Hotel named Brown. Brown has been at that hotel for thirty years. He knows about every important person in the country. Just before the close of the campaign of 1908 I asked him which candidate he thought would be elected.

"Well," he said, "I hope Mr. Bryan will be elected. You see the Republicans have been in for a long time now, and the gentlemen who come to this hotel know as much as I do. If Mr. Bryan should be elected a new set of gentlemen would come who would demand my services and information. That is my personal view of it, of course. So far as the general effect on the country is concerned, I haven't considered that at all."

Looking at it from Brown's viewpoint, considering it from the angle of excitement and interest, and not regarding the effect on the country, if Roosevelt could be nominated by the Republicans and Wilson by the Democrats there would be a campaign that would necessitate the building of cyclone cellars in every community. However, it isn't necessary to begin digging the cyclone cellars yet.

After Motoring



After motoring don't content yourself with half-way measures. Be Hygienic and give yourself a *real* clean-up.

Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream

Is the most hygienic clean-up there is. Smear some on a wet cloth, and apply it first to the face and then to the hands. It will remove the dirt and impurities from the pores—give the skin a feeling of freshness and cleanness that makes you feel better all over.

The regular use of Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream is a matter of hygiene—not vanity. It is primarily a cleanser, but also has a soothing effect which makes it a real luxury after shaving, traveling or outdoor sports and occupation of any kind.

Try it once, and see.

Free Sample and instructive book on the care of the skin, entitled "An Aid To Personal Beauty." Address Dept. 15.

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL, 314 West 14th St., New York

Some fine day You'll Come West!

Yes sir, yes ma'am, you'll come right into this garden land of *yours* where birds sing and flowers bloom all year; where winter is but a name! You'll come into *your own* in the wonder states of the Pacific Coast!

Life's Worth Living to sit by the winter's fire and plan what *you'll* do about the *real* west; not this year, perhaps, but before many years. For the call of the *real* west is right in your blood.

Will you listen to over 100,000 men and women—members of the Sunset League—who want you to know the *real* west as they know it? Will you kindly sign and mail the accompanying coupon TODAY? And enter into the spirit of good living and sunshine and gladness!

We want to tell you the name of a family in *your own neighborhood* who know the *real* west. They want to help you know, too.

A 2c Stamp brings to your home or office *immediately* a sample copy of "Sunset-The Pacific Monthly Magazine," with its magnificent four-color photographs of Western scenes; a booklet describing the Panama-Pacific Exposition to be held in San Francisco in 1915; an entertaining volume on "California's Famous Resorts" and any one of our descriptive booklets about *California, Oregon, Washington, Nevada, Arizona or New Mexico.*

Besides, that 2c stamp puts at *your* command the "Sunset-The Pacific Monthly" Information Bureau. Let it tell you *everything* you want to know about this *real* west of yours. And we'll send information about the Sunset League that has no dues.

"GET ACQUAINTED" COUPON

SUNSET-THE PACIFIC MONTHLY MAGAZINE INFORMATION BUREAU, San Francisco, Cal.

Gentlemen—Enclosed find 2c stamp. Please send, fully prepaid, California literature, Panama-Pacific Exposition booklet, marked copy of Sunset-The Pacific Monthly Magazine, and booklet about

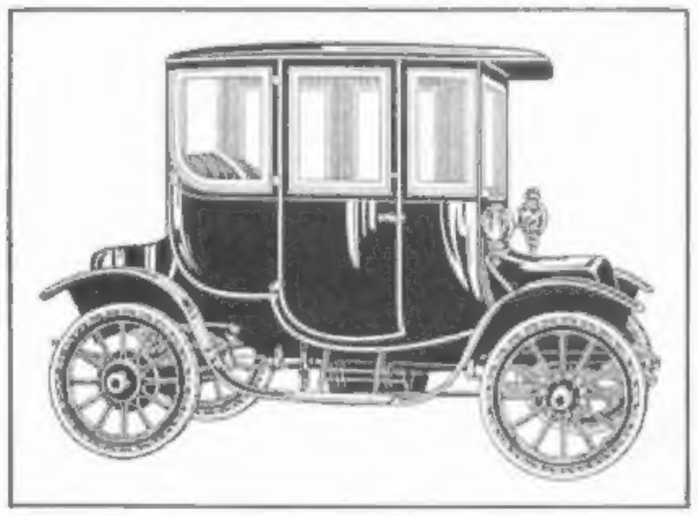
_____, *without any further obligation on my part.*

Name _____

Street _____

City or town _____ State _____ A-4

"—and, Daddy, we'll have those new Motz Cushion Tires on our car, so Mother and I can drive it, won't we?"



Leading Builders of Electric Cars Use Motz Equipment

Leading makers of Electric Pleasure Cars, who make 95 per cent of the electrically-driven automobiles, have adopted Motz Cushion Tires as standard equipment.

And *they* pay *more* for Motz Cushion Tires than they would for either pneumatic or solid tires. Yet, in most cases, *you* pay nothing extra by getting a car equipped with Motz Cushion Tires. The pleasure car maker stands this extra expense in order to give you an efficient, easy-riding car, free from trouble, worry and expense.

The following automobile manufacturers include Motz Cushion Tires as standard equipment. Names are listed alphabetically:

ARGO—Argo Electric Vehicle Co., Saginaw, Mich.
BABCOCK—Babcock Electric Carriage Co., Buffalo, N. Y.
BAILEY—S. R. Bailey & Co., Amesbury, Mass.
BAKER—Baker Motor Vehicle Co., Cleveland, O.
BORLAND—Borland-Grannis Co., Chicago, Ill.
BROC—Broc Electric Vehicle Co., Cleveland, O.
CENTURY—Century Electric Car Co., Detroit, Mich.
CHURCH-FIELD—Church-Field Motor Car Co., Sibley, Mich.
CLARK—Clark Motor Car Co., Buffalo, N. Y.
COLONIAL—Colonial Electric Car Co., Detroit, Mich.
DAYTON—Dayton Electric Car Co., Dayton, O.
DETROIT—Anderson Electric Car Co., Detroit, Mich.
FRITCHLE—Fritchle Auto and Battery Co., Denver, Colo.
GRINNELL—Grinnell Electric Car Co., Detroit, Mich.
HUPP-YEATS—Hupp Corporation, Detroit, Mich.
KIMBALL—C. P. Kimball & Co., Chicago, Ill.
OHIO—Ohio Electric Car Co., Toledo, O.
PHIPPS—Phipps Electric Car Co., Detroit, Mich.
RAUCH & LANG—Rauch & Lang Carriage Co., Cleveland, O.
STANDARD—Standard Electric Car Co., Jackson, Mich.
STUDEBAKER—Studebaker Corporation, So. Bend, Ind.
WAVERLEY—Waverley Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

Too many men, in buying automobiles, overlook the fact that *pneumatic* tires, because of *dangerous skidding, punctures, rim-cuts* and *blowouts*, render a pleasure car unfit for women to drive. Evidently they do not realize that there is now a tire which never causes the slightest trouble and yet is every whit as resilient as any properly-inflated pneumatic tire—*the Motz Cushion Tire.*

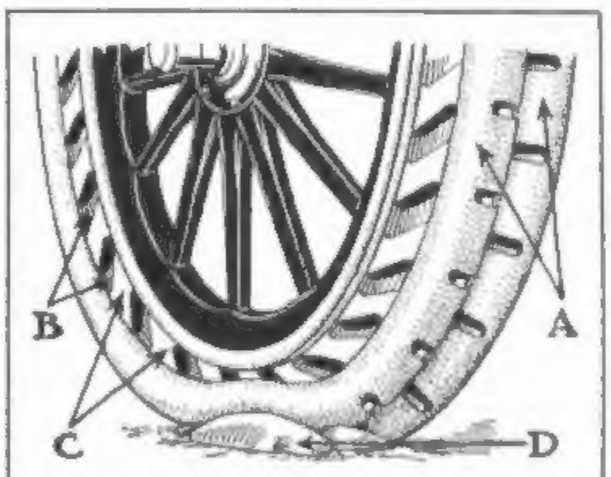
This new tire is totally different from any other, both in *composition* and *physical construction.* It is of *secret-processed rubber*—has *double, notched treads, undercut sides* and *slantwise bridges.* These patented features are what give the Motz Cushion Tire its amazing resiliency.

Note, too, the *economy* of this tire—no breakdowns—no delays—no repair bills—no extra tire equipment. It's all gone. 75 per cent of all upkeep expense is thus eliminated.

And Motz Cushion Tires are *guaranteed* for 10,000 miles—two years. In nearly every instance they far outstrip their guaranteed mileage. Thus we give you tires which, on the average, outwear five sets of pneumatics.

Do not confuse the Motz Cushion Tire with solid rubber tires or so-called "semi-solid" or commonplace cushion tires. Such tires are hard—utterly lacking in resiliency and easy-riding qualities. They injure the mechanical parts of a pleasure car. They constantly jolt and skid.

You will not only find Motz Cushion Tires most practical for your wife and daughters, but *also* for *your own individual use.* Nothing but unfamiliarity with Motz Cushion Tires could make any practical man cling to expensive tires, such as heretofore were universally used.



The amazing resiliency of this tire is produced by means of *double, notched treads, undercut sides, slantwise bridges* and *secret processed rubber.*

A—shows *double*, notched treads.
B—shows undercut sides.
C—shows slantwise bridges.
D—shows absorbing means when passing over an obstruction.

The Utility Tire

While the Motz Cushion Tire first won fame as the tire for pleasure electric cars, it is now proving equally practical for all types of utility cars—doctors, lawyers, dentists, merchants, manufacturers and others, every minute of whose time has money-value, are making their cars vastly more dependable by equipping with Motz Cushion Tires. Owners of taxicabs, town cars and fast-going commercial cars are doing likewise. *In the past twelve months the sales of Motz Cushion Tires have actually multiplied five-fold.*

Easy to Put On

Motz Cushion Tires are readily applied to any car. They fit any standard clincher, universal quick-detachable or demountable rim.

Write for Further Facts

We publish an attractive booklet on Motz Cushion Tires. It is interesting—not too technical. Contains letters from owners of pleasure cars equipped with Motz Cushion Tires. Get this booklet and know the advantages and construction of these most practical tires, before you buy a new car, or before buying new tires for your present car. Please ask for booklet 146 or simply use the coupon below.

To Dealers and Garage Men!

We have a splendid agency proposition for you. Write for Exclusive Agency Terms. Please address letters pertaining to agency to S. E. P., Main Offices, Motz Tire and Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio.

See our Exhibit at the Chicago Automobile Show, space 2-3; at the Boston Show, space F 535 and 536.

The Motz Tire and Rubber Co.

Factories and Executive Offices, AKRON, O.

BRANCHES:
1737 Broadway, New York; 2023 Michigan Avenue, Chicago; 999 Woodward Avenue, Detroit; 409 East 15th Street, Kansas City

FREE BOOK COUPON

THE MOTZ TIRE AND RUBBER CO.
Akron, Ohio

Please send me booklet 146 on Motz Cushion Tires and letters from users.

My automobile is a _____ *model*

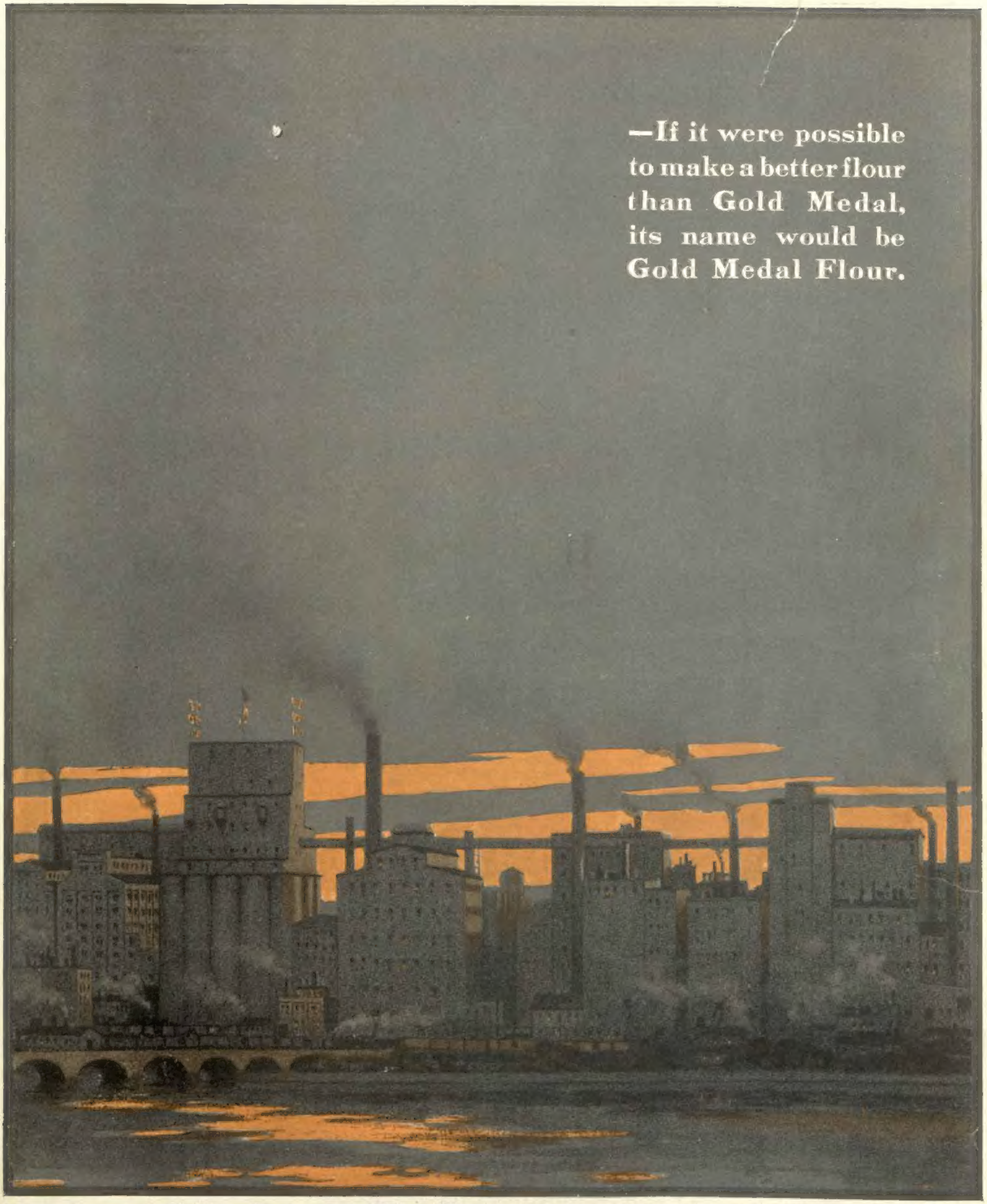
Size and style of rims _____

Name _____

Address _____

(186)

—If it were possible to make a better flour than Gold Medal, its name would be Gold Medal Flour.



View of part of Washburn-Crosby Co's Milling Plant. More than 40,000,000 packages shipped from these mills last year. Is not this in itself ample evidence of the superiority of Washburn's Gold Medal Flour?